CONTENTS OF No. XXXVII.

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ART. I.—1. *A History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory: including their Organization, Habits, and Relations; remarks on Classification and Nomenclature, an Account of the Principal Organs of Birds, and Observations relative to Practical Ornithology. Illustrated by numerous Engravings.* By WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY, A.M., LL.D., Professor of Natural History, and Lecturer on Botany in Marischal College and University, Aberdeen. 5 vols 8vo. London, 1837-52.

2. *Biographical Account of the late William Macgillivray, A.M., LL.D., late Regius Professor of Natural History in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen.* Communicated by ALEXANDER THOMSON, Esq. of Banchory. Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal for April, 1853.

3. *The Natural History of Ireland: Birds.* By WILLIAM THOMPSON, Esq., President of the Natural History and Philosophical Society of Belfast. 3 vols 8vo. London, 1849-51.

IN a recent Article we discoursed concerning the birds of Ireland compared with those of Britain, and were constrained to commence by an expression of sorrow for the untimely death of Mr. William Thompson of Belfast, the most skilful and accomplished Zoologist of the sister island. His ornithological labours had fortunately been completed before his removal from among us. We are now called on to record a parallel case which has recently occurred in the decease of Mr. William Macgillivray, one of the most assiduous and successful cultivators of Natural History in Scotland. He, too, had just terminated the corresponding portion of his manifold labours—his "History of British Birds,"—commenced and carried forward

during the unceasing pressure of an almost toilsome professional application to various other subjects of a literary and scientific nature, in no way uncongenial to his tastes, but requiring to be performed in a more rapid and unrelenting manner than, but for the frequent and alas! too often fatal "*res angusta domus*," would have been pursued. His researches in ornithology were, however, carried on, for a series of years, deliberately and with great determination; and his exposition of the internal structure of birds, especially of the digestive organs, so intimately connected with the haunts and habits of the species, forms an almost novel, as it is undoubtedly a most valuable feature in his volumes. These contain, as he has himself stated, (Preface to Volume V.), the only full and detailed technical descriptions hitherto given in this country; and the manners of the various kinds are treated of with equal extension in every case in which he had it in his power to study them. In our further exposition of Ornithology we shall pay regard, in so far as our limits may admit, to whatever is of general interest in his recently completed work. We view it as the best we have upon the subject —certainly the most carefully wrought out from earnest and long-continued actual observation, and the most free from hasty or superficial compilation of any which has hitherto been laid before us. Many may read our present pages who knew the largely-gifted, though somewhat peculiarly constituted person now named—who remember his activity and perseverance both of mind and body—who may not only have studied with profitable pleasure his numerous works, but, associated in his labours, may have seen him ascending with vigorous and unwearied steps the sides and summits of our highest mountains, bearing with ease the accumulated products of the various "Kingdoms," from the almost imponderable specimens of Entomology, to the more bulky yield of the Botanical collector, and the "killing burden" of the geologist's heavy sack. Many are the wondrous scenes he must have witnessed during his long-continued wanderings along the wild and weather-beaten shores of the far Hebrides, (where he sojourned several years,) over their arid rocks, their dark moors, and stagnant mosses, or, on the broader mainland—up into the heart of many a mountain-mist, or clambering with cautious steps among the craggy and cloud-capt peaks of the more central range of the lofty Grampians. In the days of his strength, like the eagle whose haunts he scaled, and whose habits he has well described—

"He dallied with the wind, and scorned the sun."

Patient of thirst and hunger, regardless of summer's heat and of winter's cold, except in so far as the changing seasons brought

some accession or alteration of those varied organic forms, on the structure of which it was ever his delight to dwell, he seemed himself so constructed in his bodily frame and constitution as to sanction a reasonable hope of lengthened life and long-continued labour. But it was otherwise ordained. An insidious disease, it may be occasioned by early and imprudent exposure, or aggravated by anxiety and want of rest, made rapid and fatal progress, which a tardy removal to a more genial climate (without, we fear, a corresponding period of mental repose) could in no way stay. After a short residence at Torquay he returned to Aberdeen, where he had for some years held a professorship of Natural History, and died there on the 5th day of September 1852, aged fifty-six.

"His health," says Mr. Thomson, in his pleasing though brief biography, "began to fail about a year and a half before his death, and he never appeared to recover from the fatigue and exposure of a month spent, in 1850, in exploring the central region of the Grampians, the district around Lochnagar. In November 1851 he was obliged to repair to the south of England, in the expectation of benefiting by the milder air of Devonshire, and at first there was some ground to hope; but after his arrival at Torquay he was suddenly deprived of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached; and from this blow, though he received it as a man and a Christian, he appears never to have rallied; he gradually became weaker, and though he never ceased to work, it was most distressing to his family to see his exertions, the mind and will resolutely striving against the weakness of the body. He was confined to bed for a few days at last; spoke much and affectionately to his children when pain did not prevent him; looked forward with calmness and hope to his last struggle; expressed in the clearest terms his simple trust in his Saviour alone, and at last gently fell asleep to be for ever with the Lord, whose works he had so ardently admired on earth, and in whose atoning blood he trusted for acceptance with his God."*

In addition to his distinct or independent works, Mr. Macgillivray's writings, (both avowed and anonymous,) in the form of contributions and translations for scientific and other periodicals, were numerous and diversified.† He was not only an assiduous

* *Edinburgh New Phil. Journ.*, No. cviii. p. 205.

† It is not now possible to trace all our author's minor essays, but the reader will find an ample list in the memoir above referred to. His separate publications seem to have amounted to about 20 volumes. Besides these he contributed 6 papers to the Transactions of the Wernerian Society; 12 to the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal; 9 to the Edinburgh Quarterly Journal of Agriculture; 3 to the Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland; 2 to the Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science, to say nothing of the helping hand which he gave to various authors. He, moreover, translated above a thousand pages of Natural History from French and Latin, and sent many papers to the Edinburgh Literary Gazette, and the Edinburgh Journal of Natural His-

observer and correct reporter of details, but had a good taste in general literature, and indulged successfully, when so inclined, in that more discursive, though rather dangerous style of composition, which, well enough it may be, when married to "immortal verse," is sometimes unfortunately found disjoined from precision and even from truthfulness of scientific statement when applied to mortal prose. His impressions of all external objects, whether relating to their minuter features or their broader characters, were clearly conceived and accurately expressed, and an almost poetical vein sometimes shewed its golden courses among the otherwise barren heaps of his descriptive details. He loved nature in all her aspects, and—

"Would walk alone
Under the quiet stars, and at that time
He felt whate'er there is of power in sound
To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Or image unprofaned, and he would stand,
If the night blackened with a coming storm,
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant winds."

With a proud, we should rather say a praiseworthy, spirit of independence, he became a teacher of others as well as of himself, and in very early life assumed, and efficiently performed, the functions of parish schoolmaster in a remote region in the Island of Harris. His place of birth was Old Aberdeen, and after a youthful sojourn in Harris, (where he had some near relations,) he returned to that city, and placed himself under the tuition of an excellent scholar, Mr. Ewan M'Lachlan. In due time he entered on his classical curriculum in King's College, and also renewed his connexion with Harris, residing there for the greater portion of several seasons, (during which period it was, we presume, that he engaged in teaching,) and attending the winter sessions of his University for the completion of his own scholarly attainments, and the study of medicine, in which latter department, however, he never graduated. As an alumnus of the University and King's College of Aberdeen, he eventually took the degree of A.M.* Some of his earliest

tory. We understand he has left, ready for publication, the two following works:—

1. A History of the Vertebrated Animals inhabiting the counties of Forfar, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Banff, Elgin, and Nairn, with the adjoining parts of those of Inverness and Perth.

2. The Natural History of Balmoral from Notes made during an Excursion to Braemar in the autumn of 1850.

* Through the kind attentions of Mr. James Campbell Tait, of Edinburgh, and Mr. C. Shaw, Sheriff-Substitute, Loch Maddy, North Uist, we have recently

Essays in Natural History having speedily attracted the notice of Professor Jameson, he came to Edinburgh (where, we believe, he had some years before attended a course of lectures on his favourite subjects) about the year 1823, under the auspices of that distinguished veteran in science, assuming the functions of assistant-keeper of the University Museum, and devoting his evening hours, with great determination, to scientific lucubrations, and the writing of abstracts and translations, chiefly for the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal. His daily duties in the Museum, and in connexion with Professor Jameson's course of lectures, necessarily gave him constant access to the treasures of that great collection, and speedily rendered him familiar with a multiplicity of natural objects, for a knowledge of which he would have elsewhere sought in vain. After eight years continuous labour under Professor Jameson, he was appointed (in 1831) keeper of the Museum of the College of Surgeons, where he had the advantage of longer intervals of leisure, for the furtherance of his own more special pursuits, with access to the very valuable collections in osteology, prepared chiefly by the late eminent and excellent Dr. Barclay. During this period he devoted himself much to the study, by dissection, of the structure of birds, and made careful measurements and drawings of their internal parts. He also commenced and completed a series of coloured representations, generally as large as life, of nearly all the British birds, exhibiting them in their characteristic attitudes, and accompanied by those accessories of scenery, whether mountainous, marine, or woodland, by which he knew them to be encompassed in their natural haunts. His drawings were more accurate than artistical. He had a quick eye and a steady hand, but the pictorial result was sometimes too like what, in architectural language, might be called the *elevation* of a bird, being deficient in roundness and solidity of form, as well as in depth and intensity of colour. However, the *minutiæ* were well given, and we believe that, in zoological drawings, general effects are necessarily, to some extent, sacrificed for the sake of the more distinct and elaborate expression of details. His skill as a draftsman, such as it was, seemed to arise rather from that determination of character which induces perseverance, more or less successful in the end, than from any great natural bias towards pictorial

been favoured with ample and accurate materials for an account of Mr. Macgillivray's early life. We hope that these may not eventually be lost to the public; but meanwhile we are constrained, by editorial arrangements, to debar ourselves the pleasure of laying them before our readers at this time. We beg to thank the Venerable and Reverend Finlay M'Rae, minister of North Uist, and Mr. D. W. Macgillivray, of Eoligary, in Barra, (a brother of our author's,) for their long and interesting communications.

representation, or any quick or clear appreciation of the pervading principles of art. We have little more, in the two recent volumes now under review, than heads and bills; but these stand no comparison with the corresponding parts either in Bewick's exquisitely truthful representations, or in Mr. Yarrell's beautifully elaborated work. They rather resemble drawings made from preserved specimens in some neglected and forlorn museum of the olden time. It may be that failing health unfortunately produced enfeebled hands. His love of drawing, however, proved a solace to the last. Very shortly before his death, he had finished the representation of a trout. It was at one time his intention to publish these drawings upon a large scale, similar to those of Mr. Selby, of whose work his own would have been but a vain repetition, to say nothing of the fact that all the feathered tribes of Britain are necessarily included in Mr. Gould's sumptuous and successful volumes on the "Birds of Europe." We think he became less sanguine of the success of such a scheme, when, after making it known among his friends, he found, during a lapse of many years, that he had obtained only a single subscriber, the late liberal-minded Mr. Witham of Lartington. The first three volumes of his "British Birds" were prepared and published while he held the keepership of the College of Surgeons' Museum. In 1841 he was appointed Professor of Natural History, and Lecturer on Botany, in Marischal College and University, Aberdeen, and there he continued to labour, both professionally and privately, with his accustomed zeal, passing many manuscripts, perhaps too many, from his own hands to those of his publisher, on the various departments of natural science which he had so successfully and unceasingly cultivated from his youth upwards. Towards the close of 1844, the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University and King's College, Aberdeen.

In the course of 1851, his health became seriously impaired, and, in November of that year, he retired for a time to Torquay. There, in the ensuing month of March, he had occasion to write the preface to the fourth volume of his British Birds, and a melancholy contrast might now be drawn between the rejoicing hardihood with which, in earlier life, from the storm-swept hills of Harris, he had so often fixed his earnest gaze on that wild combination of steadfastly enduring rocks and ever-heaving sea,—

"The throne
Of chaos, and his dark pavilion, spread
Wide on the wasteful deep,"

and the altered eye with which he now despondingly beheld scenes in themselves so much more "bright and fair." We still,

however, perceive the continuance of the ruling passion,—the accurate observance of nature.

"As the wounded bird seeks some quiet retreat, where, freed from the persecution of the pitiless fowler, it may pass the time of its anguish in forgetfulness of the outer world; so have I, assailed by disease, betaken myself to a sheltered nook, where, unannoyed by the piercing blasts of the North Sea, I had been led to hope that my life might be protracted beyond the most dangerous season of the year. It is thus that I issue from Devonshire the present volume, which, however, contains no observations of mine made there, the scene of my labours being in distant parts of the country. . . . . It is well that the observations from which these descriptions have been prepared were made many years ago, when I was full of enthusiasm, and enjoyed the blessings of health, and freedom from engrossing public duties: for I am persuaded that now I should be in some respects less qualified for the task, more, however, from the failure of physical than of mental power. Here, on the rocky promontory, I shiver in the breeze which, to my companion, is but cool and bracing. The east wind ruffles the sea, and impels the little waves to the shores of the beautiful bay, which present alternate cliffs of red sandstone and beaches of yellow sand, backed by undulating heights and gentle declivities, slowly rising to the not distant horizon, fields and woods, with villages and scattered villas, forming—not wild nor altogether tame—a pleasing landscape, which in summer and autumnal garniture of grass and corn, and sylvan verdure, orchard blossom and fruit, tangled fence-bank and furze-clad common, will be beautiful indeed to the lover of nature. Then, the balmy breezes from the west and south will waft health to the reviving invalid. At present, the cold vernal gales sweep along the Channel, conveying to its haven the extended fleet of boats that render Brixham, in the opposite horn of the bay, one of the most celebrated of the southern fishing stations of England. High over the waters, here and there, a solitary gull slowly advances against the breeze, or shoots athwart, or with a beautiful gliding motion sweeps down the aërial current. At the entrance to Torquay are assembled many birds of the same kind, which, by their hovering near the surface, their varied evolutions, and mingling cries, indicate a shoal, probably of atherines or sprats. On that little pyramidal rock, projecting from the water, repose two dusky cormorants; and far away, in the direction of Portland Island, a gannet, well known by its peculiar flight, winnows its exploring way, and plunges headlong into the deep. . . . . It is not until disabled that the observer of the habits of wild animals becomes sensible of the happiness he has enjoyed, in exercising the faculties with which his benign Creator has endowed him. No study or pursuit is better adapted for such enjoyment, or so well fitted to afford pleasure not liable to be repented of, than Natural History."*

Turn we to the final page of his long-continued labours, which terminated only with his life. It is characteristic of the

* *British Birds*, Preface to vol. iv.

we never did so without advantage—was in the society of several grave and reverend, if not very "potent" seniors, whose somewhat prolix exposition of their own steady and stereotyped views of the grandeur and goodness of "our admirable laws and constitution," almost galled him. He knew that all laws and constitutions required amendment from time to time, and probably felt that our own were admirable mainly by reason of their power of conformability and adaptation to the changing spirit which is gradually evolved from age to age. He would not, however, take the trouble to express his views in that commonplace way, but, seizing upon a momentary pause in much prosing, he suddenly shot forth the sentiment, that "no doubt the best thing which could happen to this country at the present time would be a good rattling revolution." Yet his own excellent work on "British Birds" is dedicated "To Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, ... with the most profound respect, by Her Majesty's most faithful subject, and most devoted servant, William Macgillivray."

Although there was a great deal of quietude, even of reserve or shyness, in his general bearing, there is no doubt that he was a person of great determination of character, and much more likely in a fray to offer the clinched fist than the cheek to the smiter. But he was mild and gentle in manner to those whom he esteemed, or from whom any kindness or attention had ever emanated. His mental constitution, in its combination of resistance and placidity, might be likened in a measure to those great granitic ranges of the Grampians, which he has himself so well described, and where we witness the enduring firmness and rigidity of rocky structure, not unadorned by the more gentle emblems of the floral kingdom, which maintain a precarious beauty among many a wild and Alpine solitude,

"Where winter lingering chills the lap of May."*

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* We may here note, that a sort of literary onslaught was made, many years ago, upon the lamented Audubon, by Mr. Waterton, the ingenious author of several excellent contributions to natural history. It was Mr. Waterton's opinion (see *Naturalist's Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 215) that so great was the improvement of style manifested in the American author's "Ornithological Biography," compared with the character of his composition in some former miscellaneous Essays, that he could not be the writer of the more recent work. We think we have it in our power to explain precisely how this matter stood, and do so the more readily as the explanation is not inappropriate to the preceding biographical notice of Mr. Macgillivray. When Mr. Audubon came down to Edinburgh in the winter of 1830-31, to arrange the materials and superintend the printing of his great work on the birds of America, he applied to a friend to read over and correct the manuscripts, with a view to their being put into the printer's hands in their full and final state. This friend having "other fish to fry," declined the labour on his own account, but recommended Mr. Macgillivray as a person in every way qualified for such a task. That gentleman took it in hand accordingly, "for a con-

We shall now take a brief survey of the two great orders in Ornithology, on which, so far as regards our comparative view of British and Irish species, we did not formerly enter, viz., the *Grallatores*, or wading birds, and the *Natatores*, or swimming kinds, commonly called web-footed. Both of these great groups may be designated as water birds, as almost all betake themselves, at least at certain seasons of the year, to the sides of rivers, the margins of lakes, or the shores of the sea, although many of

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sideration," and soon found that, although the ample and interesting materials committed to his care were written out with great fluency and animation, as well as accuracy, the sentential structure and form of expression were frequently peculiar and unidiomatic, and that on the whole it would be easier for himself, and better for the printer, that he should make a uniform transcription of the MS., rather than a patch-work correction here and there. This he executed to the improvement of the work, his own personal benefit, the original author's entire satisfaction, and the undoubted advantage of the reading public. But Mr. Audubon's merits were none the less, as the admirable observer and accurate recorder of all that we are there told of those "birds of gayest plume," which throw such sweet sunshine through the leafy wildernesses of the Far West. At the same time Mr. Waterton was right in detecting some change of style in the written work, but wrong in supposing that there was anything so unusual or illegitimate in the extent of aid afforded as to deprive Mr. Audubon of the actuality of authorship. The work was truly his own.

We believe that Mr. Macgillivray afforded much more solid and essential aid—something beyond the mere resetting of another person's jewels—in the assistance given to a work entitled, "Observations on Fossil Vegetables, accompanied by Representations of their Internal Structure as seen through the Microscope." By Henry Witham, Esq. of Lartington. 4to, 1831. The reputed author, without whom we should assuredly have never seen the excellent book in question, was an English gentleman of intelligence and discrimination, the possessor in bygone times, and again eventually, of ample fortune, who, in mature years and when too fat for fox-hunting, took a great fancy for the study of Geology, and the branches which bear upon it in the organic kingdom. He pursued those studies so pertinaciously, and with such success, that he erelong discovered a new mineral, (that is, one which was nearly as old as the others, but had been previously overlooked,) which, in his commemorative honour, has been called *Withamite*. In the course of his researches among fossils he naturally came into connexion with the late ingenious Mr. William Nicol, whose exquisite mechanical manipulations in the slicing of petrified woods is well known. It had been found that the true organic structure of these woods, and consequently the natural characters of the tribe of trees or plants to which each originally belonged, could be determined when extremely thin translucent slips were carefully examined with the microscope. On the subject of this discovery two or three assembled together, and finally made the book above named. Mr. Nicol cut and ground the slips, Mr. Macgillivray executed the drawings and wrote the descriptions of structure, while Mr. Witham organized the publication, guaranteed the paper-maker and the printer's bills, and gave several excellent dinners during the progress of the work, which was very considerately dedicated to Mr. Nicol himself. A poet of a preceding age has somewhere said or sung,—

"Most authors only steal their works, or buy,
Garth did not write his own Dispensary :"—

A curiously prophetic intimation, by the bye, of the fact, that an instructive publication on the "History of the Highland Regiments," by the late General Stewart of *Garth*, was *not* written by that hoary veteran, but (from his collected materials and reminiscences) by the ingenious and ready-handed James Brown, LL.D., now no more.

the Grallatorial groups pass a considerable portion of their lives on upland pastures, or the sides and even summits of Moorish mountains. It is this frequent diversity of habit, even among allied species, which renders many of the generalizations found in books more pretentious than correct, and even the structural characters of the orders and genera are by no means absolute, or capable of unexceptional application to all the component parts of a great natural group. But the characters of species, if properly perceived and accurately expressed, are always applicable to every individual of that particular kind in its natural or normal state—the fact being, that *species* alone are clearly established by nature, all other and greater groups being merely arbitrary or conventional (we shall not say artificial) associations, more or less natural, no doubt, but established for convenience, and varying according to the individual views of systematic writers. Nevertheless, they are natural groups in their way, although to be received only for what they are worth, and under no delusive fancy that they are positive scientific facts, excluding the possibility of any other truthful combination. The lines of generic demarcation may, at least in certain groups, assuredly be drawn with almost equal truth in varying places. It is only in this way that we can account for the difference of systematic views and arrangements taken by many observers, equally zealous for the ascertainment and exposition of truth, and not greatly differing from each other in their natural power of perception, appreciation, and expression. No doubt, the disagreement is often more apparent than real, and arises rather from changes of name than of nature—a weakness to which zoologists are very prone, and which occasions the same inconvenience in the practical comprehension of what is actually indicated, as would the calling of the muster-roll of a regiment composed continuously of the same individuals, if the designations of these were arbitrarily altered from time to time.

It has been said that there is scarcely a single character common to all the Grallatorial species. This is nearly our own belief. What, then, are Grallatores, and how are they distinguished and defined? Mr. Macgillivray asserts that there is no such order in existence, and that all definitions ever given of these birds are incorrect and inadequate. It is true that great groups, though not in themselves unnatural, can scarcely ever be accurately defined, so numerous are the exceptions, or, in other words, so few the characters of universal application. Therefore, instead of adopting a single ordinary group of Grallatores, Mr. Macgillivray arranges these birds into four distinct orders—1*st*, *Cursores*, or Runners, containing the cranes, bustards, pratincoles, &c.; 2*d*, *Tentatores*, or Probers, consisting of

plovers, lapwings, oyster-catchers, sandpipers, curlews, snipes, woodcocks, &c.; 3*d*, *Aucupatores*, or Stalkers, such as bitterns, herons, storks, ibises, and spoon-bills; 4*th*, *Latitores*, or Skulkers, including rails, water-hens, and coots.

One of the most remarkable instinctive characteristics of the so-called Grallatores, especially of that section named above as *Probers*, consists in the frequent exhibition of stratagem or simulation, by which they seek to withdraw the attention of intruders from their eggs or young. No doubt, the partridge also at times pretends to be lame of a leg or wing, and several of the smaller birds (our songsters) flit away from their nests with an apparently enfeebled flight; but these feigned ailments are far more frequent and perceptible among the Grallatorial groups than others. Birds of prey (Raptores) being by no means as merciful as they are strong, never employ stratagem. The Peregrine falcon,

> "So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
> Like war's wild planet in a summer sky,"

no sooner perceives a raven or hooded crow come near his eyrie, than he launches into the air to attack and drive away the sable intruder.* We have seen a pair of ravens tower, by successive ascents, above an eagle in its "pride of place," and so persecute him by frequent sudden darts downwards, as to send him far away "to prey in distant isles." Birds of rapine, when excited by the cries of their endangered young, will fearlessly attack even the Lord of the Creation, of whom, at other times, they entertain a wise and salutary dread. But a more curious thing is this practice of *deceit* among the gentler or more feeble species. Even among these, the male is sometimes bold and clamorous, but the fond female will flutter along the ground, as if in mortal agony from broken leg or dislocated wing, and will draw you onwards, and away in the direction it desires, always getting just a little stronger as you think yourself about to seize it. No sooner are you brought to a sufficient distance from the nest, and are unlikely to return to or discover it again, than the bird flies off rejoicingly, as if cured of its *mortale vulnus* in an instant.

"Some persons," says Mr. Macgillivray, "have moralized on the cunning of birds. They cannot believe that they should naturally possess any instinct leading them to acts such as in men are accounted evil. But a rational being, and an instinctive animal, have no moral

* When, however, species of opposed or contentious natures breed upon the same rock, or otherwise near each other, there seems to be a kind of compromise or truce established, and it is only the unknown and suspected stranger that is persecuted.

affinity. Why should not animals use stratagem in defence of themselves or their young? Is cunning a greater crime than murder? And yet, who finds fault with an eagle for tearing a lamb to pieces, but the shepherd and his master, or with a lion for devouring a Bosjesman or a Dutch Boor, but other Bosjesmen or Boors, who may dread the same fate? If a myrmeleon digs a pit, and lies in wait to seize and devour the unhappy insect that has fallen into it, do not men—moral men—make pits to entrap elephants, hyenas, wolves, and other beasts? Who blames the fisher for his practices, although his whole art is a piece of mean deceit? He lets down into the dark sea a web of cord, and persuades the silly herrings that there is nothing in their way. He busks a pointed and barbed hook, casts it on the water, and says to the trout, there's a nice fat fly for you! He impales a sprawling frog, and letting it down the stream, pretends to attend to the comfort of the hungry pike, who is not insensible of his good fortune until he feels the steel points thrilling his pneumo-gastric nerves. The hunter and the sportsman have at least the qualities of boldness and openness, but the angler is a mere cheat."*

We shall let that last arrow pass from the quiver of an early friend. It is certain that perfect candour, however much professed with smiling mien and a most sunny air, is seldom practised among men, even amid their more severe and solemn avocations; that hospitality itself is often a vain and heartless show; that the very amusements and indulgences which we may seem the most to share with others, have their foundational spring in selfishness; and that, whenever a "wise consideration" is resolved on, it is usually put in practice rather for our own behoof than that of our neighbours. The pleasure of all sporting propensities, especially, is merely the result of that ample and inconsiderate encouragement which we give to a certain class of subjective feelings within ourselves, to the total exclusion of all kindly objective considerations towards the beasts that perish. But we fear that naturalists must not be sentimental.

A curious discordance, as we may call it, exists between the habits and structure of certain species of the Grallatorial order. We may instance the common Water-hen, (*Gallinula chloropus*,) which is classed with the wading birds, and like the majority of these has long slender toes, slightly margined, but entirely free from webs, and yet it haunts habitually the surface of waters, swimming as easily and almost as constantly as any of the Natatorial kinds, and diving, when alarmed, with equal facility. The grey plover and the golden are very nearly allied in structure and general economy; but the one is in Britain a migratory shore bird, but seldom seen among the mountains,

* *British Birds*, vol. iv. p. 64.

while the other inhabits our moorlands during the breeding season, and descends to the marine shores in autumn. This diversity of form and habits among the grallatorial tribes has occasioned a corresponding diversity of opinion regarding the true component parts of the order. The bill is formed after so many different models, in beautiful accordance with the instinctive habits of each genus, that its structure cannot be generalized except in relation to certain limited groups, each distinguished by a structure of its own. The feet and legs are very generally of a slender and lengthened form, admirably adapted for those running and wading habits which usually characterize the species, and hence the title of *Grallatores*, as if they went on stilts. The French term *Echassiers* is of similar derivation, and refers to the resemblance of their lengthened legs to the *Echasses* so frequently used by the natives of the sandy *landes* of Aquitaine. They are connected by means of the flamingoes and other half-webbed kinds to the true Palmipedes or Natatores, while a disjunction has been effected in modern times, partly from the latter order, partly from the original Grallæ, of the grebes, the Surinam plotus, the phalaropes, &c., which now form, according to the views of many, under the name of *Pinnatipedes*, a distinct and intermediate, but by no means a natural order.

Although several species, as we have said, dwell during the gladsome summer season on the barren sides and summits of the great mountains, the majority seek their food along the banks of rivers, the sides of lakes, and, especially during winter, by the sea shore. In the last-named locality they congregate in vast flocks, and then, though more shy and wary than among the upland solitudes of the breeding season, afford a favourite pursuit to the sportsman, who not seldom makes amends by the successful result of a single savage discharge among the feathered flocks, for the caution by which his approaches may have been previously met and baffled for the greater portion of a day. The heron tribe, with bills like bayonets, feed on fish, which they do not seize by snapping up, but actually transfix or run through the body, although eels and other slender kinds are captured with opened mandibles. Such species as have a soft or somewhat flexible bill feed on worms and insects, small shells, and crustacea, while a more limited number, for example, the land-rail or corn crake (*Rallus crex*) are partly graminivorous, and so affect a drier soil. Many of the species are of migratory habits, and the young and old almost always perform their more lengthened flights in separate groups. Innumerable hordes gather together during the breeding season in the northern swamps of Europe, from which they wing their way before winter, and have afterwards been met in arid sultry regions—

"Where on their slender feet there lay
The desert dust of Africa."

These migratory movements are no doubt determined, in a great measure, by the necessity of obtaining food, which ceases to be available in the congealed waters and frost-bound soil of the extreme north. The unrelenting rigour of a Scandinavian winter entirely indurates the moist forest lands of Sweden, and the swamps of Lapland, and thus the woodcock and other kinds, which live by *probing* their mother earth, are necessarily driven to seek for food and shelter in the comparatively genial copses of Britain and Ireland. The land-rail, on the other hand, is with us a native-born or summer bird, and migrates in autumn to more southern regions, where it is probably known only as a winter visitant.*

Let us now notice a few species of the Grallatorial order. The Plovers (*Charadriidæ*) are a pleasant tribe, with their bright or beautifully contrasted plumage, and their large and lustrous eyes. The name is probably derived from the French *Pluvier*, applied "pour ce qu'on le prend mieux en temps *pluvieux* qu'en nulle autre saison." A correspondent of Mr. Yarrell's, writing in reference to the Great Plover or stone-curlew, (*Œdicnemus crepitans*,) observes, that "they breed on the fallows, and often startle the midnight traveller by their shrill and ominous whistle. This is supposed to be the note so beautifully alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in his poem of the Lady of the Lake—

'And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle's heard again;'

for it certainly sounds more like a human note than that of a bird." Now, the species in question is among the rarer and more locally restricted of the British kinds, being almost confined to the south-eastern counties of England, certainly not hitherto found further north than Yorkshire, and consequently altogether unknown in our northern quarters of the kingdom. Fitz-James must have had a quick ear to hear that wailing cry from the far passes of Benledi. However, the bird which our mighty min-

* The last land-rail we have met with was the denizen of an obscure apartment (up three flights of stairs), in the old town of Edinburgh, which we chanced to visit with other than ornithological views. It had been captured when young, in summer, about the suburbs of the city, took kindly to its new abode, and was healthy, and, we hope, happy all winter, being probably the only creature of its kind at that period in Britain. It fed on grains, grated meat, and gravel, and had been about a year in confinement when we first made its acquaintance. It was perfectly tame, gliding familiarly about the room, and would sit contentedly on any good man's hand held out to it. It had never been known to utter the very peculiar cry of *crake, crake*, so frequently heard in corn fields and pastures during early summer.

strel had in mind was in no way the one in question, but merely the Golden Plover (*Charadrius pluvialis*), so universal on our moors and mountains. If in this small matter one great poet was right, we fear another, in a corresponding case, was wrong. Burns, in one of his letters tells us, that he could "never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of *grey* plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry." Now, we have our own ornithological doubts whether he,

"Who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the *mountain* side,"

and had not much to do at that time with the sea coasts, ever either saw or heard a grey plover, which is with us a winter shore bird, but slightly addicted to either field or fallow:—so for grey let us read golden. Whoever desires to know the difference between the two, be he a great poet or a great proser, has merely to attend to this:—The golden plover has only three toes, all anterior; the grey plover has a small posterior toe, in addition to the other three.* Mr. Macgillivray has given a good account of both kinds.

The green plover or lapwing, (*Vanellus cristatus*,) in Scotland called the "peeswit," from its own peculiar cry, is a beautiful and abundant species. Its breeding localities have of late years been much curtailed by drainage and other agricultural inroads on moist waste land. Many must have noticed how anxiously this bird flies over and around the human (even though humane) intruder on its upland haunts, and how incessant for a time are its quick and clamorous cries. It is usually the male which threatens this onslaught, and the object of the brave bird is to attract attention to himself, and withdraw it from his brooding mate. An affecting historical fact is traditional in the dislike which in some parts of Scotland is borne to this innocent creature:—

"The country people," says Sir Walter Scott, "retained a sense of the injustice with which their ancestors (the Covenanters) had been treated, which shewed itself in a singular prejudice. They expressed great dislike of that beautiful bird, the green plover, in Scottish called the peaseweep. The reason

* Sir Walter Scott himself was not always free from ornithological slips of the pen, as when, in describing (Lady of the Lake) an ancient battle-field, he says—

"Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That buckler'd heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The *field-fare* framed her lowly nest.

The species named is not a summer-bird in Britain, and in Scandinavia, where it is called 'the nightingale of Norway,' it builds on *trees*."

alleged was, that these birds being, by some instinct, led to attend to and to watch any human beings whom they see on their native wilds, the soldiers were often guided in pursuit of the wanderers, when they might otherwise have escaped observation, by the plover being observed to hover over a particular spot. For this reason the shepherds often destroy the nests of the bird when they meet with them."*

In most things, even though seeming evil, we find some power of compensation, like to "the precious jewel of adversity." An ancient Lincolnshire family, the Tyrwhitts, have three peewits for their armorial bearings, with the traditional legend, that the founder of their house having fallen in a skirmish sorely wounded, was saved by his followers, in consequence of their being directed to the bloody hollow where he lay, by the hovering flight and oft-repeated cries of lapwings. Both these birds and the golden plover have a deluded, and to themselves most dangerous habit, when fired at in congregated groups, of wheeling back directly over the sportsman, or even when high in air and out of reach of shot, of diving down towards him after the ineffective discharge of the first barrel, and so subjecting themselves to destruction by the second. The evolutions of the lapwing during its evening ascents, and when assembled in vast multitudes, are extremely beautiful. The entire flock will at once and instantaneously change their position, and this occasions a flash of silvered light, from the exhibition of the lower portion of the plumage, suddenly turned again to darkness when the surface of the back and broadened pinions comes to view. In Holland, as Sir W. Jardine tells us, where the prospect on all sides is bounded by a low horizon, thousands may be seen at once gleaming brightly in the setting sun, or, if between "the orb" and the spectator, appearing like a moving cloud. It is this species which supplies the London and our other southern markets with the so-called plovers' eggs.†

The dotterel (*Charadrius morinellus*) differs from the preceding in being only a spring and summer visitant, some remaining with us to breed, while many more proceed further north than Scotland, and reappear during their southern migration.

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* *Tales of a Grandfather.* Second Series. Vol. ii. chap. vi.

† We may observe regarding an antiquarian notice, much diffused through books, which records a *thousand egrittes* as having been served up at a celebrated feast given by Neville, Archbishop of York, in the reign of Edward IV., that these birds could not have been, as too frequently supposed, the rare heron called egret, (*Ardea garzetta*,) now unknown as a resident British bird, but much more probably (as Dr. Fleming long since pointed out) our common lapwing, the head of which is so beautifully adorned by that composite plume of feathers which our continental neighbours call *aigrette*. The *egret* heron is so named from this distinctive character, and our Saxon predecessors may have misapplied the term to the equally adorned lapwing.

It is a rare, or rather an unfrequently observed species, its haunts, nowhere numerous, being always among wild, secluded places. The best account we have of it is by Mr. T. C. Heysham of Carlisle. Dotterels shew themselves in the vicinity of that city early in May, in small flocks of from five to fifteen, resorting for about a fortnight, if not disturbed, to heaths and barren pastures in open and exposed places. They erelong retire to breed upon or near the summits of the highest mountains, among which we may name Helvellyn, Saddleback, Skiddaw, Grasmoor, and Great Gavel. Among these glorious hills they prefer the localities covered by the woolly fringe-moss (*Trichostomum lanuginosum*) which grows so profusely on many alpine heights.

"In these lonely places," says Mr. Heysham, "they constantly reside the whole of the breeding season, a considerable part of the time enveloped in clouds, and almost daily drenched with rain or wetting mists, so extremely prevalent in these dreary regions, [dreary when so enshrouded, but how lustrous in "holy light" after the soft uprising of that sombre veil:] and there can be little doubt that it is owing to this peculiar feature in their economy that they have remained so long in obscurity during the period of incubation. The dotterel is by no means a solitary bird at this time, as a few pairs usually associate together, and live, to all appearance, in the greatest harmony. These birds do not make any nest, but deposit their eggs, which seldom exceed three in number, in a small cavity on dry ground covered with vegetation, and generally near a moderate-sized stone or fragment of rock."*

There is no doubt that the dotterel breeds on similar alpine heights among the Grampians, our sportsmen frequently meeting with small family groups, about the commencement of the shooting season. Prior to their departure in the autumn, they congregate in greater flocks. They do not seem at any time to frequent the sea-shore, like the grey and golden plovers. Our knowledge is, in fact, confined to their breeding places and their summer habits; of their winter stations we know nothing. As on these points ornithologists are agreed, we therefore read with some surprise, in an interesting and otherwise accurate work with which we have been favoured, the following passage:—

"This bird makes its appearance" (in the Orkney Islands) "in September and October, remains during winter, and leaves in spring for more northern regions. A large flock appeared in South Ronaldshaw in May 1830."†

Now, we can easily comprehend the temporary stay, during

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* *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. ii. p. 295.

† *Natural History of Orkney*, Part I. p. 58. By W. B. Baikie, M.D., and Robert Heddle. Printed for private circulation.

both spring and autumn, on these northern isles, of a bird which is well known to breed as high at least as the 67th parallel; but as it has not been ascertained to winter either in Ireland, or in any part of Continental Europe, its continued sojourn at that season in the Orkneys will form a singular exception to its geographical rule, if it shall be found that no other species has been confounded with the one in question. We may conclude by observing, that as the nesting places of the dotterel are infrequent, its eggs are highly prized by collectors of rarities, and that the parent birds are much sought for on account of their plumage, a portion of which is held in the highest estimation by anglers for the dressing of artificial flies.

The oyster-catcher, or sea-pie, (*Hæmantopus ostralegus,*) is a grallatorial species of a peculiar kind, its plumage marked by strongly contrasted masses of black and white, the legs, feet, and bill being of a brilliant orange red. It possesses a great range of locomotive power, being able to fly, run, swim, and dive, with great facility, although it rarely exercises the two latter functions except in cases of danger or distress. It is a common shore bird, and breeds habitually by the sea-side; but Montagu was mistaken in supposing that its haunts were exclusively marine, as it often flies far inland, and sometimes deposits its eggs at a great distance from the sea. However, their favourite places are sandy shores broken by mussel scalps, and other rocky shelves, containing pools of water, where they search for food on the recession of the tide. Old and young congregate in vast flocks in autumn, resting, in lengthened regimental lines, along the shore at high water, and then descending eagerly to their feasting places, as these become uncovered, or shew themselves through the fast-shallowing sea. Oyster-catchers may be regarded as rather anomalous species, differing from, or rather not connected with, any very near neighbour in the ornithological system. Although the English name indicates a particular food, (the Latinized Greek term *ostralegus* means merely *shell-gatherer,*) we have no reason to suppose that these birds do or can prey upon oysters, which are a shell-fish very fond of keeping themselves ensconced beneath a considerable depth of water. Hence the *dredgery* to which the fisherman is of necessity subjected. The geographical distribution of the species, though singular, has, till recently, been misunderstood. The British kind, though widely dispersed along the shores of northern Europe, and eastwards into Russia and Kamtschatka, is quite unknown in the new or western world, where, however, two distinct species are found. There is likewise an African representative, and two others occur in New Holland.* There

* Sir W. Jardine, in an excellent footnote to his useful edition of Wilson's *American Ornithology,* (vol. iii. p. 35,) states that "the black oyster-catcher (*Hæm.*

is probably no country of large extent in all the world which has not its species of so-called oyster-catcher, although it may be predicated that those of the southern hemisphere are distinct from their congeners of the north. M. Lesson describes one as native to the Malouin Islands, distinguished from all the others by having the legs and feet *white.* It is therefore named *H. leucopus.* One of the north American oyster-catchers, supposed at that time to have been identical with the European species, had nearly occasioned the death of Alexander Wilson, the great ornithologist. It is clear, however, that the naturalist was the aggressor, and the risk seems to have been reciprocal.

"The oyster-catcher," he narrates, "will not only take to the water when wounded, but can also swim and dive well. This fact I can assert from my own observation, the exploits of one of them in this way having nearly cost me my life. On the sea-beach of Cape May, not far from a deep and rapid inlet, I broke the wing of one of those birds, and being without a dog, instantly pursued it towards the inlet, which it made for with great rapidity. We both plunged in nearly at the same instant; but the bird eluded my grasp, and I sunk beyond my depth. It was not till this moment that I recollected having carried in my gun along with me. On rising to the surface, I found the bird had dived, and a strong ebb current was carrying me fast towards the ocean, encumbered with a gun and all my shooting apparatus. I was compelled to relinquish my bird, and to make for the shore, with considerable mortification, and the total destruction of the contents of my powder-horn. The wounded bird afterwards rose, and swam with great buoyancy out among the breakers."*

The crane (*Grus cinerea*) is the tallest and most stately bird of its order ever seen in Britain. It is now, however, but a rare and almost accidental visitant of such far western isles as Great Britain and Ireland, although not seldom seen in other parts of Europe—in spring during its migration as a breeding bird to the lonely swamps of Lapland, and other northern solitudes—in autumn *en retour* to more genial quarters in the south. It is widely spread eastwards, being, according to M. Temminck, well known in Japan. Though so rare with us in these degenerate days, there seems little doubt of its former occurrence in much greater plenty. It is mentioned by Giraldus (*Top. Hibern.*, p. 705) as so numerous in Ireland, "ut uno in grege centum et circiter numerum frequenter invenies." It made its

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niger) is found in Australia and Africa." We doubt if this is consistent with, or has been confirmed by, recent observation. Mr. Gould makes no mention of other than *Hæm. longirostris* and *fuliginosus* as Australian species, and in his "Table of the range or distribution of species," although he assigns to them a vast extent of Australia and Van Dieman's Land, he takes no notice of their being found in any other portion of the world.

* *American Ornithology*, vol. iii. p. 38.

appearance at Archbishop Neville's famous feast to the amount of 204 specimens at one time, (Dugdale says the price of a crane during his days in London was ten shillings,) and Sir David Lindsay records it as a portion of the bill of fare at a grand hunting entertainment given by the Earl of Athol to James the Fifth and the Queen Mother, in the now solemn seclusion of Glen Tilt.

The common heron (*Ardea cinerea*) is a beautifully picturesque and well known species. It generally builds on trees, sometimes on rocky ledges, very rarely on the ground. As we quite agree with Lord John Russell (see his speech at a Literary Institute in Leeds) in his admiration of Mr. Hugh Miller, we shall here quote a paragraph from that remarkable writer, although its essence is geological, with only a casual bearing on the bird in question. He is describing a scene in the province of Moray, where the river Findhorn, "after hurrying over ridge and shallow amid combinations of rock and wood, wildly picturesque as any the kingdom affords, enters on the lower country, with a course less headlong, through a vast trench scooped in the pale red sandstone of the upper formation."

"We stand on a wooded eminence that sinks perpendicularly into the river on the left, in a mural precipice, and descends with a billowy swell into the broad fertile plain in front, as if the uplands were breaking in one vast wave upon the low country. There is a patch of meadow-ground on the opposite side of the stream, shaded by a group of ancient trees, gnarled and mossy, and with half their topmost branches dried and white as the bones of a skeleton. We look down upon them from an elevation so commanding that their uppermost twigs seem on well-nigh the same level with their interlaced and twisted roots, washed bare on the bank edge by the winter floods. A colony of herons has built from time immemorial among the branches. There are trees so laden with nests that the boughs bend earthwards on every side, like the boughs of orchard-trees in autumn; and the blenched and feathered masses which they bear—the cradles of successive generations—glitter grey through the foliage in continuous groups, as if each tree bore on its single head all the wigs of the Court of Session. The solitude is busy with the operations and enjoyments of instinct. The birds, tall and stately, stand by troops in the shallows, or wade warily, as the fish glance by, to the edge of the current, or rising, with the slow flap of wing and sharp creak peculiar to the tribe, drop suddenly into their nests. The great forest of Darnaway stretches beyond, feathering a thousand knolls, that reflect a colder and greyer tint as they recede and lessen, and present on the horizon a billowy line of blue. The river brawls along under pale red cliffs wooded atop. It is through a vast burial-yard that it has cut its way —a field of the dead so ancient that the sepulchres of Thebes and Luxor are but of the present day in comparison—resting-places for the recently departed, whose funerals are but just over. These moulder-

ing strata are charged with remains, scattered and detached as those of a churchyard, but not less entire in their parts—occipital bones, jaws, teeth, spines, scales—the dust and rubbish of a departed creation."*

How Mr. Southey, who often had his eyes about him, although he did not frequently enough lay down the pen, should have gravely told us (in one of the letters in his "Life and Correspondence") that he never saw a heronry, is surprising. In the course of his occasional journeyings to visit his renowned associate William Wordsworth, he must assuredly have many a time and often stood entranced by the most marvellous and long-continued splendour, first, of the restricted waters of the peaceful Wyburn, reflecting its castellated eagle's crag, and many a nameless knoll of almost equal beauty; next, by the deeply embosomed and more circular sweep of Grasmere's gracious mirror; lastly, by the "sylvan majesty" of Rydal's varied lake, of which the most conspicuous and prevailing feature is a certain island thickly embowered by tall and stately trees. Now, these trees contain and constitute a heronry, one of the most picturesque and peculiar of its kind in England, and there you see the soft and delicately plumaged birds,

"Proud of cerulean hues,
From heaven's blue arch purloined,"

either reposing peacefully on verdurous boughs, or with "sail-broad vans," retracted neck, and long-extended limbs, winging their outward or their homeward way through the still and odorous air of that enchanting region. If Southey never noticed this heronry he was greatly to be blamed as well as pitied, for there it is and has been for immemorial years, to rejoice the sight alike of poets-laureate, and of meaner men. For what other purpose was he himself provided with a nose as aquiline as any eagle's, and eyes dark and lustrous as those of the gerfalcon, but that he might cleave his onward way, and see and comprehend whatever lay around him of the features of this fair earth. Let Mr. Tennyson, our present "laurel-honouring Laureate," now, we rejoice to hear, a frequent and prolonged laker, look to it in time.

As an example of the less usual kind of heronry, where the "munition of rocks" is selected as a place of safety, we may mention the ivy-mantled front of one of those grand *ghauts* called the Sutors of Cromarty, which guard the entrance to that halcyon bay, the *Portus Salutis* of the ancients, so famous as a place of shelter on our iron-bound eastern shores, and where many a brave mariner has gratefully passed the "septem placida

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* *The Old Red Sandstone*, 1st ed. p. 217.

dies" of a boisterous life. As respects their lowlier sites, we may state that there is an island in a small lake on the southern borders of Sutherland, between the Oikel and the inn at Altnagalcanach, where herons breed upon the ground; and in the island of Islay, about three miles from Ardimersy Cottage, there is a well-known colony of these birds, also breeding on the ground.

The Bittern (*Botaurus stellaris*) is now a very rare bird in Britain. The only Scottish specimen we ever chanced to see, was shot many years ago in the island of Colonsay, by the present Lord Justice-General. Even in the moister and more boggy "Sister Isle," they but seldom hear,

> "At evening o'er the swampy plain,
> The bittern's boom come far."

Yet Goldsmith remembered, when a boy, with what terror this bird's note affected the whole village, and how the people regarded it as the presage of some sad event. If anybody died it could not be otherwise, for the "night-raven had foretold it." If nobody died, then at least a cow or a sheep might go the way of all flesh, and so the prophecy was fulfilled by a less dread completion.

"Those who have walked," says Goldsmith, "in an evening by the sedgy sides of unfrequented rivers, must remember a variety of notes from different water-fowl; the loud scream of the wild goose, the croaking of the mallard, the whining of the lapwing, and the tremulous neighing of the jack-snipe; but of all these sounds there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. It is impossible for words to give those who have not heard the evening-call an adequate idea of its solemnity. It is like the interrupted bellowing of a bull, but hollower and louder, and is heard at a mile's distance, as if issuing from some formidable being that resided at the bottom of the waters."

We are not in use to quote that pleasant compilation, "Animated Nature," as an authority for either actual or disputed facts, but the above bears the impress of personal observation, and so we think may be relied on.* The generic name of *Botaurus*, now bestowed on bitterns, may be presumed to have reference to this bellowing note. The Linnean title of *Ardea stellaris*—the heron of the stars—is also a fine one, alluding as

* Whoever desires an example of the bombastic combination of fact and fiction which so frequently flows from the pen of the ready writer, when a mere *Littérateur* indulges himself in the discursive style of zoological narration, may turn to Mr. Moodie's account of the bittern, ("Feathered Tribes of Great Britain,") where the ingenious author causes "confusion worse confounded," by commingling the habits of that rare bird with those of the common snipe. As Mr. Waterton observed of Professor Rennie, we fear his bog-education has been much neglected. Rien n'est beau que le vrai.

it does to the creature's frequent upward flight in spiral circles —"excelsior!"—higher and higher into the blue profound, till lost to mortal sight. What may be the meaning or intent of these sublime gyrations—away and away from this dim spot which men call earth; and of its thus "commercing with the skies," no naturalist has ever told us. It is one of the many things, mysterious though familiar, which are not even dreamt of in their philosophy. This bird is not seldom referred to as an image of desolation in the sacred Scriptures, where the fate of Babylon is foretold as "a possession for the bittern, and pools of water." (Is. xiv. 23.) However dismal to our ears may be the bittern's booming cry, we may pretty confidently agree with Goldsmith, that, from the circumstances and season of the year in which it is most frequently uttered, it is in reality both a call of courtship and a token of "connubial felicity." We may also feel assured that every creature has its own enjoyments, and a mode of shewing happiness peculiar to itself, and also of expressing it in the most appropriate way, according to its particular appreciation of the case. Of course it would be by no means becoming in bridal parties of the human race to roar like bulls. There are several others of this long-necked tribe which we cannot here notice, although they occasionally occur in Britain.

The Stork (*Ciconia alba*) is one of the most interesting of European birds, and presents, as Mr. Selby has well observed, a remarkable instance of the laws which direct the migrations of species, and confine them within certain limits. Although scarcely ever seen among the meadows of our "sea-girt isle," it is among the first objects to attract attention in Holland, is likewise well known in France, and spreads northwards during the summer season into Sweden, Poland, and parts of Russia—"observing the time of its coming." Its winter-quarters are Egypt, and the north of Africa. These birds are fondly protected in their breeding places, not only by the Dutch, but by most of the nations among whom they dwell, and they have been observed in the Levant to prefer the house-tops of the Turks to those of the Greeks, who frequently plunder their places of repose. Mr. Thompson was fortunate in finding a pair quietly nestled on the summit of the beautiful column at Avenches (Aventicum), anciently dedicated to Julia Alpinula, whose filial affection is so finely commemorated by Lord Byron. It certainly formed an appropriate resting-place for a species noted both for filial and parental love. The stork does not seem to have been frequent in our own country, even in ancient times, though no doubt formerly better known than now. Sir Thomas Browne, who died in 1682, records having seen it in the fens, and refers to its having been killed among the marshes between Norwich and

Yarmouth. In regard to recent instances, we may mention, that the specimen in the Edinburgh Museum was shot in Shetland some years ago, and another was caught in South Ronaldshaw, one of the Orkney Isles, in 1840.

The spoonbill (*Platalea leucorodia*) may be placed in the same category as the preceding, being now only a casual species in Britain. It is however recorded as indigenous by our older writers. Pennant, we know not on what authority, informs us, that "it *inhabits* the Faroe Isles," as if it were there a well known visitant; yet we do not find it alluded to in the most recent catalogue of the birds of those Danish out-posts, by an accurate observer Mr. Wolley.

The remarkable and restricted genus *Ibis* is represented, though rarely, in Britain by that species called the glossy ibis, a bird which shared in the mysterious sepulchral honours so mis-bestowed by the ancient Egyptians. It is remarkable for the great extent of its geographical distribution, being found alike in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. It was more common during the preceding century than now in England, and old gunners about Lynn, Yarmouth, &c., have been heard to discourse of the small flocks of "black curlews" which they had seen in their youth. It is extremely rare in Ireland. The embalmed bodies of the green or glossy ibis are still found in the catacombs of Memphis, and other places of ancient sepulture, and the antiquary and the naturalist marvel alike at the wonderful art which, for some thousand years, has handed down almost unimpaired to a far removed posterity, the form and features of so frail a creature. The perfection of an obscurely known process may be said to have hitherto defied the wasting tooth of time, so that the self-same individuals exist in a tangible form which wandered along the banks of the mysterious Nile in the earlier ages of the world, or "in dim seclusion veiled" inhabited the solemn sanctuary of temples, which, though themselves of most magnificent proportions, are now scarcely discernible amid the desert dust of an unpeopled wilderness. It was, however, another species, called the sacred ibis (*Ib. religiosa*) the conservation of whose mystical body chiefly occupied the skill of the ancient Egyptian embalmers. This is the bird described by Abyssinian Bruce under the name of *Abou-hannes.** It is now

* We were once shewn by the late Baron Cuvier a small plume of feathers of the Egyptian Ibis, which had been found adhering to an embalmed bird. Though probably between three and four thousand years old, they seemed of sound tenacious texture, and in absence of other materials, we should not have objected (with permission) to dress a salmon fly with their sacred vanes. The species is accurately figured in Wilson's "*Illustrations of Zoology,*" Plate xix. In M. Savigny's otherwise excellent work, *Histoire Naturelle de l'Ibis*, the representation is unendurable,—a matter to be regretted in regard to so picturesque a species.

considered a European species, in consequence of having been found during recent years in Greece.*

We must here pass over the curlews, whimbrels, redshanks, and several other interesting though well-known species. The greenshank (*Totanus ochropus*) is a shy and wary, but very clamorous bird, which spreads alarm by sharp, incessant, anxious cries, whenever an intruder ventures within a quarter of a mile of its domains. Although a frequent winter visitant, it was long unknown among us as a breeding bird, till a company of sporting naturalists found its summer haunts in Sutherland, in 1834. Its flight though swift, is devious, and when inclined to rest it alights abruptly, runs a few yards, and then stands vibrating its body. In the northern county just named we observed that it frequently perched on the taller twigs of brushwood, and Mr. Hewitson, when in Norway, noticed it on the top of a lofty tree—an unusual position for any shore-land species.

The birds called *Sandpipers* are numerous and diversified. The English term is applied without much discrimination to many species, which ought to differ in name, as they do in nature. The more maritime kinds, sometimes called shore larks, are *Tringæ*, and consist of the dunlin, knott, and many others, very abundant along our sea-coasts and estuaries during winter, but either migrating to far northern countries, or betaking themselves to our interior lakes and marshes, in the spring. Other species belong to the genus *Totanus*, *Actitis*, &c., and enliven by their shrill piping cry the solitary shores of inland waters. One of the most abundant, both in Britain and Ireland, is the so-called fresh-water sand lark, (*T. hypoleucos*, Linn.) It is a migratory species, leaving us in winter and reappearing in the spring.

Passing over the avocets and long-legged plovers, which can be scarcely now regarded as natives, we come to a noted bird, nearly allied to *Tringa*, called the ruff, (*Machetis pugnax*,) a species which still breeds in England, but is only of casual occurrence in Ireland and the northern portions of the kingdom. It is remarkable for two things—pugnacity and polygamy. Its actions in fighting, as Montagu informs us, are very similar to those of the game-cock, the head being lowered, the bill held out horizontally, the ruff upon the neck, and indeed almost every feather more or less projected, the auricles erected, the tail partly spread, and the entire bird "assuming a most ferocious aspect." When either combatant can obtain a firm hold of his antagonist, a leap succeeds, accompanied by a sudden stroke of the wing. In cock fighting the leap by which the

* Temminck, *Oiseaux d'Europe*. Part iv. p. 392.

enemy is over-arched, is for the sake of driving the spur of one into the head of the other, but the ruff, although it combats after the same fashion, has no spurs. A friend of Mr. Thompson's informed him, that when he was leaving Rotterdam for London, in spring, a huge hamper, containing several hundred ruffs, was put on board the steamer. Their incessant fighting proved a frequent though not very refined source of amusement to the passengers. Their crib was a perpetual battle-field, in which every individual thought it his duty to be at all times engaged as long as his own life lasted. Great was the trampling down of the dying, and about one half were slain before the vessel reached London.

This species, of which the female is called the reeve, is much rarer now than formerly, even in England, owing chiefly to the draining of the fens, and the disturbing influence of agricultural operations. Montagu, whose account was published in 1813, found the trade of ruff-catching in Lincolnshire to be even prior to that period confined to few persons, and scarcely repaying the labour and price of nets. The catchers lived in obscure places on the verge of the fens, and sold their birds for about ten shillings a dozen to others who made a trade of fattening them for the market, and who obtained for them, when fit for the table, from thirty shillings to two guineas per dozen. A remarkable and convenient character of these birds is, that they feed freely the moment they are captured; and although their diet of bread and milk, or boiled wheat, must be as an "unknown quantity" in their native fens, they take kindly to such ingredients on the instant. But such is their pugnacity, that they would starve in the midst of plenty, if their little feeding troughs were not placed here and there at some distance from each other. Few are taken in spring, as they are then apt rather to pine than fatten. It is for other and obvious reasons an unadvisable period of capture, as likely to realize the fable of the goose and golden eggs,—every female caught during the season of incubation producing, by prevention, the loss of four young. The temptation to use the net at that period arises from the birds being observed to *hill*, as it is called, that is, to assemble on small patches of rising ground for the purposes of love and combat. These places are easily recognised by the trodden aspect of the turf. The principal and more appropriate period, however, is in September, when the young birds are on the wing,—these being more delicate for the table, less inclined to fight, and therefore more submissive in confinement.

Regarding a bird so well known as the woodcock we need not here dilate. Yet there are points of interest, even of difficulty in its history, which we, the critical expositor, should ourselves

be glad to have explained. What is the reason of its breeding so much more frequently of late years in Britain than of old, when it was known only as a winter immigrant? Is this to be attributed to a change in our seasons, or (which may have a causal connexion with that change) an increase of woods and plantations, which afford additional and more secure retreats, and a better and more abundant supply of food? Sir William Jardine regards this increase as rather apparent than real, and thinks it occasioned by the greater attention now paid to ornithology, and the more frequent observance and record of all natural phenomena. In Ireland, the occurrence of summer or breeding woodcocks is quite familiar. Let us take the instance of Tollymore Park, the Earl of Roden's, in the county of Down. It is beautifully situated at the base of the mountains of Mourne, which rise to a height of nearly 3000 feet, and present a variety of surface, abounding in wood of different ages, with occasional moist though open glades, which even in a dry and sultry summer afford a suitable supply of food. Although a resident since 1828, it was only in 1835 that Lord Roden's keeper became aware of woodcocks continuing there throughout the year. The first nest he saw was at the foot of a larch tree, and looked like a pheasant's. It contained four eggs, and on these the parent sat so close as to allow him to approach within a foot. When any one went very near, she was always observed to bury her bill to the base in the grass or withered ferns alongside the nest. Since 1838 the number which has remained to breed in Tollymore Park has been on the increase. In 1842 nine nests were seen; in 1843, twenty-two; in 1847-8-9 they bred so abundantly, that no less than thirty nests were found in each of those years, and they are now so frequent and commonplace as to have ceased to attract attention.* Woodcocks are also well known to breed in Scotland, as, for example, in the Dunkeld woods, Perthshire, at Brahan Castle and Conan, Ross-shire, at Castle Forbes, Aberdeenshire, and at Darnaway and Cawdor, in the county of Moray. They are, however, essentially a migratory species both in Britain and Ireland, the great mass arriving in October, and taking an early departure during spring. They cross away north-eastwards into Scandinavia, where (among the almost endless pine forests of Norway) Mr. Hewitson, towards sunset, and for hours thereafter, saw numbers in constant flight to and fro above the topmost boughs. In relation to this comparatively eastern residence of woodcocks, we have sometimes wondered at their greater abundance in Ireland than in Britain. It does not lie in the natural course of

* *Birds of Ireland*, vol. iii. p. 249.

their latitudinal migration, and they must instinctively seek it on account of its milder and more open winter climate. Even Islay, the most south-western of our Scottish isles, is more productive of these birds than any portion of the mainland. These facts have been explained to us on the theory, or rather hypothesis, that as woodcocks might come from America, they would naturally soonest reach and most abide in Ireland, and such outlying Scottish isles as Islay. The chief objection to this idea is, that our woodcock does not exist in the western world, and so cannot come from it. The American species, *Scolopax minor*, is quite distinct from that of Europe.

The only other point in the history of these birds to which we shall here refer, is one which to ourselves is still a mystery. They are known to carry about their unfledged young from place to place; and the problem to solve is, by what means is this transportation effected? Of the fact itself there is no doubt. Is it performed by feet or bill?

A few words on rails must conclude our sketch of the Grallatorial order. Of these the land-rail, or corn-crake, is our best known species. Though much given to concealment in the natural state, it is easily accustomed to captivity, as we stated in a preceding note. Its apparently defective powers of flight have led to the belief in certain districts, that it is not a migratory species, but *hybernates* in cold weather, concealing itself in drains and dykes. We have no doubt as to its migratory movements, although a few may remain with us throughout the year in places comparatively free from frost. In Orkney, as well as in Ireland, these birds are sometimes found in winter. "One was observed at Lopness in December 1812, and another in Rousay in 1847; and upon several occasions, when digging up old turf-dykes, land-rails have been found in a torpid condition."* The *torpidity* here referred to may, we think, be accounted for by a constitutional power or peculiarity in rails not sufficiently known or adverted to. They possess, and frequently exercise the faculty of simulating death when captured. This has been several times noted by trustworthy observers of the British species, and is very remarkable in a nearly allied American bird, (*Rallus Carolinus*,) of which Mr. George Ord of Philadelphia, in a communication to Alexander Wilson, gives a good account.†

We shall conclude the present branch of our subject by observing, that the following species, (all of rare or accidental occurrence,) belonging to the Grallatorial order, have been found in Britain, but not in Ireland:—

* *Natural History of Orkney*, Part I. p. 69.
† See Wilson's *American Ornithology*. Sir W. Jardine's edition. Vol. iii. p. 242.

1. Cream-coloured courser,	*Cursorius Isabellinus.*
2. Little-ringed plover,	*Charadrius minor.*
3. Great white heron,	*Ardea alba.*
4. Puff-backed, or little white heron,	*Ardea russata.*
5. Black stork,	*Ciconia nigra.*
6. Spotted sandpiper,	*Totanus macularius.*
7. Brown or grey snipe,	*Scolopax grisea.*
8. Pectoral sandpiper,	*Tringa pectoralis.*
9. Little crake, or olivaceous Gallinule,	*Crex pusilla.*
10. Red-necked phalarope,	*Phalaropus hyperboreus.*

The only Grallatorial bird ever found in Ireland, and unknown to Britain, is the Martinico water-hen, (*Gallinula Martinica*,) of which a specimen was found lying dead in a ditch, in the month of Nov. 1845, near the village of Brandon, on the sea coast. It had probably been blown across the Atlantic in a storm, and may serve as an example to its kindred to be more upon their guard in time to come.

We fear our remaining space will scarcely admit of our expatiating on the great and excellent order of swimming-birds, or *Natatores*. These, next to the Gallinaceous kinds, commonly called poultry, are, in an economical point of view, of the highest importance to the human race. The flesh of many is rich, well flavoured, and nutritious; their feathers, being soft and elastic, form the finest materials for beds and bolsters, while their exquisite down is unrivalled for quilts, coverlets, and various articles both of useful and ornamental clothing. They also supply us with *quills*, which are either serviceable or otherwise according to the purposes to which they are devoted, and much may be said on both sides,—which is surely more than can be predicated of that abominable substitute the steel-pen. The flight of many web-footed birds is powerful and long-sustained, and of course they possess an advantage over the strictly terrestrial kinds, in being able to rest themselves on water as well as land. Although their wings, as compared with those of the majority of other birds, are somewhat small and narrow, their almost vibratory movements are so quickly repeated, and the onward impetus of their bulky bodies, once under weigh, is so great, that they probably advance at a more rapid rate than the species of any other order. It is long since Major Cartwright calculated the flight of the eider duck as equal to ninety miles an hour,—a progression which, in the estimation of the bird above, must render travelling *express* by railway train, a most unwarrantable waste of time.

Great Britain and Ireland being now well known to be islands, to say nothing of the Great and Little Cumbrays, our shore and

water birds, compared with those of Europe in general, are relatively more numerous than our land species under the same comparative view. Although the birds which have actually occurred in Europe, counting all exotic and other stragglers, have been estimated at 500, and the British kinds, also counting stray species from the ends of the earth, at 350, yet for the sake of a more correct comparative view, we shall fall back a few years to Mr. Gould's enumeration of the former—being 460; and to Mr. Macgillivray's estimate (in his "Manual") of the latter—being 322. Of these 460 continental birds, 279 are land birds, properly so called, and 181 (much *less* than one half) are water birds and waders. Of the 322 British birds, 160 are land species, while 162 (rather *more* than one half) are water birds and waders. By the former enumeration, continental Europe, in possessing 279 land birds, is richer than Britain by 119 species, whereas in water birds and waders, the excess is only 30.

The following table will shew the relative proportions at home and abroad, of these three great divisions,—

Continental Species.		British Species.	
279	Land birds.	160	Land Birds.
78	Waders.	70	Waders.
103	Water birds.	92	Water Birds.
460		322	

Let us now pass in rapid review over the principal groups of the swimming birds, or Natatorial order. Of Geese, properly so called, (genera *Anser* and *Bernicla,*) we have in Britain eight different species. Next to the swans, they are the largest of our aquatic kinds. They are gregarious, inhabit during the summer season the swamps and marine shores of the Arctic and Antarctic regions, and migrate before winter towards or into equatorial countries. They walk awkwardly, fly vigorously, (often in a peculiar array, wedge-shaped, or in lengthened files,) swim buoyantly, feed on seeds and grasses, and never dive except when sporting with each other, or to escape when wounded. The wild goose, (*Anser ferus,*) sometimes called the grey-lag, although the supposed origin of our domesticated species, is now a rare bird in Britain, being unfrequent even in winter, and quite unknown among us as a breeder.* The bill is large and thick, with its terminal nail pale grey or whitish. It is unknown in North America, the common goose there, and throughout the

* We bear in mind that Mr. St. John and others have stated it to breed in Sutherland; but we think there must have been some misapprehension of the species. The kind we have several times found there in summer was not the grey-lag.

States, being *Anser Canadensis*. Two of our native species, the bean goose (*Anser segetum*), and the pink-footed or short-billed species (*A. brachyrhynchus*), are frequently confounded with the grey-lag. In both the former the nail upon the bill is black.

The swans are the grandest and most graceful of all our native birds, whether of sea or land. There are eight species known, of which four (besides the tame one) have occurred in Britain. Of these the Hooper (*Cygnus musicus*) is the most common, and like the others is only a winter visitant. It is not, however, the origin of our domesticated kind, or mute swan (*Cygnus olor*), not now found wild in Britain, but still well known in the natural state in many of the northern and eastern parts of Europe. This latter is easily distinguishable from all the others by the large black frontal knob at the base of the bill. Many have marvelled why a bird so silent as the swan should have been dedicated to Apollo, the god of music. During their migrations, the wild species are said to utter loud trumpet-like cries, which when heard high in air are clear and mellow, and resemble "the sounds from a distant band of music." These notes are described as having a peculiarly exciting effect on the human mind, more especially in wild and desert regions, where they give rise to the most agreeable feelings among tribes dependent for subsistence on the chase.*

Several swans are common to both the Old and New World, and it is not easy to say from Alexander Wilson's description of "the swan," how much he knew about them. The distinctions have been clearly described only in later years. The wild swan of Europe (*C. musicus*) inhabits a great range of the Arctic circle.

The *Anatidæ*, or ducks, are an extremely numerous family,

* Wild swans are numerous in Iceland during "the sleepless summer of long light," which pours such a continuous blaze into the meres and marshes of that otherwise dreary region. Some even pass the winter there, and their so-called song is often heard through the darkness of that long enduring night as they are passing, like a stream of snow along the murky sky, from place to place. It is described by writers on Iceland as very grateful to the ear, somewhat resembling the tones of a violin, each note occurring after a distinct interval. This music may probably be regarded as a signal or watchword to prevent dispersion,—"in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night." The singing of the swan, whether living or dying, is therefore not a fable. It has at least its foundation in truth, as have necessarily most things which have been fabled. Olafsen (th. i. p. 34.) describes it as "most pleasant to hear." Henderson (vol. ii. pp. 10, 136,) records the wild swan as "singing melodiously;" while in the *Edda* we find Niord, when forced to take up his residence in the interior of the country, uttering in lamentation,—"How do I hate the abode of the mountains! There one hears nothing but the howling of wolves, instead of the sweet singing of the swans who dwell on the sea shores." (Mallett's *Northern Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 58.) The Icelanders regard the note of the swan as presaging a thaw, and are therefore well pleased to hear it during long-continued frosts.

diversified in their characters and aspect, widely distributed over the earth, and of great economic value, wherever found. We have thirty different kinds of ducks in Britain, many of them, however, being only occasional or accidental visitors. The following is a systematic exposition of the species :—

1.	Shieldrake,	*Tadorna vulpanser.*
2.	Ruddy shieldrake,[1]	*Tadorna casarka.*
3.	Common wild duck,	*Anas boschas.*
4.	Bimaculated duck,[2]	*Anas glocitans.*
5.	Common teal,	*Querquedula crecca.*
6.	Garganey,	*Querquedula circia.*
7.	Gadwall,[3]	*Querquedula strepera.*
8.	Pintail,	*Querquedula acuta.*
9.	Blue-winged shoveller,[4]	*Rhynchaspis clypeata.*
10.	Wigeon,	*Mareca penelope.*
11.	American Wigeon,[5]	*Mareca Americana.*
12.	Pochard,	*Aythya ferina.*
13.	Red-crested pochard,[6]	*Aythya rufina.*
14.	Ferruginous scaup duck,[7]	*Fuligula Nyroca.*
15.	Broad-billed scaup duck,	*Fuligula marila.*
16.	Tufted scaup duck,	*Fuligula cristata.*
17.	Surf scoter,[8]	*Oidemia perspicillata.*
18.	Velvet scoter,	*Oidemia fusca.*
19.	Black scoter,	*Oidemia nigra.*
20.	Eider duck,	*Somateria mollissima.*
21.	King duck,[9]	*Somateria spectabilis.*
22.	Steller's duck,[10]	*Stelleria dispar.*
23.	Harlequin duck,[11]	*Clangula histrionica.*
24.	Golden Eye,	*Clangula chrysophthalma.*
25.	Buffel-headed duck,[12]	*Clangula albeola.*
26.	Long-tailed duck,	*Harelda glacialis.*
27.	Goosander,	*Merganser castor.*
28.	Red-breasted Goosander,	*Merganser serrator.*
29.	Hooded Goosander,[13]	*Merganser cucullatus.*
30.	Pied Smew, or Nun,	*Mergus albellus.*

[1] Accidental, from North-eastern Europe.
[2] Accidental, from Northern Asia.
[3] Rare, from Holland and Northern Europe.
[4] Rare, from Continental Europe.
[5] Accidental, from North America. Supposed by some to be identical with our common wigeon.
[6] Occasional, from North-eastern Europe.
[7] Occasional, from Eastern Europe.
[8] Accidental, from North America.
[9] Rare, from the North of Europe and America.
[10] Accidental, from Northern Asia and America.
[11] Rare, from North America.
[12] Accidental, from North America.
[13] Accidental, from North America.

The wild duck (*Anas boschas*) is the undoubted origin of our *domesticated species,—a relationship which does not exist between our wild and tame swans. In the natural state this species* pairs,—the male, although he takes no share in the labours of incubation, keeping a careful watch in the neighbourhood of his brooding mate. Tame ducks, on the other hand, lose this more steady sentimentalism, and instead of pairing become polygamous.

The teal is one of the smallest and most beautiful of our ducks. It abides with us throughout the year, breeding abundantly in the northern counties, near our inland waters, and congregating in winter. The wigeon is a most abundant winter species, especially in England, a greater number being caught in the decoys of the southern counties, than of all other ducks combined. Their distribution is somewhat peculiar. Although numerous in Orkney during winter, they are rare in the north of Scotland, and said to be unknown in the outer Hebrides. They increase as we advance southwards, and swarm in the shires of Somerset and Devon. Wigeons begin to arrive in Britain towards the end of September, and depart in spring. So very few remain during the summer, that they were unknown as native breeding birds until June 1834, when a party of naturalists, while exploring Sutherland, found their nests in several lakes of that interesting and well-cared for county.

The eider-duck is one of our most noted species, although of little economic value, as its flesh is fishy tasted, and its breeding places in Britain too few to be of much importance in respect to *down*. Its great haunts are Iceland, and other arctic regions, where it lays from five to eight large eggs of a pale greenish-grey colour, which it imbeds in, and occasionally covers over, with down plucked from its own fair body. This bird is common alike to Europe and America.

The mergansers and goosanders form a peculiar group, distinguished from all other ducks by their straight, lengthened, somewhat cylindrical bills, with the lamellæ of the mandibles narrow, sharp, in some strongly serrated, or tooth like. They seek their food by swimming under water,—not merely by immersing head and neck, like the majority of their congeners,—and in that habit, as well as by their elongated, elliptical, depressed form of body, and lengthened necks, they form a natural transition to the genuine divers, such as the colymbi, grebes, and others.

The grebes (genus *Podiceps*), of which we have four species in Britain, besides the dab-chick, are birds of a very peculiar form, with small wings, and the legs, in consequence of the tibia being covered by the skin of the abdomen, seeming to proceed from the hinder extremity of the body. The feet are fully webbed only at the base, but each toe has a broad lateral ex-

pansion of its own. The plumage of the grebes is soft and beautifully blended, generally on the lower parts of a silky texture and silvery lustre, well adapted for tippets. These birds are piscatorial in their habits, and are scarcely ever seen on shore, where they walk awkwardly, and are ill at ease. They never alight except upon the surface of water, and it is almost impossible to make them take to *flight*.

The divers, properly so called (genus *Colymbus*), are much larger than the grebes. Their bills are compressed and very sharp pointed. Their feet are fully webbed, and their tails are composed of feathers of the ordinary structure, instead of being, as in the preceding group, almost undistinguishable downy plumelets. These birds are remarkable for the immaculate and almost snowy purity of the under parts of their plumage, and the deep glossy blackness of the upper portions,—the latter being exquisitely starred and streaked with white. We have three kinds in Britain, of which the largest and most majestic is the northern diver (*C. glacialis*), perhaps the most beautiful of all those birds which are found on the surface of the great deep. It has never been observed to breed in Britain. The black-throated diver (*C. arcticus*) is another species of considerable size and great beauty. Although at no time numerous, it is by no means an infrequent bird along our northern shores in winter. Till of late years it was unknown as a breeding bird in Britain. We had the good fortune to find its nest, or rather its callow young, (for there was no vestige of a nest,) among some stony herbage projecting into a shallow creek of Loch Craggie, near Lairg, in Sutherland, and we have since seen both old and young in other lochs of that county during summer. The only other native species is the red-throated diver (*C. septentrionalis*), more abundant at all times than either of the two preceding. Nothing can exceed the activity and wary watchfulness of this bird on its proper element. Even the unarmed angler never finds himself on the same side of the loch with it. It swims with excessive speed, and, like others of its kind, seems to possess the power of sinking its body without diving, that is, the observer sees it progressing rapidly with nothing visible but a snake-like head and neck. It obviously belongs to the "uneasy classes," and is never satisfied or at rest. It can seldom be approached in an open boat, but seems less suspicious of larger vessels, and has been seen to rise from under the very bows of a roaring steamer.

The Awks and Guillemots (including the Puffin) form the next group, consisting in all of about eight British species. We have sometimes wondered at the extreme abundance of the Common or Foolish Guillemot (*Uria troile*) on all our seas and

firths, considering that it lays only a single egg. That egg is, however, a large and excellent one, in no degree of fishy flavour, but it must be boiled hard, and then the so-called white becomes firm, though continuing of a somewhat transparent bluish hue. The yolk is granular and oily. These birds lay on narrow shelves or ledges, along the faces of perpendicular cliffs, and it is a marvel to many how the eggs, placed without bedding on the bare hard rock, do not roll away at once into the sea. The fishermen say that they adhere, as if glued by some natural viscidity, but their saying so neither enables the birds themselves to do this, nor others to ascertain that it is done. The Black Guillemot (*U. Grylle*) is a well known but less abundant species. It is called *Geara breac* among the Hebrides, but never *Scraber*, which is the name of another and very different bird—the Manx Shearwater (*Puffinus anglorum*). Now Mr. Martin, in his "Voyage to St Kilda," makes sad confusion by commingling the description of the one with the dissimilar habits of the other, thus pleasantly creating for himself a fictitious bird which has no existence in nature. The black guillemot differs from the common kind in laying from two to three eggs.

The razor-bills differ from the preceding chiefly in the more dilated form, and grooved character of the bill, and the wedge-shaped tail. In character and attributes they naturally conduct us to the awks. We may here note that the genus *Alca* of Linnæus included the razor-bill, the puffin, and the great and little awks. Its constitution is now changed and restricted, only a single species being retained in the genus. This is the Great Awk, or Northern Penguin, as it has been sometimes called (*Alca impennis*), one of the rarest and most remarkable of European birds. It measures nearly three feet in length from the bill to the toes. The prevailing colour of the upper portion of the plumage is black, shading into brown, and slightly glossed with green, while a conspicuous patch between the bill and eye, and all the under parts, are white. So unfrequent has this great sea-bird become of late years that many considerate people begin to question the continuance of its existence upon earth. It has not been known to breed along any of the northern shores of continental Europe for towards a hundred years, and although as recently as Landt's time it was still seen in Iceland, Graba informs us that it is now unknown there, and has not been observed or heard of either in Greenland or the Faroe Islands for many a day. None of our own assiduous northern voyagers ever met with it, and although known in St. Kilda by the name of gair-fowl (*Geir fugl* of the Icelanders), it has now ceased to frequent that lonely isle. Martin says—"*he flyeth not at all.*"

The most recent authentic instances of its occurrence may be

briefly mentioned. The late Mr. Bullock, while visiting the Orkneys in 1813, discovered a male bird, called by the natives King of the Awks, off Papa Westra, and pursued it unremittingly for many hours in a six-oared boat, but such were the rapidity and perseverance of its courses under water that he was completely foiled, and finally gave up the chase. This individual was, however, obtained after his departure, and is now in the British Museum. A female, the supposed mate of the preceding, had been procured in Orkney a few weeks before Mr. Bullock's arrival, but her remains were not preserved. Dr. Fleming, while taking a cruise in the autumn of 1821, with the late Mr. Robert Stevenson, in the Light-house yacht, obtained a live specimen of the great awk at Scalpa (Isle of Glass), which had been captured by Mr. Maclellan some time before, off St. Kilda. It was emaciated and sickly, but improved in condition in a few days, in consequence of being well supplied with fresh fish, and permitted to sport occasionally in the water, being secured by a cord attached to one leg. Even in this trammelled state, its natural movements while swimming or diving under water were so rapid as to have set all pursuit at defiance had the bird been free.* As it was, its love of liberty eventually proved stronger than the cord by which that liberty was restrained, for during a subsequent washing with which it was considerately favoured, off the island of Pladda, to the south of Arran, it burst its bonds, and was seen no more for ever. Many years afterwards a dead specimen was found floating in the sea, off the isle of Lundy, on the coast of South Devon. Some have fondly fancied that this may have been Dr. Fleming's individual, but it would have been difficult to prove it so, and we believe that, under the circumstances, no claim was made. From the presumed and almost proven inability of this species to fly, and its nearly equal inaptitude for progress on the ground, we do not set much store by Mr. Bullock's statement that an example was found in a pond of fresh water in Buckinghamshire, two miles from the Thames. There are many large geese in the world, and one would suffice either to make or occasion the mistake.† The great awk has occurred in Ireland. A specimen was obtained by Dr. Burkitt of Waterford, who stated to Mr. Thompson that he re-

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* *Edinburgh Phil. Journ.*, vol. x. p. 96.

† We believe it to be true that the great awk is incapable of flight; but we cannot accept Baron Cuvier's definition of his own genus (*Alca*), where he states, "Leurs ailes sont décidément trop petites pour les soutenir, et ils ne volent point du tout," (*Règne Animal*, tom. i. p. 549)—because he proceeds to describe as his first species the Common awk (*Alca torda*), our razor-bill, which when fairly under way flies with great rapidity, passing with ease all gulls, terns, and other birds of merely buoyant flight. The genus *Alca*, however, as now constituted, contains no other species than that truly flightless bird—the great awk, *Alca impennis*.

ceived the bird in September 1834, and that it had been taken during the preceding May by a fisherman, off Waterford harbour. It lived in captivity for four months, feeding more fondly on trout and other fresh-water fish, than on those of the sea. It was rather fierce. A second example was obtained off the Waterford coast about the same time, but falling into ignorant or careless hands, it was destroyed. In February 1844, a note was communicated by the Rev. Joseph Stopford to Dr. Harvey of Cork, stating that one of these birds had been found on the long strand of Castle Freke,—"having been *water-soaked in a storm.*" This is a remarkable expression, and describes, almost in a word, the condition of a bird naturally unable to fly, and so forced to abide, under adverse circumstances, in the "injurious sea." Mr. Thompson believes, from a description given him by an experienced wild-fowl shooter, on whose powers of observation he could rely, that two great awks were seen together in Belfast Bay in September 1845.*

The family called *Pelecanidæ* includes the cormorants and solan geese,—birds which, differing considerably in the structure of the bill, the colour of the plumage, and the habits of life, are now properly placed in separate genera. Cormorants are seldom seen upon the wing, and seek their food by *diving* for it from the surface on which they swim; solan geese, while feeding, are almost ever on the wing, and *plunge* for prey by a sudden descent upon it from a considerable height in air. The great black cormorant is frequently found far inland on our tranquil lakes of fresh water,—the green or crested species rarely leaves our rocky shores. The gannets never do so. In fact, the latter will rarely cross even a narrow neck of land, but prefer "doubling the Cape," however free from Caffres. Mr. Macgillivray once saw a gannet adventure across an isthmus (an ill-selected one, as it speedily appeared) about half a mile in breadth. Unfortunately an eagle that happened to be flying past observed and struck it down. It was taken up dead by some people who were standing near the place, and perceived the unexpected onslaught. Gannets are much more gregarious than cormorants, or rather, being less easily satisfied in the selection of a site, they necessarily congregate in the few breeding places which befit them. Their only nestling haunt in England is Lundy Island, in the Bristol Channel. Their sole Irish station is one of the Skellig Islands, on the coast of Kerry. None breed on St. Kilda, properly so called; but the neighbouring island of Borrera, and two huge adjacent rocks, called Stack Ly and Stack Narnin, are covered with them thick "as

* *Birds of Ireland*, vol. iii. p. 239.

leaves in Vallombrosa." Two other places in our western waters are frequented by gannets,—Suliskerry, which lies between the Orkney Islands and the Butt of Lewis, and that fine old, though sometimes inconvenient mountainous rock called Ailsa Craig, in the mouth of the Firth of Clyde. Their only place of settlement along our eastern shore is the Bass Rock,—from whence they derive their specific title of *Bassana*. Although gannets are not strictly speaking birds of passage (in the same sense as swallows), yet they leave their breeding haunts during the colder months, spread themselves southwards into warmer regions, and are not seldom seen, even in midwinter, diving for pilchards off the coast of Cornwall. They assemble again upon their rocky fastnesses in early spring.

So many curious things occur in the actual and ascertained history of all creatures, that we cannot see the need of ever stating what is either doubtful or untrue. Yet both the early and more recent records of the gannet are full of "fond inventions." 1*st*, In O'Flaherty's "West or II-Jar Connaught," a work written in 1684, (published by the Irish Archæological Society in 1846,) we are informed that—"Here the ganet soares high in the sky to espy his prey in the sea under him, at which he casts himself headlong, and swallows up whole herrings in a morsell." Serves them right, and all according to nature. But it is immediately added, "This bird flys through the ships' sailes, piercing them with his beak." Now, we don't admit this feat, not so much because the creature is quite incompetent to its performance, as because having no purpose to serve thereby, he is not likely to try an experiment which might be dangerous as well as unproductive. 2*dly*, Mr. John Macgillivray tells the following story, and "believes it true:"—Several years ago an open boat was returning from St. Kilda to Harris, and a few herrings happened to be lying in the bottom, close to the edge of the ballast, [and of course among or very near the boatmen's feet.] A gannet passing overhead, stopped and hovered for a moment, and then suddenly dashing down upon the fish, passed through the bottom of the boat [a well-conditioned one, we may suppose, when employed on so exposed a voyage] as far as the middle of its own body; and being retained in that position by one of the crew, yielded compensation by effectually stopping the leak which it must otherwise have made.* 3*dly*, Mr. William Thompson, while discoursing on the depth at which a gannet perceives, and will descend to in pursuit of prey, reports the experience of a "worthy resident of my acquaintance," the post-master (in the year 1836) of Bal-

* *Edinburgh Phil. Journal* for January 1842, p. 66.

lantrae, a well-known fishing village on the coast of Ayrshire, and the conclusion he comes to is, "that numbers of these birds have been taken in nets *at a depth of* 180 *feet.*"

"Gannets," quoth the post-master, "are very commonly caught about Ballantrae (chiefly in the month of March) in the fishermen's nets, which are generally sunk from nine to twenty, but sometimes to the depth of thirty fathoms (180 feet), just as the fish, herrings, &c. are lying. They are taken at all these depths when the water is rough as well as smooth, and in both the cod and turbot nets (respectively five and seven inches wide in the mesh). Of the greatest quantity taken at one time, 'John, son of old Alexander Coulter, can make oath, that he took ninety-four gannets from one net, at a single haul, a few years ago. The net was about sixty fathoms long, a cod-net, wrought in a five-inch scale. The birds *brought up the net, with its sinkers and fish*, to the top, when such as were not drowned made a sad struggle to escape. There were four nets in this train; but the above ninety-four were in one of the nets, and there were thirty-four additional birds in the other part of the train, being 128 gannets in all.'"*

Now, we do not think that the excellent historian of the Birds of Ireland has here exercised his customary caution. It does not follow, and certainly the fact is not stated, that on the occasion above referred to the nets had been sunk to thirty fathoms; and the circumstance of the extreme buoyancy of the birds being such as to bring up the net, proves that they were not far from the surface. Sink a solan goose to the depth of 180 feet, and its power of flotation upwards would be much diminished, even were it a free agent. If so, what are we to say to that same power when the poor bird is sorely beset by miserable meshes, and moreover the foot-rope of the net is kept firmly down by weights of lead, or heavy stones thereto attached? But, instead of reasoning on this matter, let us turn up the Admiralty charts of that portion of the basin of the Clyde, and we shall there find that the fishing-bank in question (with which we have ourselves some practical acquaintance) lies at a depth of only from seven to eleven fathoms, its average mass of water being thus not more than one-third of what would be indispensable for the prodigious plunge above recorded.† We therefore back Sir Francis Beaufort and our bold surveyors, even against John Coulter and the post-master of Ballantrae.‡

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* *Birds of Ireland*, vol. iii. p. 258.

† See *Admiralty Chart of Scotland.* West Coast. Sheet II.—Firth of Clyde. Surveyed by Captain C. G. Robinson, R.N., F.G.S. 1846.

‡ We believe that no plunging bird, that is, no species which falls from above merely by the impetus of its own weight, either descends so deep, or swims so far under water as a diving bird, properly so called, that is, as one which makes its dip from the surface, and then progresses downwards or onwards by the continu-

The Terns, or sea-swallows, are an elegant and rather numerous tribe, being generally characterized by a sharp and slender bill, lengthened wings, forked tail, with the crown of the head black, the upper parts of the plumage pure pearl grey, the under white. Their flight is easy and buoyant, and their cry, though neither loud nor long, rather grating. But of these, and the more familiar family of gulls, of which, including the various sub-genera, and taking stray birds or foreign stragglers to account, about nineteen different kinds have been seen along the British coasts, our now exceeded limits warn us to be silent. We shall conclude with a brief notice of one or two rather peculiar species, more nearly allied to the petrels.

The fulmar (*Procellaria glacialis*) in its general aspect is very like a gull, but its bill and tubular nostrils give it an organic relationship to the birds above named. Its principal, if not sole breeding place among the British islands, is St. Kilda, where it is found during the summer season in countless multitudes, affording the natives an invaluable addition to their domestic comforts in the form of food and oil. Where it gets this oil, nobody that we have ever met with seems to know. Does it fly for it as far as Greenland, where blubber most abounds? The Reverend Dr. (then the energetic Captain) Scoresby told us many years ago, how when his men were *flensing* the whale, these birds flew at all fatty matters which might fall aside, and often settled in crowds upon the insensate carcase of the monarch of the deep. So near do they approach the scene of surgical operations, that they are often knocked down in great numbers with boat-hooks, or even sometimes captured with the hand; and so greedily do they gorge themselves with their beloved blubber, as to become for a time incapable of flight. This account contrasts strangely with the more superficial observance of the fulmar afforded by a chance visit to St. Kilda. There, over the sparkling sea, or within the sombre shadow of that great rock, a mild and dove-eyed creature is seen for ever on the wing, gliding serenely over the surface with a most soft and buoyant flight, sometimes approaching within a few yards of boat or cutter, "in wonder, not in fear," but never, so far as can be seen, ever picking up anything from the redundant waves, or even helping itself to what is thrown towards it. Its more prolonged and distant flights seem northwards, and many are observed as if returning, though without either flurry or fatigue,

ous action both of wings and feet. A solan goose generally rises within a few feet of the place into which it has plunged, and seldom continues submerged more than about twenty seconds. To descend thirty fathoms, and reappear in that time, it must swim at least 360 feet (or 18 feet per second,) even if it goes and comes in a line mathematically straight.

from some far country, their interior being always stored with a rich amber-coloured oil, well clarified, and fit for instant use. By what means, and whence, is this obtained, and how far have these beneficent "slaves of the lamp" to fly for it across the briny waves? We have sometimes thought it by no means easy to be a perfectly well instructed ornithologist. Many points occur of difficult solution, although there are certainly few things more familiar than oil and feathers.

The old fulmars feed their young with this liquid fat, emptying it from their interior into that of their offspring, and when seized upon by any ruthless and unauthorized intruder on the sanctity of their rocky ledges, having an undoubted right to do what they like with their own, they squirt it suddenly through the throat into the face and eyes of the assailant. So, when the natives make a sudden nocturnal dart upon them in their nests, they are always careful to grasp them firmly round the neck, to prevent the use or abuse of this most precious oil. The bill is then opened, and held over the prepared gullet of a solan goose, till about a table spoonful has been disgorged. The young birds, when handled, also yield, though in smaller proportions, their contribution to the evening lights which serve to cheer the sadness of those desolate dwellings, so

"Far amid the melancholy main."

The flesh of the young fulmar, on account of its inherently oily nature, forms a favourite food with the inhabitants of St. Kilda.

The only other species we shall notice is likewise a native of the last named island, though not so exclusively confined to it—we mean the Shearwater (*Puffinus Anglorum*). From the darkness of its plumage, its nearly nocturnal habits, its subterranean haunts, and the carefulness with which it keeps itself concealed throughout the day, there seems to be something rather sinister in its character. It generally breeds at the far end of a hole, which it excavates in soft or sandy soil, sometimes taking possession of a rabbit's burrow, where such occurs. It lays only a single egg, which, when fresh, is of the most dazzling whiteness, and peculiarly beautiful in its texture. In summer we find this bird not only in St. Kilda, but in several of the Orkney and Shetland Isles. It seems now, however, to have entirely deserted that small island the Calf of Man—its only southern locality that we know of being a barren isle called Annet, one of the Scilly group. Its frequency in former days in Orkney is attested by the Reverend George Low in his *Fauna Orcadensis.* These birds disperse themselves over the seas in winter, probably migrating southwards. Their flight is smooth and gliding, occasionally very rapid, always buoyant

and easy. They fly low along the surface, often descending into the trough of the sea, then mounting up into the air, over the sparkling crest, and down again into the smoother hollows. What a strange thing it is for a creature which can do all this so gracefully, and with such unwearied wing, to pass the live-long day in a darksome subterranean cell, without one glimpse of that immeasurable main on which, at other times, it so rejoices! We scarcely got more than a glance of this mysterious shearwater during an exploration, some years ago, of the marvels of St. Kilda. Only two or three were seen one evening after sunset, gliding, as it were, from beneath the "stones of darkness and the shadow of death," and betaking themselves seawards, just as the curtain of night was falling upon the great waters.

The following Natatorial species have occurred in Britain, but not in Ireland:—

1.	Polish swan,	*Cygnus immutabilis.*
2.	Pink-footed goose,	*Anser brachyrynchus.*
3.	Spur-winged goose,	*Anser gambensis.*
4.	Bimaculated duck,	*Anas glocitans.*
5.	Steller's western duck,	*Polysticta Stelleri.*
6.	Red-crested whistling duck,	*Fuligula rufina.*
7.	Ferruginous, or Nyroca duck,	*Ful. leucophthalmos.*
8.	American scaup duck,	*Ful. mariloides.*
9.	Harlequin duck,	*Clangula histrionica.*
10.	Buffel-headed duck,	*Clangula albeola.*
11.	Caspian tern,	*Sterna Caspica.*
12.	Gull-billed tern,	*Sterna anglica.*
13.	Ross's gull,	*Larus Rossii.*
14.	Laughing gull,	*Larus atricilla.*
15.	Bulwer's petrel,	*Thalassidroma Bulweri.*
16.	Wilson's petrel,	*Thal. Wilsoni.*

The following kinds, all casual stragglers from far countries, have been met with in Ireland, but not in Britain:—

1.	Ruppell's tern,	*Sterna velox.*
2.	White-winged black tern,	*Sterna leucoptera.*
3.	Noddy tern,	*Sterna stolida.*
4.	Bonapartian gull,	*Larus Bonapartii.*

In the foregoing Ornithological Sketches, we have necessarily left unnoticed many interesting species, particularly among those which only winter with us, and take their spring departure to far northern climes, where they may rest alternately on firm enduring earth, and the glittering battlements of polar icebergs.

"Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
And rude-resounding shore are one wild cry."

ART. II.—1. *England, Ireland, and America.* By a MANCHESTER MANUFACTURER. Edinburgh, 1835.
2. *Russia.* By a MANCHESTER MANUFACTURER. Edinburgh, 1836.
3. *Annuaire des deux Mondes, pour* 1851. Les Cabinets. Paris, 1852.
4. *Thoughts on our Foreign Relations.* By a MEMBER of the House of Commons. London, 1853.
5. 1793 *and* 1853. Three Letters. By RICHARD COBDEN, M.P. 1853.

Is England to be a great nation, or a little island? Is she to have a colonial empire and a European policy? Or is she, as some would teach us, to abnegate both? Is she to bid a long and unreluctant farewell to ancestral greatness, to wide-spread influence, to a powerful, formidable, honourable name, and henceforth to think only of safety and wealth? Is she to stand aloof and apart in sublime and selfish isolation, careless of the fate of others, so long as she herself is invulnerable and unmenaced? Or is she, as heretofore, to embrace the four quarters of the globe within her expansive sympathies—to express those sympathies boldly, and to maintain them firmly? Is she to renounce every possession, and abstain from every action, of which the pecuniary profit will not admit of demonstration? Or is she to believe and to proclaim that there are objects dearer than wealth, worthier than prosperity, more indispensable even than tranquillity and comfort? Is she to deny her antecedents, and desert her mission, because she has sometimes, in past years, overstepped its limits, and pursued it imperiously, unrighteously, and at fearful cost? Or is she, profiting by sad experience, and taught and warned by ancient errors, to be greater, wiser, more generous and more beneficent than heretofore, and so to act, so to live, so to speak, that her alliance shall be safety and honour, her maternity a matter of pride and attachment to her children, her rule a blessing to her subjects, and a model to the world?

There is a school which has risen up among us of late years—comprising many men who can neither be ignored nor despised, because, though their views are narrow, their energy and sincerity are indisputable—whose doctrine it is, that we ought, properly speaking, to have *no* international relations except commercial ones; that we ought to imitate the policy which Washington recommended to his countrymen, and hold ourselves apart in cold indifference to the vicissitudes, the sufferings, the aspirations of our neighbours, so long as they will buy from

us and sell to us; that, in short, we should cease to be a member of the great European Commonwealth of Nations, except for purposes of barter. These reasoners, unpalatable as is the policy they recommend to the pride, the instincts and the traditions of Britons, have unquestionably a strong vantage ground from which to urge their doctrines. They can point to many enormous and expensive follies, to many undeniable and costly crimes, committed in times past by the adherents, and in the name, of the policy they reprobate. They can point to numberless instances of unwarrantable interference in matters with which we had no concern, and to not a few of intervention in a scandalous manner, and in an unrighteous cause—of freedom crushed and oppression made triumphant with our sanction and by our aid. We admit, with shame and sorrow, the severe impeachment; but we draw from it a very different practical conclusion. We would atone for the past, not by inaction, but by purified and amended action. We would endeavour to compensate whatever evil we may heretofore have wrought, not by abstaining from international relations altogether, but by conducting those relations in a juster, humbler, wiser spirit.

On what principle our international relations ought henceforward to be regulated—whether our friendships are to be decided by mere similarity of external and material interests, or by congeniality of internal institutions and principles of government—whether our alliances are to be formed with rulers or with peoples—whether we are to shew no preference, and pronounce no opinion, regarding the conduct or doctrines of foreign states—to manifest no sympathy for freedom, no condemnation of ruthless and barbarous oppression, nor disapproval of crimes against humanity and civilisation—whether we are to be as ready to have "cordial amity and understanding" with despots crushing liberty as with freemen struggling for amended laws, if such arrangement should suit our temporary or commercial interests—whether we are to allow constitutional governments to be overthrown by a coalition between perjured conspirators at home and the armies of a foreign tyrant—what are the limits, and what the nature, of the great and sound principle of non-intervention—whether it be a merely passive or an active rule—whether it merely binds us not to interfere ourselves in the internal contests of an independent nation, or whether it involves also the duty of seeing that no others interfere to do for the *wrong* what we abstain from doing for the *right*—whether, whatever iniquities be practised, and whoever be the sufferers beneath them, we are to imitate the selfish priest and the unfeeling Levite, who saw it would be a troublesome business, and so passed by on the other side—or whether, by timely and

judicious acts of friendship and assistance, we are to lay up friends for ourselves against our possible day of menace and of peril—lastly, how our foreign policy, which has hitherto been too often only the policy of the Government, or perhaps only of a section of the Government, may be in future made really the policy of the nation, expressive of its paramount and united will, and therefore steady, consistent, generous, and truly national, and in consequence irresistibly triumphant—all these are questions which must soon be discussed and decided, but to treat which as they should be treated would take us over a far wider space of ground than we now have time to travel. We must content ourselves for the present with a less ambitious task, and shall begin by pointing out a few of the changes which have come over the international position of Great Britain and the tone and temper of her Foreign Policy, and the causes and consequences of those changes.

The first remarkable change to be noticed is that which has come over the character and temper of the British nation in the course of the last five-and-thirty years. We were thus delineated in the early part of the century by a broadly sarcastic but not an unfriendly pencil:—

"John Bull is a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be everybody's champion. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbours' affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He unluckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of self-defence, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel play, he has had a troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot hear of a quarrel between the most distant neighbours, but he begins incontinently to fumble with the end of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honour does not require that he should meddle in the broil. Indeed, he has extended his relations of pride and policy so completely over the whole country, that no event can take place without infringing some of his finely-spun rights and dignities. Couched in his little domain, with these filaments stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, or a breeze blow, without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrothfully from his den. Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affray. He always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling even

when victorious; and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all they have been quarrelling about."*

Who can withhold a smile at the humorous accuracy of this picture as applied to the Englishman of fifty years since? Who can recognise in it the faintest resemblance to the Englishman of to-day?—the indolent, *insouciant*, pacific, and far from sensitive citizen, who can scarcely be roused to believe in any hostility, or to prepare against any danger; whom scarcely any insult can goad out of his apathy; who, so far from being prompt to rush into a quarrel, shrinks from war as a horror, and loathes it as a sin, and is even beginning to listen to arguments against the righteousness of self-defence; who, if there is the faintest rumour of a rupture between any other nations, instantly offers his anxious services to heal the breach; who, from being aggressive, has actually become almost submissive; who settles boundary disputes, when they arise, with a liberality which amazes his opponent, and which is partly wisdom, partly apathy, partly magnanimity, and partly economic calculation; who, though wealthy enough to encounter any contest and to maintain any force, and courageous enough, when once excited, to dare any odds, yet has begun to doubt whether anything short of unquestionable honour or absolute existence is worth fighting for; whose sympathy with foreign nations, even when struggling for those interests of freedom and humanity which he has most at heart, seldom goes beyond words of remonstrance or encouragement; and who, within the last four years, has languidly allowed opportunities to pass, which, at the beginning of the century, would have been seized with alacrity, and has stood tamely by to witness international iniquities which would have made the swords of the last generation leap from their scabbards with a unanimous cry of indignation and disgust. Formerly, even the Liberals were not averse from a legitimate pretext for any intervention which might extend their influence abroad: *now*, even the Tories ostentatiously proclaim that their maxim is to interfere with the internal arrangements of no foreign state. Formerly, we spent the treasure, and hazarded the safety of the nation, for the purpose of replacing the legitimate sovereign on the throne of a neighbouring nation; now, whatever be the government it may please that volatile nation to adopt—whatever monarch she may choose, or whether she abjures all mo-

* *Sketch Book*, by Washington Irving.

narchy whatever—we hasten to recognise it by return of post, with laudable impartiality and promptitude.

In the change which has thus come over the temper of the nation there is much ground both for congratulation and for self applause; for it has its origin in the spread of wiser and juster notions than formerly prevailed. It is not merely that we are more alive to the sin, the evil, and the cost of war, and that we measure by a truer standard than we used to do the real value of the objects of national ambition; but we have awakened to a clearer perception and a sounder estimate of the rights of others, and a humbler, and therefore juster, apprehension of our own position and its claims and duties. Many circumstances have combined to bring about this wholesome alteration. The frightful carnage, the enormous expenditure, and the unsatisfactory result of the last European war, startled all reflecting men, and the perpetual and heavy burden which that war entailed upon us has acted as a constant and salutary memento. The yearly budget forbids us to forget these things. We had never before been foolish on so grand a scale, or paid so dearly for our folly. Then, in all things we hope we are become a more considerate and sensible people. We look more at realities and less at conventionalities. We are more governed by interests and less by impulses and watchwords. We measure more accurately than we used to do the value of an object against its price. We are more alive, too, to the essential and eternal ordinances of morality. We estimate human life, and the human being generally, more highly than we did. We have a higher criterion of duty to our fellow-creatures—a stronger sense of the degree in which it is possible in national matters to approach the Christian standard. The principles of the Peace Society—fanatical as they are—have unquestionably gained ground among us. Statesmen shrink from war now, not only on account of its risks, its costs, its possible unpopularity, but from a new-born sense of the tremendous moral responsibility which lies upon those who, directly or indirectly, bring upon humanity such an awful curse. More alive than formerly, in all respects, to the mighty and solemn obligations attendant upon power, in this respect they are peculiarly so. They have begun to feel that those who either commence, facilitate, or permit an avoidable war, are answerable in the eye of Heaven for all the guilt, all the suffering, all the nameless horrors, all the fearful contingencies which war involves—a liability which the rashest and hottest may well hesitate and tremble to encounter.

But, more than all, may the change be traced to the political modifications which our constitution has undergone, and the large infusion of the popular element which it has imbibed since

1832. Not only have our commercial relations become enormously more extensive and complicated, but those who are connected with commerce, and who conduct these world-wide enterprises, have obtained an influence in the Legislature before unknown. A war now would be confusing and mischievous beyond all previous parallel, and those who would be injured or ruined by it have now a voice potential in the councils of the State. Then the people, who pay a large portion of the taxes which a war would so grievously augment, have now a great control over the representation, and would not fail on occasion to make their power felt. So obvious is all this, and, indeed, so commonly felt and admitted, that we may feel quite certain no statesman could or would dare to involve this country in a war unless the objects of it were so important, and the justice of it so clear, that the whole nation shared his sentiments, and were prepared to back him. The next war which England undertakes will assuredly be both a just, a necessary, and a popular one; and wo, therefore, to those who force it upon us. The Reform Bill of 1832, again, introduced into Parliament, and into public affairs, an entirely new class of men, accustomed to look at all subjects from a common-sense rather than a conventional point of view, fond of recurring to first principles and of eschewing all established formulas, and wholly uninfluenced by a shadow of respect for the traditional maxims which for generations guided the foreign policy of Great Britain—a class of men as useful as an *ingredient* in our Legislature, as they would be dangerous did they constitute its substance. They have compelled a sort of re-examination of all ancestral rules, predilections, and precedents, have insisted upon bringing them all to the bar of reason, and testing them by the standard—often, it is true, a somewhat low one—of direct and material national interest, and have thus succeeded in casting discredit upon all which could not hold their ground, or make out a good case for themselves. By this course they have often done good service, and have succeeded, partially at least, in emancipating us from too close and formal an allegiance to a questionable past.

The change in the tone and attitude of the nation which we have thus briefly traced, is, beyond question, in the main a most hopeful and salutary one. But it is important to note it and bear it in mind, because it indicates that the quarter from which danger is to be apprehended, and the tendencies against which we have to guard, have been entirely shifted. Whatever may be said of this or that individual minister, (who may have his special idiosyncrasies,) there can be no doubt that the disposition of the nation is no longer aggressive and meddlesome, but rather patient, enduring, indifferent, and prone to compromise;

and those who continue to declaim as if we were still the same petulant, pertinacious, ambitious, intrusive busy-bodies, which, perhaps, we were truly represented to be half a century ago, are simply guilty of the same kind of anachronistic nonsense as those who are even now crying out, as their fathers did before them, against extravagant official salaries, sinecures, and jobs.

It is worthy of observation, moreover, that this pacific disposition which we have described as having come over our countrymen, is by no means confined to them, but is shared in a greater or less degree by all continental nations. It is true that great difference of opinion exists among the various peoples of Europe as to what objects are or are not worth fighting for. Some will go to war for points which others would think deserving only of a dignified remonstrance, or at most, perhaps, of a temporary withdrawal from diplomatic intercourse. Some governments are much more ready than others to resent insult, to demand explanations, to take umbrage at suspected ulterior designs; but all are far more disposed than formerly to shrink from quarrels about trivial concerns, to accept friendly mediation in case of disputes arising between them, and to concede, conciliate, and compromise, wherever the national honour does not absolutely forbid such a course. The general prevalence of this temper has been proved on numberless occasions during the last twenty-five years: misunderstandings have been explained, disputes have been adjusted, breaches have been healed, animosities and heart-burnings have been allayed, menacing crises have been safely got over, which at any previous epoch in European history, would infallibly have ended in bloody and disastrous wars. Half a dozen times since 1829 has war seemed almost inevitable; yet no war has occurred except those internal ones which arose out of the events of 1848—events which nothing except the universal desire among all the Cabinets of Europe to remain at peace could possibly have hindered from ripening into a general conflagration. The truth is, that since the Napoleonic era the commercial connexions of nations have become so much more extensive, close, and confidential, that a war would be ruinous to the people of every country in a far greater degree even than formerly; and in proportion as it would be so would it be unpopular; and even the most absolute governments are obliged to respect the sentiments and interests of their subjects. In addition to this, they all naturally enough take pride in the prosperity of their respective countries, and they have learned at last that this prosperity depends upon the arts of peace, and can never be really promoted even by the triumphs or the trophies of war. Hence we see that if the faintest spark of fire shews itself in any quarter, nearly all the sovereigns of Europe rush, as

by common consent, to tread it out, instead of endeavouring to fan it into a flame, as was their wont in less enlightened times.

Side by side with the pacific dispositions which have gradually taken possession of Englishmen, has grown up a disinclination for foreign alliances and treaties, offensive and defensive, with Continental States. It is argued that these lead us into perpetual quarrels, in which we have no personal interest, and are generally formed with States, as Portugal and Turkey, which can offer us nothing in return for the sacrifices which they call upon us to make; and which would be utterly powerless to assist us in case of danger. The member of Parliament whose pamphlet we have placed at the head of this Article, writes thus, and unquestionably with very considerable reason :—

"Whenever (in consequence of our alliance with Portugal) that country has been invaded, she has always appealed to this country for military support and assistance, which has ever been readily afforded; thus, in consequence of an antiquated treaty, made two centuries ago, under peculiar circumstances, and for merely family reasons, this country is to be for ever dragged into wars when neither her security, honour, or interests are in any way possibly concerned; and this, too, for the maintenance of an insignificant paltry nationality which could not reciprocate our support in the *slightest possible degree.* . . . . . . It is time this was put an end to. It is profitless, expensive, dangerous, and gratuitous. There ought to be a six months' notice given that the treaty shall henceforth be cancelled, and that we hold the Portuguese, '*as we hold the rest of the world, enemies in war—in peace friends.*'

"In a common sense point of view there should always be a mutuality of advantages in every international alliance. An alliance should never be entered into but for pure state reasons, and for specific and definite objects; and should be discontinued when the circumstances which originally made it imperative no longer exist. Our alliance with Portugal is continued because every minister who comes into official harness finds it in existence; and for no better reasons upon earth. Portugal has everything to gain by the connexion, and we have everything to lose—she could not bring us a ship or a regiment in our hour of need (if such should ever arrive), but wants, on the other hand, perpetually supporting and covering up; involving all the disadvantages of a partnership without one equivalent."

The principle of foreign policy recommended by this writer is, to "leave ourselves (untrammelled by any entangling alliances) at liberty to take our own course, and improve events as they arise to our own advantage." He would not, however, "have Great Britain utterly indifferent to all or anything that is passing on the Continent. I would have her interfere when honour, duty, or interest, necessitated an interference; but in the meantime I would have her cast clear off all the miserable alliances she has formed, (generally with little or weak states,)

which are a source of expense, anxiety, and *weakness;* and then let her deal with every international question as it arises—entirely on its own merits." That is to say, that we are to abandon all idea of *protectorships* of feeble states, or to exercise such functions only in conjunction with other great powers, or to interpose on behalf of our smaller and weaker neighbours only when our own interests can be served by doing so; but to enter into no *engagements* with them. We by no means intend here to pronounce any opinion upon this new guiding rule of policy; we merely wish to direct attention to the change which has come over the traditional doctrines of the British nation, when these recommendations are publicly urged by men of station and repute, and received with favour by a large class in the community.

Another indication of the same change is to be found in the very different manner in which our supposed interest and duty in preserving "the equilibrium of power" in Europe, are regarded now from that in which they were regarded fifty or even thirty years ago. Then it was alleged and accepted as a valid ground for constant diplomatic and even warlike interferences with foreign states: now statesmen are beginning to be rather shy of using the phrase, especially of pronouncing it as a pretext for armament or action; and "members of Parliament" can write of it thus:—

"Thirdly, As to the 'balance of power.' This is too absurd a proposition to be seriously entertained. It means anything, or nothing, according to the whim or caprice of any Court or Government; it implies rights which do not exist; it involves duties that belong only to time, or fate, or Providence; it is a nebulous, intangible apology for a principle which exists only in the imagination of the diplomatist or the dreamer; it is a question upon which all eminent writers disagree,—a plain proof that it has no actual existence as a moral or political principle at all. So seriously do I look upon this *political fraud,* 'the balance of power,' that I should think every shilling spent in its defence was to that extent a *robbery* of the people of England; and every soldier's life sacrificed in any attempt, under any circumstances, to carry it out, morally speaking, to be a *murder.*"—*Thoughts on our Foreign Relations.*

The politician who has mainly contributed to bring about the altered state of national feeling on this question is unquestionably Mr. Cobden. In his pamphlet entitled "Russia," published sixteen years ago, he devoted a chapter to a caustic and clever, though one-sided analysis of "the chimera" of the balance of power. He shewed up with great effect the vagueness and variability of the idea involved in it; the incomplete application of it; the imperfect and vacillating way in which it

has been carried out; and the crimes, follies, and expenditure of which it has in past times been the pretext or the cause;—but he failed to perceive the germ of sense and truth which lies at the root of it, and without which it could never have received the sanction or swayed the proceedings of all our great statesmen, of whatever party—as he admits that it has done. Since the publication of his first onslaught, his course has been persevering and consistent: in and out of Parliament, by speeches and by letters, he has unceasingly denounced all connexion or interference with European politics, and has endeavoured to reduce the relation between Great Britain and foreign nations to the simple element of commercial intercourse; and his views contain so much that is sound, and so much more that is plausible, that we cannot wonder at the extent to which they have spread among the middle classes, and have influenced even the opinions of statesmen and the conduct of Cabinets. It cannot be denied that our claim to hold the "balance of power" in Europe has often been dogmatically and haughtily asserted and offensively carried out; that it has often prompted us to unwarrantable interference and unjust aggression; that it has often led us into wars in which we had no interest, and into extravagant expenditure for which we obtained no equivalent;—but in arguing from the abuse of a thing against its use—in maintaining that England has no concern with the conduct or aggrandizement of foreign states as long as she herself is not the object of direct attack—Mr. Cobden has, we think, been led into a false and untenable position,—an error the more remarkable, inasmuch as this very system of "equilibrium," rightly understood, is a step towards, an imperfect substitute for, and an attempt to effect the objects of, that very plan of "arbitration" of which he is the unwearied and zealous apostle. For, the very purpose and idea of the system was, by a combination among all the States of Europe, to prevent such an aggrandizement of the power of any one of them as would enable that one to impair the independence or threaten the national existence of any of the others. It was a barrier against universal dominion; it was a bulwark to protect the weak against the strong—to secure *that* by association, consent, and a general law, which individual and isolated States would have been unable to secure for themselves. These were its objects: and it is no derogation from the importance of them to allege, that they were often ill-attained; that the rules laid down for securing them were often violated; that the means employed were often injudicious and ineffectual. The maxim of the system was in itself surely a wise one, had it only been wisely applied—*obsta principiis:* do not postpone resistance till it will be too late to resist with success; do not wait till your

rival actually attacks you with overwhelming force, but arouse the vigilance of the great Areopagitic Court of nations (of which Mr. Cobden preaches up the formation so earnestly, but which, in fact, this very abused idea of political equilibrium long since tacitly created) in time to prevent that force from ever becoming overwhelming; interfere on the first encroachment which intimates an intention on the part of a great State to absorb, to oppress, or to reduce to dependence its weaker neighbour,—partly in the name of justice, but principally because your own future interest or safety dictates such timely prevention. Let all the great powers of Europe, for example, interpose to forbid France to annex Belgium, Holland, and Savoy,—partly because such annexation would be a spoiling of the comparatively feeble, which would outrage all private as well as all international morality, and partly because it would give (or might be expected to give) to France such an accession of aggressive power as would be, and would be felt to be, menacing to other States, and would compel them to increase their defensive armaments. Do not allow Austria to seize upon the Italian peninsula, because she would thereby enrich herself enormously, and obtain a vantage-ground which sooner or later she would be certain to use to the injury and emperilment of her neighbours. Do not let Russia dismember Turkey, and take possession of Constantinople, because that would at once untie the hands of a Power which we know from all history to be of all others the most ambitious, and the most boldly and perseveringly encroaching, and which is now held in check only by the circumstance of her one great sea-port being so easily blockadable by her maritime rivals. We give these only as examples. Statesmen may be mistaken in the assumption, that these acts of aggrandizement (the two first specified at least) would really augment the strength of the nations which were guilty of them; but assuredly there is nothing "vague" or "*senseless*" in the idea which prompts us to prevent them in the outset, rather than quietly connive at their perpetration, and then abide their consequences.

Besides, this system of "political equilibrium" ought to be, and to a great degree really is, that very "Peace Congress" which Mr. Cobden so anxiously desires. How many wars of territorial aggrandizement and unjust encroachment have been prevented by the knowledge of the ambitious potentates who meditated them, that the guardians of "the balance of power" would at once interpose to forbid the realization of their aims! How many State crimes have been smothered in the conception, because it was known that, in the face of this derided theory, they could not be committed with impunity! How frequently, especially of late,

has the peace of Europe been maintained in the face of the most menacing crises, by the general fear lest a war should derange the system of mutual equilibrium which it has cost so many efforts and so much blood and treasure to preserve! Was not a most threatening danger averted not two months ago, and the Ottoman Empire saved from a struggle in which she must ultimately have been crushed, because it was felt by all the powers that a general war would almost certainly result from the derangement of "the equilibrium" consequent upon the dismemberment of that vast and tempting State? Does Mr. Cobden suppose that Switzerland would not long since have been seized upon by Austria at the cost of a cruel and a crushing war, and one of the worthiest and most hopeful nationalities extinguished, had she not been guaranteed and protected by the other Governments of Europe, in the name and for the sake of the "balance of power?" Does he believe that Italy would not long since have been parcelled out between Austria and France, but for the obvious impossibility of their agreeing about the division of the spoil, and the certain veto that England and Russia would have interposed to such a derangement of the "balance of power?" Does he not know that Russia would long since have been mistress of Roumelia and the Dardanelles, at the cost of a savage war, and with the certainty of a rich harvest of future ones, had not the "Peace Congress of Nations," which watches over the "political equilibrium" of Europe, beckoned to her to withhold her hand? Does he believe that France, which has so long hankered after Egypt, would not long ere this have established herself upon those fertile but now wretched and desolated shores, and thus have perpetrated a scandalous robbery and a great crime, but for the knowledge that neither we, nor our allies and colleagues in the Areopagitic Council, could have permitted an aggression which, by cutting off our nearest access to our Indian Empire, would so greatly weaken England and relatively strengthen France? In all these cases, and in others that might be adduced, the vigilant and zealous interest which each State takes in the proceedings of its neighbours, and which Mr. Cobden denounces, brings about—imperfectly it is true, but often most effectually—that system of control, mediation, arbitration, and *enforced peace*, which he is so desirous to establish in a recognised and ostensible form. The Five Great Powers of Europe, in fact, unite to compel any one of them which might be disposed to seek its own aggrandizement, and "to take the law into its own hands," to submit the case to their consideration and arbitrament: they do habitually and tacitly, and by a sort of necessity, what Mr. Cobden would have them do in virtue of diplomatic arrangements and formal parchment treaties.

There is indeed one weak point, one decided imperfection in the theory of the "balance of power," upon which both Mr. Cobden and Lord Brougham,* with the usual acuteness which distinguishes them, have put their finger. It is this:—The relative strength of a State—for aggression as well as for defence—may be augmented as much, or even more, by the development of its internal resources, than by any family alliances or territorial acquisitions; and yet this is a species of aggrandizement, a derangement of the equilibrium, which no other State can with decency protest against or forbid. A nation may make no new treaty, contract no fortunate marriage, abstain from adding one square mile to its dominions, and yet, by dint of wise laws, free institutions, increasing population, intellectual activity, commercial enterprise, the discovery and good management of internal wealth, may spring up in the course of a century from a third or fourth-rate to a first-rate power. Mr. Cobden perceived this, and hastily jumped to the conclusion, that therefore the whole theory of "balance of power" was a chimera and a humbug. Lord Brougham perceived it, and with unflinching logic carries out the theory to the assertion of a right in rival States to interfere in the case of this natural, internal, and righteous development of power, as well as in that of an aggressive and acquisitive one. Both, however, adopted these strange conclusions in their early youth: both, we hope, have modified or abandoned them in more advanced years. The conclusion of the latter is a monstrous doctrine, which has made no converts: that of the former will be adopted by few statesmen but such as discern no difference between admitting limits to a principle of action and throwing it overboard altogether. The natural and internal aggrandizement of States is a thing for others to emulate, not to prevent; and having been attained by wise and just means, is the less likely to be made use of for unjust or aggressive ends. The very causes which have led to this prosperity and power will shew such States wherein lies their true interest and their real strength; and a nation which has grown rich and formidable by the arts of peace will be the last to jeopardize its new position by departing from the antecedents through which it has attained it.—Mr. Cobden's doctrines have, however, so far taken possession of the English mind, that no British statesman would now dream of engaging his country in a war *merely* on the ground of maintaining "the political equilibrium of Europe,"—independent of a clear case of insult, injury, or imminent menace to ourselves.

Another most important change has been wrought in the very

* Colonial Policy.

foundations of our foreign relations by the adoption of the principles of unrestricted freedom into our commercial policy. The triumph of free-trade involved many most momentous collateral consequences, which have scarcely yet been fully recognised or realized by the national mind, though Mr. Cobden pointed them out clearly enough as inevitable corollaries nearly eighteen years ago. Formerly the extension of our commerce, in one form or another, was the motive of much of our ambitious and intermeddling policy, and the ruling idea in the minds of our diplomatists. We negotiated, cajoled, bullied, quarrelled with other nations, in order to extort from them peculiar commercial privileges or preferences. We persuaded our allies to accord advantages to our merchants or to our manufacturers which they denied to our rivals; and hence a fruitful source of disputes and hostilities with the latter. We aimed at territorial aggrandizement for the sake of extended markets for our merchandise; we founded colonies, or seized the colonies of others, for the sake of monopolizing to ourselves the supply of their wants and the enjoyment or the sale of their products. We forbade other nations to enter their harbours except upon the most unfair and disadvantageous terms. Our diplomatists were perpetually engaged in negotiating commercial treaties, treaties of reciprocity, treaties to secure peculiar favour. In fact, half our wars, and nearly all our protocols and ambassadorial correspondence, had for their object to conquer so many millions more of customers.

Now all this is altered. We trust no longer to arms, but to arts. We rely solely upon the superior quality or cheapness of our goods to secure them entry into foreign ports. We admit the competition of all people. We allow the ships of every nation to enter our harbours on the same terms. We receive the merchandise of every nation on the same terms as that of our own dependencies. We permit foreigners to supply our colonies and be supplied by them as freely as ourselves. We no longer ask for any exclusive privileges or peculiar advantages which ships of war are needed to extort or to protect. All that our diplomatists have now to do in reference to commerce is to see that justice is done to our peaceful traders, and to endeavour to persuade foreign nations to lower their tariffs in imitation of our own. If they impose heavy or partial import duties on our goods for the protection of their own manufactures, we do not menace them with war, as we should have done fifty years ago, nor do we retaliate by the imposition of equivalent duties on their produce, as we should have done thirty years ago: we simply leave them, after a remonstrance and a lecture on economic science, to the self-inflicted punishment of their own folly. We no longer dream of extending our markets by the sword (unless India may be an exception); we no longer knock men down, and carry them, bound hand and

foot, to purchase at our shop; we no longer covet the colonies of other nations, nor desire to multiply our own, for we have found out that they are troublesome to govern and costly to defend, and that our commerce with them may be just as profitable if they are either independent or under foreign rule; and we are more and more in the habit of measuring every question of this sort by merely mercantile and pecuniary considerations. The grounds of dispute with other nations are thus enormously reduced; and will be reduced still further, as the rest of the world, seeing the prosperity which our commerce has attained under the *régime* of freedom, shall adopt our principles and follow in our path. Our navy is now needed only (so far as our commercial interests are concerned) to protect our merchant ships from pirates in peace, and from privateers in war, and from the occasional insolence or injustice of peevish and half-civilized governments.

But the most singular and perplexing modification of our relations with foreign states is that which has arisen out of the long series of political and social revolutions, of which the great French convulsion of 1789 was the commencement, and which have since, on various occasions, agitated nearly every European country. The change may be stated in two words: formerly we had to deal only with *governments*—now, we have to consider *nations* likewise. Before the date we have mentioned, our diplomacy—in whatever subtle, slippery, and intriguing fashion it might be carried on—was in its fundamental principle simple enough. We knew nothing of peoples, patriots, or parties. Each country was looked upon, for all practical purposes, as the private estate of the sovereign house which ruled it. We recognised only cabinets: we ignored their subjects;—and this, not from any affectation, or by a sort of legal fiction, or as a matter of courtesy, but simply because we never thought of them as having a distinct existence and possibly even a separate or opposing will. We did not deal with, or think of, "the French," "the Russians," "the Spaniards," "the Austrians," or "the Dutch,"—but "the Cabinet" of Versailles, St. Petersburg, or Madrid, "the Hague," the "Porte," the "Court of St. James," and so on. These were the governments which wielded the power, managed the affairs, represented the interests and the wishes of their respective nations, and with these alone, as with individual units, we were concerned. We had only to consider their opinions, family alliances, traditional policy, and obvious interests. Hence arose a system of international relations, the main features of which were not difficult to understand. Our next neighbour, as the one with whom we were most likely to come into collision, was our peculiar rival—or, as

it was then phrased, "our natural enemy." Our next neighbour *but one*, as the "natural enemy" of our next neighbour, was our "natural ally." The relations of Nos. 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 3 and 4, were hostile, or at least watchful and suspicious: the relations of Nos. 1 and 3, 2 and 4, 3 and 5, by the same rule, were amicable. France was the natural enemy of England: Austria and Holland were our natural allies. Rarely were these normal and traditional relations departed from. An alliance between France and Great Britain, or between France and Austria, was regarded as something monstrous; it was designated as "unnatural" and anti-national.

How entirely these ideas were the basis of all diplomatic science is curiously shewn by a document which has recently come to light—a memorial on the arrangements best suited to secure the peace of Europe, presented by Talleyrand to Napoleon when the decisive victory at Ulm seemed to give to the French Emperor power to carry out whatever plans he might approve.* It is contained in the sketch of the life and works of that consummate diplomatist, read by M. Mignet before the Academy of Sciences.

"Lui exposant alors ses vues, il ajoutait qu'il y avait en Europe quatres grandes puissances, la France, l'Autriche, l'Angleterre, la Russie—la Prusse n'ayant été placée un instant sur la même ligne que par le génie de Frédéric II.; que la France était *la seule puissance parfaite*, (ce sont ses expressions,) parceque seule elle réunissait dans une juste proportion les deux éléments de grandeur qui étaient inégalement repartis entre les autres, les richesses et les hommes; que l'Autriche et l'Angleterre étaient alors les ennemies naturelles de la France, et la Russie son ennemie indirecte par la sollicitation des deux autres, et par ses projets sur l'empire Ottoman; que l'Autriche, *tant qu'elle ne serait pas en rivalité avec la Russie*, et la Russie, *tant qu'elle resterait en contact avec la Porte*, seraient facilement unies par l'Angleterre dans une alliance commune; que du maintien d'un tel système de rapports entre les grands Etats de l'Europe naîtraient des causes permanentes de guerre; que les paix ne seraient que des trèves, et que l'effusion du sang humain ne serait jamais que suspendue.

"Il se demandait dès lors quel était le nouveau système de rapports qui, supprimant tout principe de mésintelligence entre la France et l'Autriche, séparerait les intérêts de l'Autriche de ceux de l'Angleterre, les mettrait en opposition avec ceux de la Russie, et par cette opposition guarantirait l'empire Ottoman et fonderait un nouvel équilibre Européen. Telle était la position du problème. Voici quelle en était la solution. Il proposait *d'éloigner l'Autriche de l'Italie en lui ôtant l'Etat Vénitien, de la Suisse en lui ôtant le Tyrol, de l'Allemagne méridionale en lui ôtant ses possessions en Souabe.* De cette manière, *elle cessait d'être en contact avec les Etats fondés ou protégés par la*

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* He urged it upon him again after the battle of Austerlitz.

France, et elle ne restait plus en hostilité naturelle avec elle. . . . Après avoir depouillé l'Autriche sur un point, il l'agrandissait sur un autre, et lui donnait des compensations territoriales proportionnées à ses pertes, afin que, n'éprouvant aucun regret, elle ne fit aucun tentative pour recouvrer ce qui lui aurait été enlevé. Où étaient placées ces compensations? Dans la vallée même du Danube, qui est le grand fleuve Autrichien. Elles consistaient dans la Valachie, la Moldavie, la Bessarabie, et la partie la plus septentrionale de la Bulgarie.

"Par là, disait-il en concluant, les Allemands seraient pour toujours exclus de l'Italie ; et les guerres, que leurs prétentions sur ce beau pays avaient entretenues pendant tant de siècles, se trouveraient à jamais éteintes ; l'Autriche, possédant tout le cours du Danube et une partie des côtes de la Mer Noire *serait voisine de la Russie et dès lors sa rivale—serait éloignée de la France, et dès lors son alliée ;* l'empire Ottoman acheterait, par la sacrifice utile de provinces que les Russes avaient déjà envahies, sa sûreté et un long avenir ; l'Angleterre ne trouverait plus d'alliés sur le Continent, ou n'en trouverait que d'inutiles ; les Russes, comprimés dans leurs déserts, porteraient leur inquiétude et leurs efforts vers le midi de l'Asie, et *le cours des évènemens les mettrait en présence des Anglais, transformant* en futurs adversaires ces confédérés d'aujourdhui."

Such was the spirit of diplomacy in the age which is just past. But in the last quarter of a century a new element has been introduced, and has attained power and recognition in the relations of European states,—an element at once of discord and of union —severing old alliances, and binding together ancestral foes. Out of the wars of the French Revolution, and the fermentation of ideas which preceded them, sprung up among most European nations a desire for freer institutions, for amended laws, and for a greater participation on the part of the people in the functions of the government. The rulers for the most part held by the old system, or modified it but slightly in accordance with the wishes of their subjects; but the *people* began to express independent volitions, to demand constitutions, such as France had once obtained, and England and America had long enjoyed, and to feel that their own governments might be their worst enemies, and antagonist and rival nations their truest friends. The sovereign in each case might still be anxious as before for alliance with princes legitimate or despotic like himself; but the nation, or a portion of it, longed rather for a connexion with those states who resembled it in the internal institutions after which it aspired. England, as the freest and most truly constitutional state in Europe, came to be regarded as the sort of natural friend of the popular party in every continental country; and as her own system became more and more liberal and democratic, it was impossible that she could avoid sympathizing in her heart with those who were desiring and struggling for the political

blessings which she valued so highly, and not easy always to avoid some expression of that sympathy. This reciprocal feeling was, however, but imperfect and subdued, till the French Revolution of 1830 came to shatter in pieces so many hollow forms and conventional relations, and to inaugurate a new order of things. That event gave France a really constitutional and popular government; the Reform Act of 1832 did the same for England. The obvious interests and mutual sympathy of the two free nations of Europe at once bound them together in a strict and cordial alliance which bid defiance to all venerable and musty traditions; their common objects and feelings as freemen overpowered their ancient hostility as rivals; and, though competitors still, it was for a prize that both might win. The very same circumstances which united us with France, severed us from Austria and Russia, both as discrepant in feeling, and as no longer needing their alliance to counterbalance the hostility of France. Portugal and Spain obtained nominally constitutional governments; Belgium, separated from Holland, became a free parliamentary state, and the ally and *protégé* therefore of France and England. The peace of Europe was preserved by a great general effort; our old alliances were formally maintained; but the unity of interest and cordiality of feeling which made them something more than a mere parchment tie, was seriously impaired. The alliance between France and England, which was felt to be the great guarantee of freedom, and the great hope for the progress of European civilisation, was maintained throughout the reign of Louis Philippe, though latterly somewhat shaken by the disposition of that monarch to recur to old dynastic notions and plans of family aggrandizement, in place of purely national and popular considerations;—but when his opposition to the demand of his people for a more genuine Parliamentary government led to the Revolution of 1848, and the subsequent explosion throughout Europe, it became plain how completely the sympathy of *peoples* had superseded the wishes, or interests, or traditions of *sovereigns*, as the groundwork of national friendships. Though dreading the consequences, England at once and cordially accepted the Republic in France; she showed and avowed her sympathy with the struggling Italians, offered her advice and mediation, and though she refused to aid the insurgent patriots by her arms, she was quite prepared to have recognised their independence had they been able to establish it. She disapproved of Russian interference in Hungary, though she took (alas!) no step to prevent it; she wished the Austrians to have relinquished Lombardy; she proposed a constitutional sovereign to the victorious Sicilians; and she expressed in no measured terms her utter detestation of Neapolitan barbarity then and

since. Though true to her new principle of non-intervention, the savage behaviour of Austria in Italy and Hungary called forth manifestations of her feelings which that power can never forgive, and is now resenting by every petty and malicious weapon which she dares to use. The ancient alliance between England and Austria is most effectually though not nominally dissolved; we now abhor that power more than any other in the world; we recoil from her benumbing tyranny; we loathe her mean and sanguinary conduct to her victims. Russia we respect, while we maintain a vigilant and jealous attitude towards her; but we sympathize too profoundly with the *subjects* of Austria ever again to be able to maintain genuine friendship with her *government*. Henceforth, it is felt by our people, and beginning to be acknowledged by our rulers, that, whatever may be our temporary engagements and treaties, our "natural enemies" are despotic powers, and our "natural allies" the free governments of Europe.

Since 1848 another cause of modification and complication in international policy has acquired prominence and strength—the spirit and idea of NATIONALITY. In the course of time, by conquest, treaty, or family inheritance, it has happened that various peoples, often most incongruous in character, religion, and political instincts, have been united under one sovereignty; while in other cases the same race, speaking the same language, owning the same literature, and sprung from the same origin, has become split into several states. In such cases, the union in the first instance, and the separation in the second, are alike felt to be unnatural arrangements, capable of being maintained only by brute force, or by consummate skill, wisdom, and forbearance. Still such had long existed, and were sanctioned and even extended by the great settlement of 1815. Norway and Sweden were then forced into a repulsive connexion. The English and the Irish, with little but their humanity in common, had long been bound together, but not harmonized. Austria grasped under her rule Germans, Italians, Sclavonians, Croats, and Magyars, and has perpetually but vainly endeavoured to blend and fuse all these inharmonious elements by the force of an iron centralisation. Belgium and Holland were unequally yoked together; on the other hand the Germans, the Sclaves, and the Italians, in spite of their consanguinity, their common language, and their internal affinities, were respectively split up into many states. The year 1848 shewed the prevalence of a strong and almost instinctive tendency on the part of all these people to re-arrange themselves anew according to their natural ties, in distinct and comprehensive NATIONALITIES. This principle had already divided Belgium from Holland. This has been the pretext, and in great

part the cause, of our Irish difficulties and disturbances. This entered largely into the causes of the creation of the kingdom of Greece. This gave rise to the Frankfort diet and the Holstein war. This showed itself in the Italian struggle—in the march of the Romans and Neapolitans to join the Lombards—in the gallant but unsuccessful efforts of Charles Albert—in the temporary union of Lombardy and Piedmont—and in the energetic and still continued exertions of Mazzini and his party to make Italy "one and indivisible." This again was at the bottom of the internecine contest between Austria and Hungary; and lay in the background of the motives which induced Russia to aid the former country, and thus to acquire a sort of footing among the Sclavonian population which Austria now rules. This great idea will, we believe, gain power and distinctness year by year, and cannot fail to play a prominent part in all the future convulsions, alliances, wars, and re-arrangements of Europe. "Blood is thicker than water;" and the tie of a common origin and a common language will probably be found more irresistible than any despot and any treaties.

It is difficult to over-estimate the perplexities, the complications, the modifications, the *bouleversement*, which these two causes—the Revolutionary and the Nationalizing element—have introduced into the international politics of Europe. In virtue of them Great Britain has become isolated from all cordial and effective continental alliances, and a singular and confusing metamorphosis has been wrought in her traditional policy and her ancestral friendships. By them France is now a puzzle to herself and to every one around her. Her mission, (to which in spite of temporary eclipse we believe she will yet return,) as the great apostle of democracy and the ally of popular movements, led her to sympathize with the Italian Revolution of 1848; her hereditary instinct of jealousy of Austrian influence induced her on the contrary to interfere to crush the Roman Republic in order that her rival might have no excuse for doing so. Her Emperor too is an enigma and an anomaly. England, while recognising him as the undoubted choice of the nation, is confounded thus to find herself in the position of ratifying and sanctioning one of the most iron absolutisms in the world. The continental sovereigns on the contrary, while rejoicing over the crushing of socialism and republicanism which he has effected, and grateful to him for having destroyed their bugbear and done their work, cannot without a feeling of amazement and disgust welcome to their fraternity a sovereign who is elected by universal suffrage to fill the throne on which a legitimate monarch used to sit, and who openly proclaims that he reigns "by the

will of the people." In virtue of these two elements, the Austrian empire is hourly threatened with dismemberment and dissolution, while she is severed from England, her close, cordial and faithful ally of many centuries,—incurs a quarrel with the co-German power of Prussia, which refuses to admit her non-German provinces into the Confederation,—and is driven for safety to throw herself into the arms of her most formidable and insidious rival, namely, Russia,—whom she dreads with only too well-grounded a fear. Austria well knew the danger she was encountering when she invited a Russian army into provinces peopled by those very Sclaves, of whose dormant nationality the Emperor of Russia was the natural and acknowledged chief;—she dreaded the influence which, even as foes, that army would be able to obtain over her Hungarian insurgents, by the contrast which they would take care their conduct should present to that of the Austrian force. The result has fully justified her fears; —but the imminence of the peril which threatened her dominions, and the unfriendly attitude of England left her no alternative. She feels bitterly and indignantly the false step which she has taken; and the passive share which England had in obliging her to take it is one of the causes which make her so furious against us. Russia took care to improve the occasion to extend her influence over the Sclavonic population of the Austrian provinces, and even to make friends among the Magyars, and takes no great pains to disguise from Austria or from herself the species of *suzeraineté* she has thus established;—so that the feeling and secret attitude of the two allied courts are in reality far more hostile than before the service was asked of the one and rendered by the other. Finally, Russia, prompted by old hostility, and by ulterior views, to leave Austria to succumb to the attacks which beset her on every side, would not have been sorry to see a powerful rival weakened, and a way opened for the severance from her of provinces which might naturally have blended with her own kindred subjects;—but on the other hand, *as essentially autocratic and anti-revolutionary*, she could not see with tameness or with complacency, so near to her own inflammable Polish dominions, the triumphs of a people who fought, as the Magyars did, at once in the name of nationality and of popular institutions. Nicholas, moreover, was far too clever not to perceive the danger of bringing his own troops into intercourse (for there is much necessary intercourse even with the soldiers you fight against, the prisoners you take, and the people whose country you invade) with men as enthusiastic as the Hungarians in the cause of liberty and constitutional rights. As a fact, indeed, there can be no doubt that the Hungarian Campaign had a most alarming effect in spreading liberal ideas among

the Russian officers who took a part in it; on their return home, five at least were shot, and many more exiled to Siberia in consequence of the free sentiments they had imbibed and expressed.

Such are some of the causes which have brought about the present position of Great Britain in reference to the other powers and nations of the world. It is one quite new to history, and ought to be well understood, and thoroughly realized. We are henceforth a pacific and purely defensive State. We eschew and dread all idea of territorial aggrandizement; anything of the kind that takes place in India is forced upon us; we rejoiced over, instead of regretting, the severance of Hanover; if the fairest portions of Europe were now offered to us as our inheritance, we should in all probability decline the gift without even the formality of deliberation,—or if we did accept it, we should do so—however our misinterpreting rivals may sneer at the assertion—out of a pure regard to the interests of civilisation, and with undissembled fear of the consequences to ourselves. No State can seriously pretend to dread aggression upon our part; and nothing now could force us into war, except intolerable insult to ourselves, or unprovoked attack upon our allies;—and even then war would be not as of old our first, but our last word. Yet we stand in a position of isolation which we never occupied before. We are in a state of nominal and formal amity and alliance with every power in the world, except the King of Ava; *but all our genuine, natural, and cordial alliances are with the* SMALLER *and* FEEBLER *States of Europe,* inasmuch as these only have constitutional governments. Belgium, Piedmont, Norway, Switzerland, may be said to be our cordial friends; Spain, Portugal, and Holland, friends, but perhaps not quite so devoted. But all of these are *protégés* rather than effective allies; not one of them could render us any prompt aid; all united would not suffice to counterbalance the hostility of one of the great powers of Europe. In case of any exigency they would demand from us much; they could reciprocate little. It is questionable whether we should not be far safer had we no continental allies at all. Those we have might easily drag us into wars to the prosecution of which they could contribute no efficient assistance. Among the first-class States of Europe we are the sole remaining representative of constitutional freedom. Popular institutions have taken refuge in England as their last asylum; on us, alone and unsupported, is laid the glorious but heavy burden of defending them. Wo and shame to us and to the world, if we are unprepared for the crisis or unequal to the duty!—if we quail from the encounter, or sleep on the volcano, either from the blindness that will see no danger, or

the deafness that will listen to no warning, or the niggard parsimony that grudges any outlay, however moderate, for any cause, however grand, or the selfishness that cries, "Am I my brother's keeper?" or the short-sighted policy that will defend no outworks, but waits for the attack upon the citadel (feebly hoping it may never come) or the laziness that shirks exertion, or the timidity that shrinks from peril, or the slavery to precedent that dares venture upon no courageous or unsanctioned novelty. As was grandly said on an earlier occasion—"As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, in the eastern hemisphere at least, we stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race, and are placed for their defence in the Thermopylæ of the universe." Depositaries of the most sacred and precious treasure, trusted guardians of the holiest and the noblest cause, and face to face and alone with the most formidable foes that ever menaced the one or coveted the other,—there are yet those among us whose recipe for the conjuncture is to ignore the danger, to repudiate the duty, and to stick, like the ostrich, their head into the blinding sand!

With regard to Austria, as we have said, our attitude is one of distant coldness and unmeasured disapproval on our part, and of undisguised irritation and dislike on hers. The ideas and principles of Russia are the exact antipodes of ours, and our views and objects bring us into inevitable rivalry; but we respect, and do not dislike her. Circumstances, and irreconcilable differences of political creed, but no feelings of hostility on either side, keep us asunder. Our relation to France is singular and complicated; it is difficult both to ascertain and to define, and indeed, is scarcely yet decided. We naturally cling to her alliance, because we feel that we have no interests which come much into collision; her conquests are in Africa, and ours in Asia; we are naval, she is military; we have the supremacy by sea, but should not dream of rivalling her by land; we are made, therefore, to act together, if only our objects and our principles could harmonize. We cling to her alliance, again, because we feel that, with England and France cordially united, the peace of Europe may always be enforced, and the progress of freedom and civilisation secured and promoted; because we cannot but believe that a nation which has done and suffered so much for the cause of popular rights must at heart sympathize, as we do, with the struggling and the oppressed of every country, and will sooner or later join us in proclaiming the justice of their claims; and finally, because France has long enjoyed a constitutional government like our own, and the majority of her most eminent and intellectual men are still attached to the free institutions which are for a time placed in abeyance. We cannot

help perceiving, too—*and Russia and Austria perceive it as well as we*—that there is this wide difference between the elected sovereign of France and the legitimate despots of Vienna and St. Petersburg, absolute as they all are—that *he* reigns by the will of the people, and *they* by divine and hereditary right. *He* has paid homage (rough and violent as it was) to that principle of popular sovereignty which *we* adopt, and which *they* repudiate; and if he resembles them in the form and style of his government, he resembles us in the basis on which that government avowedly reposes. Between an autocrat who stands upon the ground of legitimacy, and a dictator, however tyrannical, *chosen by universal suffrage*, lies a great gulf, which only time can bridge over:—between two nations, both of which choose their own government, even though one chooses an Imperial, and the other a Parliamentary rule, there is a link, though an imperfect one—a consanguinity, though not a close one—a sympathy, though a mutilated and a wondering one.*

With the French nation, therefore, we still feel, in spite of all that has passed, as if we were in a natural alliance. With the French Emperor, if he really believes that he is, as he declares, the creation of the popular choice, there is no reason why we should not be in alliance also; nor is there, we think, any *insuperable* difficulty in his becoming the ally of the patriots—as distinct from the mere insurgents and socialists of other lands—*always assuming that he is, and intends to be, the real head, the choice, the representative, of the people whom he governs.* We may blame his conduct as we blame that of the republic of the United States, or as we might have done that of Italy had Mazzini succeeded in establishing it. We may wonder and regret that the French should prefer a dictatorship, or that the Swiss or the Americans should prefer a democracy to our mixed and moderate form of polity. In like manner, Louis Napoleon may dislike a republic in Italy or a constitutional monarchy in Belgium; but if he can bring himself to recognise there, as he professes to do at home, the decision of the popular will, he may yet become the ally of popular as opposed to divine autocratic rule. Probably, however, circumstances, more even than his own deliberate choice, will decide for him whether he throws himself into the arms of liberalism or of absolutism. On his life and his decision depend, to all human appearance, the destinies of Europe for long years to come.

Great Britain has a difficulty in her foreign relations from which all her rivals are exempt. Her international connexions

* "In eo libertas posita erat populi Romani quod non nascebatur sed eligebatur princeps."—*Tacitus.*

are more extensive and varied than those of any other European power. France and Russia have no outlying colonies, or none worth mentioning; Austria has scarcely any commerce, and no connexion with the East, and none of them, except ourselves, have any close link to the New World. But we are mixed up with the affairs of both hemispheres, and of every quarter of the world. Our Indian possessions render all the movements of Asiatic politics matters of vital concern to us, while our Canadian and West Indian colonies bring us into the closest relation with America. We alone of all nations are in contact with all the world: we alone of the great European powers are near neighbours, and political as well as commercial rivals, of the United States. In addition to all the great Continental States, we have another power to watch, stronger, more encroaching, and more formidable than they all—of more boundless resources, of more insatiable ambition. Our relation with the United States is peculiar and interesting, but full of perplexity and uneasiness. The two nations mutually value and respect each other; they are bound together by the thousand ties of a commerce the most vigorous and important in the world; they speak the same language, and enjoy, to a great extent, the same institutions, and they find an additional bond of union in the circumstance that they are the only two States in the world at once free and powerful. But many circumstances come in to menace the cordial alliance which these considerations should maintain. Our frontiers are conterminous; our commercial interests, real or apparent, constantly come into collision; our pretensions clash; the Americans are jealous of our power, and covetous of our possessions; they have long cast an eye of greed on Canada and the West Indian Islands; they are touchy, boastful, vain, self-confident, fond of putting forth the most unlimited and inadmissible claims, and as prone to take offence at our haughtiness as we are to be disgusted with their insolence. Moreover, owing greatly, we believe, to the Irish immigration, the feeling of the masses towards this country is anything but friendly, and the wisdom, moderation, and sense of justice of the government, may not always be powerful enough, in such a democratic State, to restrain the people from conduct which England would be obliged to resent and oppose. Cuba is a certain bone of contention for the (probably not distant) future; and the constant talk, in which a particular class of Americans think fit to indulge, of "absorbing" Canada and the West Indies, and monopolizing the whole western hemisphere—tasteless, vulgar, and discreditable as it is—cannot fail to keep up a sort of chronic irritation, which may at any moment assume a sharper form. All thoughtful and prophetic statesmen must look to

this quarter with great anxiety. We have not space here to dwell upon the subject in detail; but, in conclusion, we will just intimate, and no more, one circumstance which renders America especially formidable. She alone unites all the resources of civilisation with many of the tastes, the habits, and the passions of barbarism. She combines, in an unexampled manner, the commercial and the warlike spirit. Her wealth and trade are already enormous, and are rapidly increasing; her resources of every kind are absolutely boundless; her merchants are the most enterprising, her sailors the most active, her pioneers the most restless and indefatigable in the world, and her people unite an increasing and almost morbid energy with the most shrewd, selfish, long-headed sagacity. While the Yankees of the eastern states are augmenting the riches of their country by the zeal with which they urge forward their manufacturing and commercial undertakings, the half-civilized settlers of the western and south-western portion of the Union—inured to hardships, trained to arms, practised in danger, as familiar with rifles and revolvers and bowie-knives, as with the plough and the axe, insensible to fatigue, violent in their temper, unscrupulous in their conduct, reckless and unprincipled in their aggressive tendencies—are the very men to be always prompt for any enterprise which promises either plunder or excitement. A people at once so indefatigable in the arts of peace, and so ready for the pleasures of war, may well be looked upon with uneasiness and distrust. So formidable a combination of qualities the world has not before seen.*

Having thus sketched out, as broadly and concisely as we could, the changes which have come over our national temper and our international relations, and the peculiarities of the position we at present hold among the great powers of the world, we must proceed to consider briefly the principles which, as it appears to us, ought to guide the foreign policy of this country for the future. The real question, which embraces or involves all others, is that of *solidarity* or *isolation*. On this alone can there be any serious controversy. Of course, we are *not* to attack or encroach upon other States; of course, we *are* to defend ourselves, our possessions, and our colonies, against all foreign assailants, to the last drop of our blood, and the last guinea of our treasury. These are matters which it would be idle and insulting to discuss. But are we to confine ourselves strictly to our own immediate concerns, whatever may go on around us?

* Niebuhr long ago predicted that England's great danger lay in the Western Hemisphere. See "England's Zukunft," written in 1821.

Are we to take an interest in the internal affairs of other nations, and a part in the international politics of Europe, or are we to remain silent and inactive spectators of both—to withdraw ourselves from the noisy and turbulent arena, as one of much unpleasantness and of little profit—to let others do as they will, so long as they disturb not our serene repose—to "daff the world aside, and bid it pass?" Are we to be content with *Nemo me impune lacessit* for our motto? or to adopt the nobler and more generous one of *Nihil humanum à me alienum puto?* For ourselves, we confess that we incline rather to the policy of connexion than to that of isolation, and we do so because, while recognising the unquestionable element of justice and of wisdom which lies at the root of the latter, we believe that the former involves a profounder wisdom and a more comprehensive rule of right.

It is obvious, at the first glance, that the question of foreign interference divides itself into two perfectly distinct branches—that of interference in the disputes or wars of independent nations, and that of interference in struggles between a people and their rulers. Let us bestow a few minutes' reflection upon each.

All Englishmen, whatever be their party views, will agree "without a division" that, where no interests of our own are threatened, we should strictly abstain from taking any part in quarrels between rival nations beyond offering our friendly mediation to preserve the peace. If Austria and Prussia chose to go to war on any mere German question, such as their rival *Zollvereins;* if Russia and Austria thought fit to come to loggerheads about their respective portions of the spoil of Poland; if France and Austria fell out in consequence of some diplomatic insult; if Spain and Portugal, or Belgium and Holland, got up a war among themselves; we should of course be most anxious to pacify the belligerents, and persuade them to prefer arbitration to an appeal to arms. But we should never dream of mixing ourselves up with the dispute. This is a great advance towards non-interference as compared with our former principles; and it is one which, we trust, we shall firmly maintain. The only exceptions would be where we were bound by actual treaty to assist and defend one of the parties concerned—where a distinct defensive alliance had been formed, which we could not honourably evade, as in the case of Portugal. But there is, we think, a strong and increasing conviction, that from these binding and isolated alliances we ought as speedily as possible to shake ourselves loose, so that we may never be involved in another nation's quarrel, against our judgment, and without our willing assent. This is another great advance. In cases of the attack upon a weak State by a strong one, which might end in

its oppression or absorption, we should probably be called upon to interfere, by protest certainly, and possibly by active aid; but in most of these cases other powers have joined us in promising support to the State, and we should of course call upon them to join us in a remonstrance, and perhaps in a prohibition. We should still be ready *to do our part, in conjunction with others,* in maintaining the cause of international right and justice; but we should no longer regard ourselves, as we once did, as the appointed rectifiers of all wrong, the protectors of all the weak, the natural allies of all the menaced. We should not now interfere *alone* to prevent an aggrandizement of any State which seemed to derange the "balance of power," unless it involved obvious danger or immediate injury to ourselves. This is the third concession made by "the spirit of the times" to the principles of the Peace Society; and beyond this we do not think that the nation is prepared, or that it would be wise or right to go.

Two cases, indeed, might occur (and neither of them, we fear, are impossible contingencies) where the feelings of the people and the opinions of statesmen would be divided as to whether this concession could be maintained: viz., if France were to seize on Belgium, or Austria on Piedmont, either with a view of annexing them, or of abolishing by force the constitutional *régime* therein. It is possible that the despotic powers of Europe —their mutual jealousies at each other's aggrandizement being overpowered by their common hatred of free institutions—might connive at such a felony, and that Great Britain might find herself the sole remonstrant. What then ought she to do? What course would her new principles of foreign policy dictate to her? It cannot be said that our own selfish interests would be seriously menaced in either case; for though France would find her *territory* greatly increased by the seizure of Belgium, it is by no means certain that her aggressive *strength* would be increased in an equal ratio, if we consider the number of fortresses she would have to man, and her uncertain hold upon the country she had overrun. It is true we should have lost a faithful ally, and France would have gained the splendid port of Antwerp; but a war would weaken and impoverish us more than the possession of Belgium would enrich and strengthen her. It is true that both in Belgium and in the Sardinian dominions a prohibitive would be substituted for a comparatively liberal commercial policy; but we have long ago decided that hostile tariffs are not admissible as grounds of war. As far as mere cold calculation is concerned—especially if that calculation does not extend to remote considerations—it would be most prudent for our individual and immediate national interests to

abstain from embracing the quarrel of the two injured States. Nor indeed, if we stood alone, *could* we embrace it with effect. But on the other hand, we are the natural allies of all constitutional and free States; our sympathies go with them; we feel that in their maintenance and extension are involved the dearest interests of humanity—civilisation and liberty; to these interests we are devotedly attached; to defend them is the glorious mission of our race; if Belgium and Piedmont go without a struggle, Switzerland and Norway will soon follow, and England will be left alone, not indeed "in her glory," but in her isolation and her shame. Would not the circumstance that such crimes had been perpetrated, and that she had suffered them, weaken her more than twenty wars? Would not even Mr. Cobden—who, if he is a friend of peace, is a friend of freedom also—who, if he loves commerce much, we hope, loves justice yet more—would not even he feel that there are evils worse than war, burdens heavier than taxation, losses more irreparable than money, interests dearer than a mere trading and inglorious repose? We would encounter and sacrifice everything in defence of *our own* freedom, our own institutions, our own independence—are we to do and venture nothing for those of friends and neighbours? Are we rigidly, and on system, to refuse aid to those whose interests, whose desires, whose aspirations, whose dangers are similar to our own? Is this a principle which it is wise, right, or possible to carry out? Are we quite certain that even we may never need that assistance which we are now counselled coldly to refuse? These considerations may serve to shew, that the doctrine of non-interference or non-concern with European affairs, except where our own actual *interests* require it, has not yet, and probably never will, become *unreservedly* adopted as a maxim of our foreign policy.

Again. Intervention in the quarrels of other nations may become a matter both of duty and necessity, even where the grounds of the dispute and the interests at stake are in themselves wholly indifferent to us, if the probable result of the contest will be either the dismemberment or the virtual loss of independence of the conquered State, and if out of that victory will arise obvious danger to ourselves or to any of our possessions,—even though that danger be not immediate. The present position of the Ottoman Empire offers a case in point. There is but too much reason to fear that Austria and Russia have cast a covetous eye upon her territories; and it is certain that nothing can be more easy for them than to destroy and dismember her, if England or France do not interfere and forbid the iniquitous partition. Now, there can be no doubt that we are bound by positive engagements to uphold the independence

of Turkey: but we will suppose these engagements cancelled in deference to the increasing strength of the non-intervention principle in England. There can be no doubt, either, that our commercial interests—our immediate and obvious ones at least—should induce us to support Turkey rather than her rivals; for she has the freest, and they have the most prohibitive tariffs in Europe,* and our exports to her territories are nearly double those to Russia and Austria together, and are increasing, while the latter are falling off: but this circumstance alone would not, according to our new creed, be held to justify interference by arms in her behalf. We think also there can be little reason to believe that either the moral or material interests of those fair countries would benefit by a transference from the languid but still municipal institutions of the Ottoman rule, to the crushing and benumbing despotism of Austria or Russia: yet considerations of this kind, we allow, would not now be held to justify our armed interposition in the contest. But other and more selfish considerations are at stake, to which none who aspire to the rank of statesmen can be indifferent. Egypt is a portion of the Ottoman dominions, and through Egypt lies our most direct and speedy communication with our Indian Empire. It is of the last importance, not to say absolutely essential, to our interests and almost to our safety in that quarter, that Egypt should be either in our own hands or in those of a power which can by no possibility become a rival. Our principles would forbid us to join in a dismemberment of Turkey, and so secure Egypt for our own share; and if it fell into the hands of either Russia or France, our closest, easiest, and readiest intercourse with India would be at their mercy. They would thus obtain a control and command over us which could not be for one moment permitted, or even contemplated. England, therefore, *must* interpose to prevent the dismemberment of Turkey, unless she be unscrupulous enough to accept her portion of the spoil. For it is obvious, that even if the *mezzo-termine* was proposed, that Egypt should be independent and have her independence guaranteed, she would be precisely in the same position as Turkey is now;—*i. e.*, she would exist only upon sufferance, and be compelled to submit to the demands of whichever of the great powers was disposed to bully her most effectually: we should only have transferred the seat of future collision; and we should have to defend Egypt against France and Russia in place of defending

* Turkey levies a duty of 3 per cent. on our manufactures, where Austria levies 60 per cent. Our exports were as follow:—

	To Austria.	To Russia.	To the Turkish Dominions.
1846-7,	£630,000	£1,785,000	£3,119,000
1850-1,	£710,000	£1,372,000	£3,858,000

Turkey against Russia and Austria—with less power of doing so. What then should we have gained by our inaction?

But there is another point from which this subject may be viewed, and whence a similar conclusion may be drawn. The steady policy of aggrandizement which Russia has pursued for a century and a half, and the singular success of that policy, are well known. Since the accession of Peter the Great, she has extended her frontier 700 miles towards Berlin and Paris, 630 towards Stockholm, 500 towards Constantinople, and 1000 towards the capital of Persia *and towards our Indian possessions.** In this latter direction she has extended the influence of her diplomacy much further even than her frontier. She is well aware that if she can, either directly or through the medium of Persia, approach near enough to the boundaries of our Eastern Empire to excite intrigues among our subjects and hostility among our warlike neighbours there,† she will be able so to distract our attention, and to exhaust our energies, as materially to weaken our power of meeting, checking, and counteracting her in Europe, in case our mutual policy should bring us into collision, or in case she should have schemes which we must watch and counterwork. At present we have, in colloquial phrase, "the whip-hand of her." We can bridle her effectually, in case she should intrigue against us on the frontiers of Hindostan, by sending a fleet to the Sound. She has only one European access by sea—through the Baltic; and only one great port—St. Petersburg. Ice blocks this up during the winter, and a few line-of-battle ships stationed in the narrow seas of Denmark would suffice to blockade it the rest of the year. We can now shut up the communication of Russia with the western world; but if she had possession of Constantinople and Roumelia, the relative position of the two countries would be entirely changed. She would have nearly the finest port in the world, and many smaller ones, always open. She would be

* See "Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East," where her acquisitions are thus summed up:—

"Her acquisitions from Sweden are greater than what remains of that kingdom.

"Her acquisitions from Poland are nearly equal to the Austrian Empire.

"Her acquisitions from Turkey in Europe are of greater extent than the Prussian dominions, exclusive of the Rhenish provinces.

"Her acquisitions from Asiatic Turkey are nearly equal to the whole of the smaller States of Germany.

"Her acquisitions from Persia are equal in extent to England.

"Her acquisitions in Tartary have an area not inferior to that of Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy, and Spain.

"The acquisitions she has made in the last sixty-four years (up to 1835) are equal in extent and importance to the whole Empire she had in Europe before that time."

† This was the real origin of the misjudged and mismanaged war in Affghanistan.

nearer to the Mediterranean than we are; and, unless we maintained a vast fleet there, would have the entire command of the Levant. Now, there may be some politicians who deny the value of our Indian empire, and are willing to surrender it, or to submit to have it wrested from us; but no one who does not go this length (and with such, whatever justice there may be in their notions, we are not now arguing) could see with indifference, or without active interposition, any steps which must result in handing over the city of the Sultan to the gratified ambition of the Czar.

The above considerations will suffice to shew, that the rigid rule of non-interference in the disputes of other nations, for which Mr. Cobden and his friends contend, cannot be made absolute, unless we are prepared to abnegate the defence of our possessions, (or to abandon the most effective position for defence,) and to abjure for the future all sympathy in the fate of the free, and all indignation at the oppressions of the strong. The question of interference must remain one of discretion and degree. Public opinion is now strong enough, and has a marked enough inclination to the inactive side, to make all our statesmen shrink from intervention, unless it be clearly commanded either by duty to ourselves which we dare not tamper with, or obligations to others which we can never quite shake off.

The question of intervention in the *internal* struggles of other states—where subjects are rising against their sovereigns in order to extort from them ample justice or freer institutions, or where princes are striving to crush the rights and repeal the liberties of citizens—stands quite apart, and admits, we think, of much readier decision. We are not of those who hold that our political sympathies ought to be bounded by the four seas of Britain. It is natural that we should feel strongly in behalf of all who are fighting for those privileges which we have conquered or inherited, of which we are so justly proud, for which we are so reasonably thankful. It is impossible that we should feel otherwise. Believing that with civil and religious emancipation, and the institutions which are its guarantees, are indissolubly bound up the progress of civilisation, the diffusion of happiness, the security of peace, and the triumph of humanity, we look upon every nation which succeeds in obtaining them as a new ally, a fresh victory, an added strength; and upon every defeat which struggling patriots incur as "a heavy blow and a great discouragement" to the cause which lies nearest to our hearts. Nor do we pretend to disguise from ourselves that our more personal and selfish interests are very generally involved in these patriotic strifes, and seriously affected by their termination. It cannot be a matter of slight concern to us whether the

institutions of a neighbouring nation are modified in a direction which will naturally increase its congeniality and friendly feeling towards us, or in a direction which will lead it to look upon us with hostility and distrust. It cannot be a matter of indifference to us whether the power of the state is wielded by the party which admires us or the party which abhors us. It cannot be a matter of indifference whether the advocates of a prohibitive tariff or a free commercial policy become victorious and supreme. It concerns us greatly—both as regards security, prosperity, and peace—whether the rulers of France are Parliamentary Constitutionalists, or ambitious soldiers—whether those who sway the destinies of that great nation are such as will throw her weight into the popular or into the despotic scale, such as are likely to stand side by side with us, or face to face against us. It concerns us greatly whether a free Prussia interposes her patriotic barrier between the feeble liberties of Belgium and Holland and the absolutist principles of Russia—or whether she calls in Cossack aid to crush her discontented people, and pays away her independence for that aid. It concerns us greatly whether Italy, which might be so rich a market for our manufactures, shall be ruled by Austria which closes all her ports against them, or by free Italians who would admit them freely and by preference. It concerns us, too, whether the Roman States be governed by a Pontiff whose principles, duty, and position, make him the natural enemy of our internal peace, wherever he has the power to be so, or by secular chiefs with whom we should have no connexion but that of distant alliance. Finally, it concerns us much and seriously whether Hungary—with her vast resources, her kindred constitution, and her fine strategic and political position—shall be under a native government which will develop those resources into a rich equivalent for British produce, which will maintain and strengthen that constitution till it becomes in the East what ours is in the West—a model and a casket of temperate freedom,—and which will use the critical position of their country to render her a check upon the ambition of the two contiguous empires; or whether, on the other hand, she shall be ground down under an alien, a leaden, and an ignominious sceptre which will waste her wealth, crush her energies, annihilate her ancient Parliament, and abuse her position to press upon our Ottoman ally and menace our Indian communications.

We admit and feel the full force of all these considerations; but we maintain, nevertheless, that all principles, both of justice and expediency, peremptorily forbid our intervention in the internal revolutionary struggles of foreign states—and this on three distinct grounds. In the first place, we should not for a

moment tolerate such an interference in our own case. If a Chartist rebellion had broken out in England in 1848, and been aided by French sympathizers, or if the Americans had sent assistance to the Irish insurgents, we should have pronounced such conduct an insolent and unwarrantable meddling with matters which did not concern them. We should not even have condescended to argue the question of propriety and right, but should have told our busy neighbours that they had nothing to do in the affair, and could not even pretend to understand it; and, indeed, foreigners can very rarely be competent really to comprehend to the bottom the rights of such cases. The facts are seldom fully known to them, and their principles of judgment are seldom strictly applicable. Now, a liberty which we should never dream of allowing to others we must not exercise ourselves. In the second place, freedom must be won—not conferred: it must be conquered by nations with their own right arms, not obtained for them by foreign aid. And, without pretending to deny that exceptional cases may sometimes occur, there can be no doubt that, as a general rule, any people who are ripe for free institutions may extort them from their sovereign, and that if they cannot achieve them for themselves, neither could they maintain them if won for them by others. By *inactive* sympathy to cheer the strife, by friendly mediation to effect a compromise, by ready recognition to reward and consolidate the victory —these are the limits which should bound our intervention. For, in the third place, if we went beyond this, intervention on one side could but lead to intervention on the other; Europe at large would be dragged into the conflict, and the combatants would be indefinitely multiplied without the chances of the issue being materially varied. Our only prospect of future peace lies in a rigid adherence to our rule.

But here a question of great difficulty and of vast importance presents itself—the great practical question of foreign politics in the present position of affairs. Having laid it down as a principle that we will not interfere on behalf of *freedom*, are we to allow other powers to interfere on behalf of *despotism?* Are we to permit to them a privilege which we have stoically abnegated for ourselves? Are we to allow to the Wrong an advantage which we deny to the Right? It is clear that the two cases ought to be judged of by the same law. Take the case of Hungary. The principles of Russia prompted her to sympathize with the autocratic claims of Austria. Her interests naturally made her dislike the idea of a new and perfectly independent rule established among or over a Slavonic race, and dread the example of a successful patriotic struggle on the southern frontier of Poland. Our position was analogous but antagonistic. We

sympathized heartily with the Magyar cause, and we felt that we should ultimately be great gainers by the establishment of Hungarian independence. The right and the motives to interfere were similar, if not equal, on both sides. If Russia, like ourselves, had abstained from all participation in the contest, how widely different would the issue have been? Hungary would have been free and happy; Hesse would have been saved; Prussia would not have dared to deal with truth and freedom as she has done; it is more than doubtful whether Austria could have conquered Lombardy; and certainly she could not have extended her chains, as she has now done, over nearly the whole of Italy. The entire future would have been altered.

Now, without going so far as to pronounce that we ought in this case to have departed from our rule of non-intervention, and to have interposed on the one side because Russia interfered on the other, or that we ought to have forbidden her intervention under threat of war, it is clear that this rule, like the former one, *cannot be made absolute without being made universal also.* We must not proclaim,—"Whatever other powers may do in such cases, *we* will take no part—despots may interfere: we will not. Autocrats may lend their strength to enable paralytic hands to rivet anew rusted and broken chains—free states will lend no countervailing help to awakened nations casting off their fetters, and bursting from their grave-clothes." But we must devote all our exertions—all our "power, might, authority, and amity"—all the resources of our wealth, all the influence of our diplomacy, all the advantages of accident—to procure the recognition and adoption of the principle of NON-INTERFERENCE BETWEEN SOVEREIGNS AND SUBJECTS as an established maxim of the law of nations. When we have succeeded in this, our mission will have been fulfilled, and we shall feel no anxiety about future consequences. In the meantime, we must so far rigidly adhere to the principle which we are labouring to get recognised, as to interfere only *to prevent interference:*—the when, the where, the how, and the how far, we are to do even this, must remain, like other points, questions of discretion and degree.

On one point of our international relations which has lately excited great attention, the policy of England is explicit, peremptory, and unalterably fixed, viz., *the right of asylum* to the unfortunate of every country, of every class, of every shade of political opinion. This has long been her proud privilege; and she will retain it as long as she remains a nation. England has always been the sanctuary—sometimes the sole sanctuary—of the world. Against crime only—such crime as is punishable by the laws and condemned by the moral sense of all civilized nations—has she closed her doors. To misfortune, to failure,

to heresy, to imprudence, to political iniquity even, she has always afforded, if not a welcome, at least a refuge. Huguenots flying from the fiery inflictions of bigotry; patriots escaping from the wreck of baffled, and perhaps indefensible, rebellion; monarchs flying from the vengeance, just or unjust, of their subjects; the victims of brutal tyranny, the victims of reactionary license—all alike have found in England a shelter and a home. The unfortunate of every country, of every rank, and of every cause, have been received indiscriminately, without hesitation and without inquiry. Prime ministers who have grown grey in despotism, sovereigns who have disgraced their thrones, regicides and revolutionists who have stained the holy cause and dishonoured the great name of freedom, have sometimes found themselves side by side, helpless and disarmed, petitioners alike for the protection of England's shield. We sheltered the Bourbons whom the first French Revolution drove away; we sheltered the patriots who had upset them, when their more brutal colleagues turned upon them; we sheltered Charles X. after his wicked *ordonnances;* we sheltered Louis Philippe after his strange discomfiture; we sheltered Guizot, who had fallen with him; we sheltered Thiers, who had helped to overturn him; we sheltered even Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, when the defeat of their scandalous attempts at a bloody counter-revolution drove them to a hasty flight; we sheltered Mazzini the patriot of Italy, and Kossuth the patriot of Hungary; and we sheltered Metternich, the tyrant and enemy of both. *We asked no questions:* we received alike those with whom we most sympathized, and those whom we most detested: misfortune and danger were the sole qualifications needed.

If our principle of reception had been different; if we had been discriminating and one-sided in our hospitality; if we had afforded an asylum to those only who had been defeated in a *good* cause; if we had welcomed only the fugitives from monarchical oppression, and closed our doors against the fugitives from popular vengeance,—it is clear that we should have ceased to be protectors, and should have become partisans. In that case foreign nations might well have looked upon our partial sanctuary with an evil and a jealous eye; they might have felt with justice that we were a dangerous enemy in the guise and under the shelter of neutrality; and have denounced us as a nuisance to the great commonwealth of nations. It would have been difficult, if not impossible, to defend such an inequitable course of conduct; and we could scarcely have complained of any injustices and annoyances that were inflicted in retaliation. But when the system on which we have steadily acted has been notoriously the reverse of this; when the Prime Minister of

Austria, whose policy we detested, and who now dares to bully and complain, found a sure and ready refuge on our shores; and when Louis Napoleon, whose conduct we all condemn, and who has since threatened both Belgium and Switzerland, was hospitably sheltered both in Switzerland and here, and made both countries the starting-points for his criminal enterprises against France,—what an amount of strange assurance does it not show in these governments to remonstrate against the liberality of a system by which no one has profited more largely than themselves! But they may rest assured, that England values her privilege of affording shelter even to the guilty and ungrateful, far too highly to endure the smallest curtailment or infringement of it; and that when the course of events shall again compel the chiefs of Austria and France to seek the sanctuary, which they now desire to limit or to close, their misfortunes only will be remembered, and their want of courtesy and generosity forgotten.*

We have expressed ourselves the more strongly with respect to the universality and inviolability of the right of sanctuary which we claim for our country, because we have to combat an error in an opposite direction, sometimes maintained by the more ardent and inconsiderate lovers of freedom. There are some among us who contend not only for the right of England to shelter refugees from any cause, but also for the right of these refugees to make use of the safety from pursuit thus afforded to them, to plot and to prepare expeditions against the governments from which we are protecting them. The right to rebel, to conspire, to organize insurrection, they consider to be inalienable in patriots, whatever be their circumstances and position; and that the fact of their exile can in no way place that right in abeyance. We hold this doctrine to be both dangerous and indefensible; and we think it is very important at this conjuncture to place clearly before the refugees and their more reckless upholders, the principles which both justice and sound policy proclaim.

In the first place, we think that sentiments of decorum and generosity should teach those whom we have received and sheltered in their misfortune, to do nothing which can subject their protectors to embarrassment or annoyance. To act otherwise is to return evil for good. There seems to us little courage, and less gratitude, in the inconsiderate and selfish zeal of those

* It is however but justice to say, that the French Emperor has recently refused to join Austria in her protest against English hospitality, on the express ground of the debt which he himself owed to it in former days.

patriots who, having reached a place of safety, turn round on their pursuers, and from behind the broad cloak to the protection of which they had fled, discharge or prepare to discharge weapons which, while in the open field, they had been unable to wield, or which had broken in their hands. To embroil those who had saved them with those from whom they had been saved; to make the act of protection one of needless difficulty and danger; to make the sanctuary a basis for warlike operations,—seem to us proceedings from which honourable and noble-minded men would instinctively recoil. Twice, indeed, within twenty years, have these things been done, and both times by the same men. It was reserved for Louis Napoleon to repay the hospitality of Switzerland by the enterprise of Strasbourg, and that of England by the enterprise of Boulogne.

In the next place, it must be remembered that we, as a rule of national policy, acknowledge all governments *de facto*, however they originate, and whatever be the principle on which they are based. We are on terms of amity, and in alliance, with the rulers of every country with which we are not at war. We may harbour their enemies when defeated—as we harbour mariners when shipwrecked—but we may not assist them, nor allow them to make use of us to injure and assail our allies. When we see two men fighting in the street, the feelings of humanity induce us to open our doors to the one who is disarmed and overthrown, without any inquiry into the origin of the quarrel or the justice of his cause; but we do not allow him to fire from our windows upon his baffled and exposed antagonist;—it is enough if we allow him to recover his breath, and to recruit his strength. If we do more than this, we cease to be merely the friends of mercy and humanity, and make ourselves *participes criminis.* We descend from a proud eminence, and take up an indefensible position. If, indeed, we subjected all claimants for hospitality who fly to our shores to a rigid examination, and admitted none whose cause was not just and whose conduct was not pure, it might be urged with some show of reason, that we should be doing no wrong in permitting them to continue their warfare from the vantage ground of our entrenchments and our walls:—but it is notorious that we do not do this; and if we did, we should become partisans and not protectors; we should be guilty of a breach of faith to our ostensible allies, and should make ourselves sharers in the war.

It may be pleaded that it is hard that patriots should be thus debarred from striving in the cause of their bleeding country,—that they should be compelled to witness her sufferings and her wrongs, while forbidden to lift a hand or strike a blow on her

behalf. It *is* hard: *but it is the price at which they have purchased their safety;* it is the condition of the asylum in which they have found refuge. If they violate the condition, they forfeit the protection of the sanctuary. They must remember that they would have had no greater freedom of action elsewhere. If they had fled to other countries, they might have been given up, and at all events would have been more watched and restrained than here. If they had remained in their own land, and been slain or thrown into prison, their power of patriotic action would have been equally destroyed. They must "bide their time" in patience and in peace; doubtless it will come, if their cause be just. But Great Britain can no more permit her shores to be made the arena for the plots of patriots against triumphant and established monarchs, than for those of exiled despots against free and popular governments. If she allowed either, she would soon become an unendurable annoyance, and an anomaly among nations.

Our laws on this head are clear and just. As we act with regard to our own subjects, so shall we act towards the foreign refugees who have sought shelter on our shores.* To neither do we allow actual conspiracies, or overt acts of preparations against allied governments, any more than we should against our own. We enter into no inquiry as to the purity and justice of the patriotic cause, or the villany of the ruler against whom the preparations are directed. We prohibit, and shall punish them with equal peremptoriness, whether designed to act against constitutional governments or despotic ones. *Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.* We are not judges of the right—we are simply keepers of the peace on our own soil. And all who value the inviolability of our Island Sanctuary, and the impartiality with which its shelter is afforded to the unfortunate of every sect,—all who as Englishmen regard the dignity of their country, or as foreigners regard the sacred principle to which in the vicissitudes of fortune they may one day owe their safety,—should join in deprecating in the strongest manner the ungenerous ingratitude of those who abuse our hospitality, and who repay the benefit by compromising the benefactor.

One word in conclusion. It is impossible to believe that the existing territorial arrangements of Europe are destined to be permanent. One of the most marked political features of the

* Our Prime Minister, and our first legal authorities, have announced that our common law takes cognizance of all plots against foreign governments concocted within this realm, and is quite competent to deal with them, if satisfactory evidence of their existence can be procured.

present time is, as we have already noticed, the spirit of NATIONALITY—the tendency of peoples to group themselves according to their natural affinities. Existing arrangements outrage and contradict this spirit in every quarter; and, inasmuch as they do so, bear their doom written on their face. The military occupation of Lombardy and Hungary by Austria, especially, exists in defiance, one might almost say, of the laws of nature. No unions can be permanent in this age that are not based upon consanguinity of some sort. Now there are five or six principal races in Europe, on the due combination of whose scattered elements depend the sole conditions of a lasting and beneficial peace—the Sclavonic, the Teutonic, the Italian, the French, and the British. (To these perhaps we ought to add the Magyars. Of the minor ones—the Swedes, Danes, Dutch, Belgians, Norwegians, Swiss, and Spanish—we need not speak.) These, amid all their dialects, subdivisions and varieties, yet retain their several peculiar and strongly marked features. Yet how they are now split up! Germany does not embrace all the Germans, and rules many who are not Germans. The rough and unharmonizing Teuton extends his barbaric sceptre over Sclaves, Magyars, and Italians. Some of the Sclavonians are under Prussian, some under Austrian, some under Turkish rule. France again has Corsica, which is essentially Italian, and has *not* Savoy, which in most characteristics is unquestionably French. These reflections all point to some not distant remodelling of the European commonwealth, and to the importance of deciding in time on what principles we are to deal with the several problems of the future, as they shall successively present themselves for solution.

ART. III.—*Hippolytus and his Age; or, the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus: and Ancient and Modern Christianity and Divinity compared.* By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, D.C.L. 4 vols. London, 1852.

VOLUMES so significant, in all respects, as these of Dr. Bunsen, could not fail to attract wide attention, and provoke much discussion. Apart from the deep interest of their subject, they possess a peculiar interest, as addressed to the English public in their own language, by a foreigner, at once of much political eminence, and of varied and profound accomplishments—above all, of acknowledged learning, earnest convictions, and high dignity and purity of aim as a Christian scholar. They are the product not merely of the private researches of the author, but, in a very emphatic manner, of the remarkable combination of opportunities which he has possessed of investigating the present state of Christianity, and of the Church in this country, as well as in his own and other lands. This alone gives them a character of unusual importance. It is rarely that we hear a thoroughly well-informed, honest, and dignified voice, professing to represent the sentiments of one country, speak of the Christian character and relations of another. There has been so much exclusiveness in Theology as in other matters,—so much mutual misinterpretation of religious phenomena both of Doctrine and Life, that it is something quite welcome to listen to the thoughts of a man like Dr. Bunsen, on great Christian topics of paramount interest for the future welfare both of Germany and England. It were strange indeed, if such a man,—who to the deep earnestness and fresh ideality of the Teutonic mind, has striven to unite the concrete tastes, and homely practicality of the English,—should not have something to say on these subjects, worthy of a patient and attentive audience in both countries. For ourselves, we own we looked forward to Dr. Bunsen's book with a hopeful confidence, founded on such reflections; and it is, in a corresponding spirit, that we now proceed to examine what he has written. We feel bound to consider the work from a very Catholic point of view, and to judge of its special contributions to the advancement of Christian science, in somewhat of the same large and liberal spirit that speaks to us from every page of these volumes.

Nothing could be easier than to adopt a different mode of treatment, and from our special standing point, to dispose summarily of the contents of this work, here in a friendly, and

there in a hostile spirit, as they bear upon our own position; but such a mode of criticism, while utterly uncongenial to ourselves, were a thankless and unprofitable task for our readers. We have at once, we hope, too much humility, and too much candour to act in this way; while our keen sense of the exigencies of Christian science at this time in our own country were sufficient, apart from any other consideration, to make us hail this work in a different spirit, and discuss it after a different fashion.

The contents of Dr. Bunsen's four volumes are of a very multifarious kind; and, on a first view, apt even to seem somewhat confusing. A closer intimacy with them, however, brings to light the thread of connexion which binds them all together, or, at least, the common and noble aim in which they all unite. We must be permitted, at the same time, to regret that the author has preferred giving us the fruit of his researches into early Christian history, and the age of Hippolytus in particular, in the present fragmentary and detached shape, to any attempt to exhibit a complete picture of that age. To the latter task he professes his incompetence. But, surely, if to any Christian scholar of the day we might look for such a work, it would be to the author of the present volumes, combining, as he does, in so remarkable a degree, depth of critical research and philosophical spirit, with the richest gifts as a writer—the most lofty yet chastened eloquence,—and a finely descriptive skill when he chooses to exert it—the comparatively rare endowments of his critical and philosophical countrymen. What he seems to want, however, in this, as in his other works, (and what we fancy serves to explain their deficiencies in point of *form*,) is that quiet harmony of power—that sense of grace as well as of strength, which we are accustomed to regard as so peculiarly English, and which certainly seems to come much more naturally to the English mind, if it sometimes be at the cost of depth, and a far-reaching speculative insight.

While regretting that Dr. Bunsen has not seen meet to attempt, in a more perfect *literary* form, the delineation upon which the whole contents of these volumes yet more or less bear, it is but right to add, that this defect is, to the scholar, perhaps more than balanced by the direct contact with the subjects* of the author's research which his plan furnishes, and the living and penetrating process of criticism, to which he sees them submitted. There is a freshness and reality about this, that may have to him a greater charm, than any mere well compacted and

* It has been regretted, (and we think with justice,) considering the general character and extent of his work, that Dr. Bunsen has not embraced in it (in full and in the original) the recovered treatise attributed to Hippolytus.

skilfully limned picture. And, at any rate, it is the best preparation for such a work, when any one hereafter may have the courage to undertake it.

The occasion of the book now before us is, no doubt, already familiar to many of our readers; and we shall therefore only dwell on it so far as is absolutely necessary to introduce us to the wider and more significant topics, which must chiefly engage us.

Among various other Greek manuscripts brought from Mount Athos to Paris in 1842, and deposited in the Great National Library, there was an anonymous one of the fourteenth century, written on cotton paper, and registered as a book "On all Heresies." It failed for some time to attract any special notice; but the attention of M. Emmanuel Miller, a functionary of the institution, being at length directed to it, by some fragments of Pindar, and of an unknown lyric poet which it contained, he was led to examine it more closely, and to adopt the conclusion, that it was a lost treatise of Origen. Under this persuasion, he offered it for publication to the University of Oxford, from whose press it appeared in 1851, under the editorship of M. Miller, and bearing the title "Origenis Philosophumena sive omnium haeresium refutatio." Shortly after, it was studied by Dr. Bunsen, and the conclusions at which he arrived regarding it, were the immediate occasion of the present work. These were to the following effect, as he has himself expressed them:—

First, That the work before us is genuine, but not by Origen.

Secondly, That it is the work of Hippolytus, a person much celebrated, but very little known.

Thirdly, That the celebrated father and martyr, Hippolytus, was a Presbyter of the Church of Rome, and Bishop of the harbour of Rome Portus, but neither an Arab, nor an Arabian bishop, as a Frenchman imagined he might, and Cave said he must have been.

Fourthly, That this book is full of valuable authentic extracts from lost writers.

It is the object of the first of the present volumes, which consists of five letters addressed to Archdeacon Hare, and bears the special title of "The Critical Enquiry," to establish these conclusions; and there can scarcely remain any doubt of the success with which this part of the work is accomplished.* In

* In expressing our conviction of the success with which Dr. Bunsen has executed the part of his work, relating to the authorship of the recovered treatise, we must not yet be supposed to concur in the validity of the whole course of criticism by which he has reached his conclusions. As will afterwards appear, we object to many portions of this criticism. That very portion of it, on which he places most reliance, as to the identity of the recovered work with that which

the second volume, Dr. Bunsen pursues his task, in the twofold form of a series of "Philosophical Aphorisms" and "Historical Fragments,"—the former having a very general reference, but possessing great significance in regard to the author's whole scheme of thought and method of historical research—the latter setting forth some special points of interest in relation to Hippolytus and his age. The third and fourth volumes carry out the subject into the wider field of the life and doctrines of the Ancient Church, and Hippolytus, save in "The Apology," which opens the fourth volume, appears somewhat in the background.

It seems to us that, in dealing with this mass of varied materials, we shall be best able to grasp something like their compass, and shall certainly best enter into their meaning and intention, by considering, in the first place, the critical *method* which is so characteristic of the work, and then some of the more prominent *results* which it presents for our consideration. To treat amply the different subjects suggested in such a book is, of course, equally beyond our profession and our space. We are only anxious, meantime, to present a few of its more important aspects, especially in their bearing on some questions of great and present interest; an application of the work which, as it is never lost sight of throughout, is undoubtedly the view in which it principally claims our attention. Some of the investigations in the field of early Patristic literature which it suggests, may subsequently receive attention in the pages of this Journal.

It is impossible to overlook the very peculiar importance which Dr. Bunsen attaches to the critical and historical *method*, of which this book is so direct and distinguished a product, if from no other reason, than the very earnest and emphatic way in which he repeatedly forces it upon our notice. While writing in English, and anxious to win audience from those sincere

Photius had before him, we think very doubtful; and, so far as we are capable of forming an independent judgment in the matter, we are clearly inclined to adopt the suggestion of Dr. Duncker, that the "little book" (βιβλιδάριον) spoken of by Photius, was not the present larger treatise, which (even with the curtailments indicated by Dr. Bunsen) could scarcely have received this appellation, but that shorter and earlier sketch on the same subject to which Hippolytus alludes in his preface. This suggestion has the merit of having satisfied Dr. Jacobi, who in a series of papers in the *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Christliche Wissenschaft und Christliches Leben*, (21st June to 19th July 1851,) on the present work, had felt the difficulty of attributing it to Hippolytus, while thoroughly convinced of its not being the production of Origen, (Basilides Sententias, &c., illustravit J. L. Jacobi. Berolini: 1852.)—At the same time it seems impossible to resist the conclusive effect of Dr. Bunsen's labours, as a whole, in his first volume. He has established, beyond all reasonable doubt, the three heads with which he sets out—if he has yet, we think, in some cases pushed his critical confidence to an unwarrantable and untenable extent.

and thoughtful minds among us, whose ear he alone solicits, he takes care to assure us that the inspiration of his book is German —a fact which at the same time is patent on almost every page of it.

"If I have not entirely failed," he writes in his preface to the first volume, (p. 16,) "in my efforts to elicit truth out of the records of thought, and out of the annals of history, which are now opened to us for the first time, I owe it to the resources of thought and learning which I have found in the standard works of modern German divinity and philology, and which I have endeavoured to apply to this subject. Deeply impressed as I am with my unworthiness to represent either, I still trust to have by this process, and by the very important contents of the newly discovered book, sufficiently shewn the real nature and the superiority of the German *method of inquiry*, and the satisfactory results already obtained. Now, if this be the case, I believe also that I have enabled every thinking reader to judge for himself, whether there is much wisdom in ignoring, and whether there be not great injustice and presumption in calumniating the Evangelical Churches of Germany, and in vilifying Germany and German divinity. I frankly own, that I have considered it my duty to avail myself of a subject entirely new and fresh, and belonging to the neutral domain of ancient ecclesiastical history, and of a problem which is placed at the same time before all Christian nations, in order to test the real result and worth of what each of them has hitherto done in that field of thought and research."

We cannot mistake these and similar utterances, which abound in Dr. Bunsen's work. It is obvious that our author, with the whole school to which he belongs, believes that he wields an instrument of a more powerful and successful kind than has hitherto been employed in the field of historical investigation,—above all, in its relation to Christianity. And whatever men may think of the vagueness and uncertainty of German research applied to Christian subjects—however startling and monstrous may be the conclusions which in certain quarters this research has reached, it argues equal ignorance and presumption in any to suppose that we may safely disregard the labours of our neighbours as if they were mere intellectual *jeux d'esprit*; or that, from a stern distance, we may denounce and abuse them, as the mere wantonness of unbridled and irreverent imaginations. It is not possible, we think, that those who are interested in the true progress of Christian science and literature in our country at this moment, could adopt a more mistaken course than this: and on this simple ground, that, let the special character of German theology be what it may,—and sad enough it surely is, in many aspects, to the Christian heart,—there is yet in almost every present phase of that theology, and certainly not least in the most revolutionary phase of all, a spirit of

earnestness, united with a living *idea* or *method*, which, under whatever opposition and abuse, (and under these only the more,) will continue to draw to itself much of the sympathy of the advancing culture of our age. This is indeed the secret of the constant inroads of Germanism among us, in spite of all warning and defensive strategy. It is because there is in it, to the ardent and youthful mind, weary of controversy circulating in channels in which intelligence has ceased spontaneously to flow, a freshness and unworn strength, directed to reach a deeper and broader resting place for Christian thought. Pondering often on this matter, so closely connected with the prospects of Christian truth and the religious life among us, we remain firmly of this opinion,—while convinced at the same time how much mere vanity and spurious liberality also mingle in this German movement. But let the force of these corrupting elements be what it may, we cannot conceal from ourselves that, in the heart of the prevailing sympathies to which we refer, there is to be found something *genuine*, and suggestive of a real want in our own habits of Christian thought and research,—something therefore which no Platonic irony, no clever *reductiones ad absurdum*, and still less any mere denunciation, are able to destroy. This genuine impulse after principles more profound and comprehensive, in the region of Christian thought, than our British past theology presents,—a phenomenon which as it makes itself so unmistakeably evident on all sides, it were surely better to accept as a *fact*, and deal with as such,—German research meets and professes to satisfy; and hence undoubtedly lies the source of its favour with many minds, whose sincere desire is *truth*. It is well for us then to have a clear apprehension of whatever is characteristic in this German *method of research*, of which we have frequent recommendation and illustration in these volumes, and which we believe to be vitally influential.

It is difficult perhaps to define this *method* in so many words, as its character only comes out fully in all its bearings in contrast with the method of the last and preceding century, whose imperfections it so strongly reprobates.* But we shall not mistake, we believe, if we express its animating principle to be *that of reaching Christian truth, as it presents itself in Scripture and in history, apart from all dogmatic preconceptions*,—the simple product of a genuinely critical, historical, and philosophical in-

* In speaking of the old method the following are the words of our author—characterized by a vehemence which strikes upon us almost painfully, in different places of his work, and which is decidedly objectionable, if from no other cause than the one-sidedness in the opposite direction to which it is apt to lead,—"The whole method is unworthy of our age, and ought to be buried in oblivion, with all the perversities, hypocrisies, and falsifications of the seventeenth century."

duction. It aims to include in a high and pure form, imperfectly known to previous Protestantism, these three factors, whose appropriate union is alone held to constitute a scientific spirit in theological investigation. Criticism does not merely imply learning, in the sense of a thorough acquaintance with the language of the ancient authors that may be the subject of treatment,—a merit freely conceded to the laborious Divines of the seventeenth century,—but, moreover, profound insight into the whole linguistic mode of the writer, and his individuality as a thinker, which places the critic, as it were, more nearly on a level with him. Such a critical method already clearly embraces an *historical* and no less a *speculative* element,—it being impossible to deal freely and successfully with the language of an author without a quick perception of the spirit of his age, and the whole train and genius of his thought, as moulded by the speculative conceptions amid which he lived. Great and unceasing prominence, however, are given to both these special elements by the German school, and we cannot perhaps better shew this to our readers, than in the words in which our author speaks of Dorner's great work,—the "History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ," itself so signal a specimen of the method in question. In reference to this work Dr. Bunsen observes:—

"I think it right to say, that although it is his (Dorner's) individual merit to have rescued Hippolytus from the neglect into which his writings had fallen, in consequence of the doubts spread respecting his person, the method of his admirable work must be considered as merely a fair specimen of the German school. I mean first his historical *method, that of interpreting every passage in connexion with the whole range of the author's ideas, and every writer as a portion of his age, to be understood from the language and ideas of his time.* The isolated discussion of single passages is equally inadequate to give the reader a certainty as to their sense, or a clear image of the writer and of the age in which he lived and wrote. Dorner's book must also be considered as a specimen of the German method, in the *speculative* spirit which distinguishes it from similar inquiries in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Without being at home in *the region of speculation, and conversant with the method of speculative philosophy, nobody can understand the metaphysical controversies of that time, or do justice to the writers of the first three centuries. Nay, nobody can understand the first three verses of St. John's Gospel, without being at home in those regions of thought, to which the questions respecting the Logos belong.*"—(Vol. i. pp. 262, 263.)

There is, undoubtedly, great force in this representation of the comparative worthiness and adequacy of this method of research. Inquiry in theology, as in everything else, to be fruitful and instructive, must be undogmatic,—must strive, apart

from hypotheses and all later super-positions, to ascend to the Truth, as it appears in its original sources, or in its successive forms throughout the history of the Church. To have recourse either to the Bible itself, or the writings of the fathers, in a different spirit, and to seek in them, not simply for the Truth in its corresponding and appropriate expression, but in some favourite dogmatic form of a subsequent age, is clearly at once an unhistorical and unphilosophical process, in which much ingenuity may be displayed, but by which truth can never be elicited and advanced. It is tainted with the worst vice of the old method of physical inquiry, from which Bacon initiated our deliverance,—making, as it does, the limited ideas and idol formulas of some one age, the measure of that objective truth, which transcends them all. Nor can it, we conceive, be denied that this dogmatic method was, to a large extent, characteristic of the Protestantism of the seventeenth century.

The truth is, as is more than once hinted by Dr. Bunsen in these volumes, that the free spirit of Protestantism, in its first movement, underwent a speedy collapse and reversion. It not only failed to ascend beyond the scholastic formulas of the third and fourth centuries, but, as if timid at its flight so far, it settled in a sort of theological impotence upon these, and set itself (as its chosen and peculiar labour) to the task of further compacting and confirming them. The Bible was, indeed, its *professed* guide and rule in all, but still, it must be confessed, it was in a great degree in the spirit of these formulas that it approached the study of the Bible, and not in that genuine spirit of freedom which alone could have emancipated it from scholastic control.* All know how entirely the living mind of the last century was alienated from the vast scheme of theological doctrine bequeathed by the preceding, and nowhere so signally or deplorably as in the home of its birth. On the ruins of an equally unchristian and unscientific Rationalism, which knew no truth and cared for none, has arisen the German critical and historical school, of which Schleiermacher, and Neander, and Nitzch, and Dorner, and Müller, besides many others, with our author, are the illustrious representatives; and it became not only natural, but an historical necessity, so to speak, that these men should take up a different position from that of the early Protestantism, to which they yet sought to attach themselves in a true and living manner. It remained no more to build on the

* We speak, of course, obviously not of the spirit of the Reformation itself, which was, in many respects, so truly and freely Scriptural—springing from the depths of the popular consciousness quickened by fresh contact with Divine truth —but of that theology, less free in its spirit, to which the Reformation gave birth.

old dogmatic foundations. It is needless to regret this, even if we were disposed to do so. The task was not a possible one for these men, in their circumstances. A far more difficult, perplexing, and self-sacrificing one awaited them, namely, amid prevailing unbelief, to seek afresh, in Scripture and in History, for the old and yet ever new Truth, in the light of their own revived Christian consciousness, and by the help of those critical and historical implements, at once more potent and more delicate than those of a previous age, which God had given them. This is the great work to which the present school of scientific Theology in Germany has devoted itself. Looking back on the past, it aims not to clothe itself in any of its worn-out forms—to dress itself out in the faded garments of forgotten speculation, however venerable in its day; but rather, through a living communion with the spirit of the past, in all its varied forms, and with the Spirit of God in the lives of his saints of all times, and, above all, with the Life of his own Son, to reach, afresh for itself, the living and unveiled aspect of the Truth. Giving honour to the doctrinal expressions of the Church in all ages—the defensive monuments against heresy which it has raised all along its course—it is not yet content to linger with any of these, as the sum of its belief, but asserts its right to revise them all, and "to rebuild its house on better foundations." Already Dr. Bunsen believes,—

"It has not found in Christianity less truth than its predecessors, but more; and it must and will finish, not in weakening, but in strengthening Christianity. In judging its development and errings, it must not be forgotten," he adds, "that the critical school of Germany found Christianity almost given up in the conscience of mankind, beyond some good moral truths or some solemn rites. It is a historical fact, that it has kindled a light both in the history and in the philosophy of Christianity, and shown a power of life in Scripture, of which the former irrational method had no idea, no more than the magician has of spirituality, or the fatalist of history. What would have been done, if the subject had been taken up by the whole of Christian Europe?"—Vol. ii. pp. 111, 112.

However we may be disposed to moderate the somewhat vehement strength of Dr. Bunsen's language, here, as elsewhere, we concur, upon the whole, in his value for the *method* which he so zealously proclaims. It has given undoubtedly a new life to theological inquiry. It has begun, we earnestly believe, a reconstructive process, which, if feeble and inadequate, is yet pregnant with a principle of Christian animation, which will not fail to work itself into more perfect harmony with the circle of Christian Truth. It holds the key, we think, if it may not yet have very successfully applied it, to a higher conciliation of some

of those problems which have been the burden of Christian thought in every age. It has, for its noble aim at least, to discover the Truth for its own sake, to search unweariedly for all its hidden harmony and comprehensive beauty, and not to bow down before any self-created and distorted image of it.

But while this method of the critical and historical school of Germany possesses, in its conception, such undoubted excellence, it is yet, we must observe, fraught with danger which is ever apt to run into the most hazardous extreme, and which some of its zealous supporters seem to us by no means sufficiently to estimate. Our author, certainly, is far from doing this; and, not only so, but he has laid down favourite views and principles, which, with all deference, we are inclined to think are so far from being in its genuine spirit, that they open a door just to return by another way to the worst evils of the old dogmatic system. We shall immediately explain what we mean, in relation to one of the most notable sections of the present work.

The danger which everywhere attends the method itself arises from its very freedom. The higher criticism which it involves is a two-edged sword, which, wielded by too venturous or inexperienced hands, may only make havoc, where it intends to restore. The *subjectivity* of the critic, brought into such intense play in dealing with the text and meaning of ancient authors, is ever apt to overrun itself, and become arbitrary, in mere wantonness of power. Invested with a divining skill, and exercising with such freedom a rehabilitating function, it is obvious what a dangerous eminence he occupies, and what genuine reverence and judicial sobriety, as well as mere erudite discernment, are needed to save him from abusing his position. And it is here, consequently, as in the very nature of the case it could not fail to be, that the German critical school has fallen most into error, and that even some of its most illustrious representatives have exposed themselves fatally to assault. In the actual process of criticism, they are apt to substitute mere *feeling*—mere subjective arbitrariness, for sober and well-founded inductions. Even Neander, as a whole the most deeply and devoutly reverent of them all, has often transgressed here. The hushed and awed humility, with which his great yet child-like spirit commonly dwells within the sanctuary, is not unfrequently laid aside or forgotten in the intense exaltation of his own personal consciousness in dealing with the sacred text.

In the volumes before us there are abundant traces of this same undue critical subjectivity. Relating merely to uninspired documents, it does not, indeed, ever appear so painfully as when applied to the Sacred Scriptures; but it assumes sometimes a

confidence and authoritative vehemence which are very far from pleasing. The whole examination of the statement of Photius regarding that Treatise on Heresies by Hippolytus with which he was acquainted, in the second letter of the first volume, may furnish an illustration of this. It is marked throughout with a tone of very arbitrary self-assertion, not to speak of the strange license of some of its particular statements, which have been elsewhere* so minutely and bitterly criticised; and there is particularly a curt and disrespectful summariness in the mode with which the testimony, both of St. Jerome and the Constantinopolitan Patriarch, to a special point, is dealt with, which leaves by no means a satisfactory impression on the mind, and which, we presume to think, is very far from the spirit of that genuine Criticism which our author has elsewhere so well described.†

The attempt which he makes to attach the fragment, hitherto given in the editions of Justin Martyr's works, as the end of that fine relic of early patristic literature—the "Epistle to Diognetus"—to the recovered treatise of Hippolytus, as its proper conclusion, is, perhaps, even a more remarkable example of what we mean. Nothing, it seems to us, can well be more arbitrary than the grounds on which he founds his judgment in this matter, or better calculated to shew the reckless character which this mode of criticism is apt to assume. We should be disposed, first of all, to take exception to the point from which he starts, and which forms the basis of his conjectural restoration. The case he puts is, to a certain extent, purely hypothetical. Having presented the present conclusion of the Treatise on Heresies, which contains Hippolytus's Confession of Faith, and which obviously terminates abruptly in the midst of a sentence, he proceeds to say, "Certainly the book did not end here, nor with this period. So solemn an address could never come to a close without the doxology, which terminates the 'Treatise on the Universe.'—(Opp. i. 222.) How, then, can a book of such length and labour, the work of his life, have ended without it? But, moreover, must it not have had a solemn conclusion, worthy of what precedes? The whole winding up, the real conclusion is wanting. We have, at the utmost, come to the closing sentence of what I have called the third article of the author's 'Confession of Faith:' no further, if so far."—Vol. i. p. 186.

Now, while there cannot, of course, exist any doubt that the Treatise of Hippolytus did not terminate in the manner it does in the recovered MS., and while there is reasonable ground to be-

* Christian Remembrancer, January 1853. † Vol. i. p. 323.

lieve that it would terminate in a worthy manner, it must at the same time be obvious what an extremely uncertain basis of inquiry we here have, as to what may *really* have been the special character of that conclusion. Nay, what an unsupported supposition is already ventured upon, in the assertion as to the necessity of the doxology terminating the treatise *On all Heresies*, in like manner as it does that *On the Universe*. And the process by which, from this slender basis, our author passes to the inference, that the missing conclusion, with the appropriate doxology, is to be found in the fragment already referred to, is one which could commend itself to no inductive mind. A tangible thread of connexion, something on which to rest so considerable an inference, cannot be said to be exhibited between them. The whole resolves itself into the strong sense of propriety in the connexion felt by the author, which, whatever weight it may deserve in the present case, and in reference to a mind so deeply imbued with early Christian culture as Dr. Bunsen's, is, we need scarcely say, for all general purposes, a very hazardous, as it will be ever apt to prove itself a very mischievous, canon of criticism. The argument of our author is summed up in these words:—

"We want an end for our great work in ten books, a winding-up worthy of the grand subject, of the author's high standing and pretensions, and with the solemnity of a concluding address. Now, we find such a concluding fragment, which wants a beginning and an author. Whether we consider its contents or its style, if it is not, it might very well be the close of our work.

"The author of the fragment takes the same ground as ours. He calls himself a disciple of the Logos, and a teacher of the Gentiles; so does Hippolytus. He preaches the Logos as the all-inspiring principle; so does Hippolytus. He attributes this spirit to the Church, that is to say, to the community of the faithful disciples of the apostles; so does Hippolytus. The working of that spirit, infused into the community of Christians, will lead to harmony and concord respecting faith, worship, times of festivals. All this is just what Hippolytus lived and wrote for, as our next letter will prove still more closely; which will also afford us ample opportunity of shewing in detail the unity, not of doctrine only, but also of style and language, between our book and the fragment."—Vol. i. p. 193.

Now, in this statement, there is really nothing of the nature of proof, as, of course, granting that the fragment was the production of an early orthodox writer, there is nothing to be made out of the mere identity of doctrine between it and the treatise of Hippolytus; and the whole question, therefore, resolves itself into one of similarity of style and language,—a similarity, indeed,

of which Dr. Bunsen has no doubt, but which, depending so much upon literary apprehension of a very refined character, may be readily disputed by others, and has already been confidently denied.

We have been thus detailed in reference to this feature of the critical method under discussion, because it is the only way of bringing out clearly the danger involved in it.* We feel, at the same time, that our representation may be met from two opposite quarters. It may be asked, on the side of Dr. Bunsen and the school to which he belongs, must we then disallow this higher critical process altogether? And again, on the part of many, it may be maintained that a mode of criticism so hazardous, and which may be turned so easily (as it has already, in fact, in Germany been turned so abundantly) to subversive as well as restorative purposes, is really of no utility. The old method, which remained, for the most part, content with its patchwork of collation and humble drudgery, is, after all, the only legitimate one. No, certainly, we reply to both. So far from disallowing that critical process, which implies a divining and constructive skill in the operation, we have already expressed our entire sympathy with it, as we cannot see that, without this, Criticism can be anything but a mere carrying of heavy and aimless burdens. Moreover, the mere difficulty and self-denial, and consequent liability to abuse, implied in a task, can never constitute a plea against its validity. Let it be, that the German school has still much to learn, and that hence, its method has conducted it to some erroneous and some dangerous conclusions, this does not, and cannot impugn the method itself. It was only to be expected that, in learning the use of instruments of freer edge, and more powerful compass, than of old, some havoc should be done. What is needed to deliver the method from all risk, and crown it with the highest success, is just what the English mind could so well impart to it, viz., a more sober, and patient, and comprehensive spirit of *induction*.

There is, in the German mind, in every department of specu-

* While confining ourselves in the text to one illustration of the arbitrary freedom of Dr. Bunsen's criticism, we have yet noted various other instances of it equally deserving of remark; for example, his explanation of Jerome's professed ignorance of the locality of Hippolytus's diocese and residence, as a simple case of *non mi recordo*, (vol. i. p. 204), an explanation purely hypothetical, and not particularly creditable to Jerome, whom, indeed, he treats somewhat contemptuously throughout; the facility, again, with which he accounts for the omission, from the recovered treatise, of Peter of Alexandria's quotation, regarding the *Quartodecimani*, (contained in a letter on the Paschal time,) and, in its very absence, finds a proof of authorship quite as strong as its presence could furnish, (vol. i. p. 15, pp. 105, 111;) also the authoritative mode in which he would supply the lacuna which he conceives to exist in the Muratorian fragment, (vol. ii. pp. 135-139.)

lation, and even of letters, an unpractical boldness—an intoxication of strength, so to speak, which, as we say in homely phrase, "runs away with it," and of course, as a necessary consequence, runs often into exaggeration and error. It is this intellectual peculiarity which has given that very mingled character of richness and poverty—of fresh felicity and inspiring suggestiveness, united with tedious misdirection and often downright absurdity, to so many of their historical, theological, and philosophical labours. It is this which has given them, at this day, after all the lessons taught by previous aberrations, a Strauss and a Bauer—men, especially the latter, who have gone into the past with an intellectual eye sharpened by the rarest culture, and a profound speculative mastery, and have yet brought back, as the fruit of their researches, only the most perverted image of its genuine life—the most distorted forms of untruth. It is the same peculiarity which, while it led Niebuhr (the father of the method in question, in its pregnant application to classic history) along so fresh and fine a field of discovery, opening up views of rich interest and unexhausted significance, yet betrayed even him into so many unsupported conjectures and impatient hypotheses. And our author, so illustrious a pupil of Niebuhr, in his strength, must also, we fear, be held to share in his characteristic weakness. With a highly-disciplined critical tact, a freely-ranging erudition, and a quick and frequently felicitous insight into the Past,—he combines, at times, a rashness and self-confident dogmatism, which, unbecoming in themselves, are dangerous guides in his favourite investigations. That intellectual hardihood of his countrymen, which shrinks at no obstacles, but is often most forward and venturous just where there is most darkness and uncertainty, he undoubtedly shares in no small degree; and, in the present work, this is, above all, the source of the errors into which he has fallen. The correction of these errors, however, will, we believe, come most effectually, and, indeed, only thoroughly, from a more legitimate application of the same method; just as the extension and improvement of Niebuhr's critical system has proved the most successful refutation of many of his own special views. The old spirit of mere conservative dogmatism, and polemic interest, will certainly be found unavailing for this purpose, in the present state of Christian science. Christian inquirers must meet on the field of Christian history—animated by the same pure desire for the Truth, and giving themselves, with the same critical and historical impartiality, to its search. The English mind must, and, we have no doubt, will take up, more completely than it can be said to have yet done, at least in the department of theology, the method so boasted of by our German neighbours, and carry it out more

happily, just by carrying it out (as it has in fact already so signally done in the region of classical thought and life) in a more reverent and cautious, and therefore more truly scientific spirit.

The most striking illustration of that intellectual self-confidence, which we have remarked as a prominent and misleading feature in the mind of our author, as of his speculative countrymen generally, is perhaps to be found in that important section of the present work which bears the title of "Philosophical Aphorisms." There is much indeed, both in the thought and style of these "Aphorisms," that we cordially admire. They express some noble truths in very noble and impressive language; yet we cannot but take decided exception to the imperious *a priori* spirit they at the same time so clearly manifest, and to many of the exaggerations into which this spirit has led the author. And we do so, above all, in behalf of that critical and historical method which, in relation to its employment by our author, we have now briefly sought to explain and vindicate; but which, as we humbly conceive, he would virtually destroy, by attaching to it the *a priori* conclusions he lays down with such unhesitating boldness in this portion of his work. In this respect, he obviously thinks he has made an advance, and given a completeness to the method beyond that which it possesses in the hands of Neander, for example:—

"Neander," he observes in his preface to the first volume, "was the first to give us a history of the Christian religion, and not simply as that of the ecclesiastical system; of Christian life, and not of doctrine only; of Christian thought, and not merely of scholastic formularies. But he has not given us a philosophical history in the highest sense; nor have his followers or his antagonists. A philosophical history of Christianity must rest upon a double basis:—a critical history of the life of Christ, and a general system of the philosophy of religion. The first has been attempted by Strauss, but has confessedly failed: not only because he gives up the problem itself, but also because both the origin of the evangelical accounts and the primitive history of Christianity would be more inexplicable, if we were to adopt the hypothesis of Strauss, than any one could have thought they were before. The other, a general system of the philosophy of religion, has not hitherto been even attempted. Yet this latter is as necessary as the first. The Christian must know as a fact of real history, illustrated by real philosophy, what Jesus of Nazareth thought both of Himself and of His personal divine mission, and what was the extent of that holy work for which He lived and died, but which He left as a progressive act of the divine regeneration of mankind, to be carried out by the Spirit of God among His believers. Nobody can philosophically appreciate what has been done in these eighteen hundred years for the realisation

of this divine idea, unless he is able to measure it by the standard placed by Christ Himself before His followers. But the faithful and thinking Christian, in the second place, must not be ignorant of the laws and principles according to which a religious idea, as such, develops itself in history. He knows, as a believer, that his religion is the true one; but he will not lose sight of the important circumstance, that the elements which act in true religion are not exempt from the general principles of evolution inherent in the nature of those elements. The antagonisms contained in them are capable of receiving their solution; the defects growing out of the natural development may be corrected; but the history of the Christian religion shews, that neither its rites, nor its records, nor its forms of government, are exempted from general laws as to their origin, to their interpretation and application, and to their progress and decay. This is no longer a question of theory or of probability, but a matter of fact and of history."—Pp. 6, 7.

In what he here says of the necessary laws according to which religion, and the Christian religion as well as any other, develops itself in history, we entirely concur; and, so far as the "Aphorisms" throw further light on the great *fact* thus expressed, they are, we believe, full of truth deserving the deepest consideration. Only, we cannot admit for a moment the accuracy of the impression that would seem meant to be conveyed, from the connexion of the passage,—that Neander, in his great work, does not sufficiently recognise this fact. It is, on the contrary, we think, its brightest and most prominent lesson all throughout—the conception which so peculiarly underlies it, and imparts to it organic life and highest interest. Dr. Bunsen has, however, attempted in his "Philosophical Aphorisms," as he also here implies, something more than merely setting forth scientifically the great principles of development which mark the history of religion. He has sought, moreover, to lay down a *theoretic* basis of that historical development, in the necessary mode of the Divine Being and Manifestation. We shall endeavour to give our readers, as briefly as possible, some idea of what he has thus attempted, and, as far as we can, in his own language. In the second section of these "Aphorisms," under the heading, "God and Creation," he thus expresses himself:—

"God, the infinite Cause of the universe, must both exist and be an intelligent being. Or, more philosophically expressed, the idea of God in the human mind implies at the same time, as indivisibly united, the idea of the primitively existing being and that of the primitive intelligence or absolute reason. The saying is as old as Aristotle, (Metaph. A.,) that reason (φρόνησις) can only make reason its object.

"The object of the thought of an infinite being can only be thought itself as existence.

"We are thus obliged to distinguish in God the consciousness or

thought of Himself, (the ideality,) from his being (or reality.) Thus we come first to an original twofoldness of the Infinite Being. His thinking Himself, by an act of eternal will, is identical with His establishing in His being, by this spontaneous act, the distinction of subject and object; the subject being reason, the object existence, as such, as distinct from thought.

"But that divine act implies, at the same time, the consciousness of the ever-continuing unity of subject and object, of existence and reason.

"Thus there is implied in the one thought of God a threefoldness, centring in a divine unity.

"In its finite realisation, this divine threefoldness of the mind reflects itself both in the psychological process, by which a perception or notion is formed in the human mind, and in the logical process, or in the formation of a logical proposition. Man cannot think himself, without at first acknowledging in himself the difference of the subject (he who thinks) and of the object (he who is the object of that thought,) and at the same time without being conscious of the unity of his being. . . . In order to prove that this psychological fact has an ontological reality, and is the substance of the divine mind, Schelling and Hegel have employed a metaphysical chain of reasoning. There is, however, another method of establishing such a proof, by shewing that all we know of the finite realisation of mind, viz., man and humanity, bears such a witness of this truth, as to oblige us to suppose that a unity in threefoldness exists in the divine mind. But this requires a previous examination of the ideas of Creation, of Man, and of Mankind."—Vol. ii. pp. 32-34.

Accordingly, he proceeds to consider these ideas of *Creation*, *Man*, and *Humanity*,—the result of his examination being, that Creation, in its finite aspect, is the ever-continuing evolution of the Divine Being and Thought, through immediate finite agency —this realization of God in the finite, however, supposing "the infinite process of Creation by the antithesis of Will and Reason in the Divine Being; or, to speak theologically, the eternal generation of the Word, which is the Son in the highest; that is to say, in the infinite or ideal sense;" Man, again, being the highest expression of this divine evolution in the finite, and Humanity its ever-progressive realization. "Humanity is as much a reality, and consequently as much a realization of divine Being and Thought in time, as the individual man is."—P. 40.

We have thus, according to our apprehension of Dr. Bunsen,—as the problem of philosophical history, the Triad of God, Man, Humanity, which he denominates "the Triad of the Infinite in the process of realization in time," and which he considers to be demonstrably only the reflex of the process of infinite self-manifestation, represented by the ontological Triad we have already given in his own language. His conception will perhaps appear more luminously to the reader in the following statement:—

"Man is in the finite, that is to say, in the visible universe, what the thought (or Logos) is in the infinite divine mind; and Humanity is to the individual what the consciousness of the unity of Existence and Thought is to God—the complete form of the divine manifestation. For Humanity, as such, does not exist in bodily reality; neither is it only the aggregate of individuals, for it has a principle of evolution independent of the individual. It can, therefore, only be explained by its organic reference both to man and to God; to Man, so far as he is the apparent reality of Humanity; to God, as the eternal cause of all. The development of humanity has therefore its real centre in the eternal Self-manifestation of the divine mind. In the divine mind, the complete consciousness of unity presupposes the Existence having been made objective by Thought (the objectivation.) Thus, in the demiurgic process of the divine mind, Humanity presupposes man."—Pp. 44-45.

It is not, it will be observed, with the object of discussing their validity, in a speculative point of view, that we have drawn attention to these "Aphorisms" of Dr. Bunsen. This is far from our present purpose. Our sole object is to examine the validity of the *application* which he makes of them. Whatever be the merits or the vice of the speculative principles here expressed, we equally object to them in relation to the end for which Dr. Bunsen introduces them in these volumes, and for which he considers them to be especially note-worthy, viz., as constituting a theoretic basis of historical Development. A Philosophy of Religion is, no doubt, a fair effort of speculative thought; but we altogether demur to the necessity, so strongly expressed by Dr. Bunsen, of taking our start, in Christian history, from any such accomplished effort of speculation, transacted in the brain of any philosopher, however exalted. We cannot see in this, when fully examined, anything else than an attempt to bring back, in even a more vicious and inveterate form, the dogmatic principle which we would so earnestly discard, as the bane of all genuine historical inquiry. We perceive in it (as has, in fact, already been so fully shewn in Germany) only the opening of the door anew for a perversion of the whole truth of history. For, if we grant Dr. Bunsen his philosophy of religion as the basis of his critical and historical researches, how shall we deny to Hegel (without an elaborate and systematic refutation) *his* philosophy of religion? It is well known how completely Hegel and his school have made history do the most servile drudgery to *their* philosophic dogma,—making it the servant of a lie. They, too, set out from a Trinity,—from a theoretic logical basis expressed in a Trinitarian form, which they consider, with our author, to be the final and absolute expression of all speculation. Bauer, too, with special reference to Neander, expressly claims the merit of having raised Christian history from a mere empirical

to a speculative point of view, and of having shown it, in all its manifestations, to be nothing more than the ever-striving realization of that speculative conception which, to him, is the first and last of all truths—the only indubitable truth. And what is this speculative conception? What is, with him and the school to which he belongs, the all-absorbing Triad, of which history is only the ever-recurring wheel of manifestation? Not personal living substances or realities at all, but mere dialectic phantoms, mere blank categories of the understanding. It is true that, in contrast to this, our author's speculative principle is Christian in its character. It is true, moreover, that our author has, (immediately following the statement of his own views which we have quoted above,) in a few well chosen words, happily exposed the fundamental errors of the Hegelian hypothesis. He observes (p. 34)—

"To make the logical process not a finite type, and a purely phenomenological reflex of the infinite, but the real essence and only reality of the consciousness of God, is the second error of Hegel: to start from the abstract notions of Existence and Thought, and not from an infinite conscious Will, a conscious Being who wills, is the first."

This is very true. Hegelianism is, undoubtedly, the mere apotheosis of human intellect, and altogether inconsistent with the facts of Existence; and, in trying to reduce history to the mere expression of its own abstract formula, it has written, with its own hands, its utter condemnation. It has broken and shattered itself against the great world of *reality*, which it would make the mere mimicry of its own proud dream. But while there is much that is really, after a Christian manner, well founded, and suggestive of the true idea of human progress, in Dr. Bunsen's own formula, we are not yet any more disposed to accept it as a complete expression of Christian truth, or as having any title to stand at the threshold of history. Nay, we believe that, in his actual exhibition of the doctrine of the early Church, (as will afterwards appear,) we can distinctly trace the vitiating influence of the theoretic views which he has so confidently laid down. Apart, however, from the character of such views themselves, it is to their application to *history* that we now object. Let them be what they may—Hegelian, Comtean, or even Christianly Trinitarian—we would grant them, as abstract speculations, whatever consideration they may merit, but must, in the strongest manner, vindicate history against their dogmatic application. There is no formulized dogma, however exalted, that can have right to stand at the portals of history, and introduce us to all its magnificently rich and varied entertainment. It is, we think, a radically vicious attempt, to measure the great course

of Thought and Life, as it appears in history, by any preconceived philosophy whatever,—raising history, as it does, from its only proper and solid basis of *fact* into a region of *speculation*, which, whatever certainty may be yet attainable in it, remains, as hitherto, full of debate and uncertainty. We earnestly believe, indeed, that with Christian truth, in its highest philosophic expression, the whole course of human development will be found finally parallel and coincident; and moreover, that there is latent in it an all-comprehensive and harmonious philosophy of religion; but to start and determine history from an already elaborated scheme of speculative doctrine, whatever that may be, is to be utterly repudiated by all who would not see history turned from its appropriate and noble function, of a free interpretation of actual human Thought and Life, and made the mere servant of a sectarianism, not the less hurtful that it may be more cold and dignified than the ecclesiastical or political partisanship of the last and preceding century.

Nor let it be thought for a moment that we thus make history altogether empirical, and degrade it from a scientific position. On the contrary, it will then only be enabled to assert its true position *as a science* when it is left to utter its own truth,—to teach its own lessons along the chain of world-facts which it records. We believe, as we have already said, that a truly divine science lies imbedded in history, and may be drawn out of it. We cannot doubt that all history will shew, in the words of our author, that "there is an eternal order in the government of the world, to which all might and power are to become, and do become, subservient; that truth, justice, wisdom, and moderation are sure to triumph; and that where, in the history of individual life, the contrary appears to be the case, the fault lies in our mistaking the middle for the end."* We believe, even,—although not, perhaps, exactly in the same sense as our author, that "there must be a solution for every complication, as certainly as a dissonance cannot form the conclusion of a musical composition."† Nay, there being, as Neander‡ has so well shewn, preconceptions—of which that of Divine Providence is undoubtedly one—which underlie and constitute the very life of Humanity, (so that, in their negation, its total and comprehensive conception is already negatived,) it is, therefore, not only allowable, but demanded, that we approach history, as well as every other study, in possession of these fundamental principles; for, in fact, the absence of them were already evidence that we had yielded to some arbitrary and one-sided

* Vol. ii. p. 5. † *Ibid.*
‡ Introduction to his Leben Jesu, § i. 9.

speculative system. But this is certainly something quite different from approaching history with a preconceived philosophic system, such as we have spoken of, and such as Dr. Bunsen obviously means, excogitated *a priori*, and constituted *a priori* the determining principle of historical manifestation. For our own part, just as we value history, and, above all, the great and conciliatory lessons which, we hope, Christian history is yet destined to teach, we feel bound, with Neander, to claim for it a scientific character, apart from all theoretic speculation, and humbly to rank ourselves with his great and ever-venerable name, as the earnest advocates of that method, which he so firmly upheld as the *juste milieu* between all *arbitrariness*, alike on the side of empiricism or of speculative dogmatism.

There are many of the remaining portions of these "Aphorisms" on which we should like to have dwelt, pregnant as they are with a deep and fruitful meaning, yet too frequently running into extravagance. Unfamiliar, however, as they are, from the technological cast both of their thought and style, to our current modes of apprehension, they could only be treated, with any satisfactory result, at great length, far exceeding our present limits.

We now pass to notice some of the more important *results* of the work before us, in their bearing especially upon the present state of Christianity and the Church. As we have already indicated, Dr. Bunsen has availed himself of the recovered treatise of Hippolytus, to collect around it a great store of inquiries into primitive Christian history—inquiries, in some cases, as he tells us, extending over a long series of years, although, for the first time, presented in a combined form in these volumes. His work, which was probably intended at first to be of a more special kind, seems to have grown upon him as he proceeded, till it swelled to its present consideration and magnitude,—a circumstance which may also serve largely to explain its want of that literary proportion and finish, which we have already remarked as so much impairing its interest for the common reader. Hippolytus, while the centre of this grouping of historical investigation, and, in some one or other of his works, associated with almost every part of it, yet occupies a very unequal prominence throughout. It is necessary, however, before proceeding to some more general questions, to give our readers a brief view of this resuscitated Christian Father and his writings.

Previous to the recovery of the present treatise, Hippolytus can be said to have had little more than a mythical existence.

His name was indeed a celebrated one in early Christian history.* He was known to have been a bishop; but so little else was positively known of him, that it remained a matter of uncertainty whether the seat of his labours was in the East or the West. Neander* considered the evidence on each side to be pretty equally balanced.—Yet it appears to us, on the whole, that the evidence† clearly inclined in favour of the latter, even before the recent discovery. The conjecture of Le Moyne, that the Portus Romanus associated with the name of Hippolytus was Aden in Arabia—a conjecture which Cave so authoritatively carried out—Dr. Bunsen has plainly shown to have rested on no better foundation than a misinterpretation of one of the passages in Eusebius, in which Hippolytus is mentioned.‡ At any rate, there can now remain no doubt, after the researches of Dr. Bunsen, that the author of the treatise "*Against all the Heresies*"—the Hippolytus of Eusebius and Jerome—was Bishop of Portus, the new harbour of Rome, on the northern bank of the Tiber, lying opposite to the more ancient Ostia, which, at this time, had become a place of considerable population and importance; in short, a bustling harbour of all nations. Here Hippolytus lived, and laboured. His Greek education under Irenæus had peculiarly fitted him to act as a sort of missionary bishop among the representatives of the various nations that were here congregated. While occupying a perfectly independent position in his own episcopal sphere of labour, he was at the same time a Presbyter of the Roman Church, and shared in the deli-

* Neander, C. H., vol. ii. p. 471.

† The two best known references in early Christian literature to Hippolytus, are those of Eusebius (vi. 22, 22,) and Jerome (De viris illustr. c. 61,) who both give lists of his works containing the treatise *against all the heresies*, but differing in some other respects. Neither, however, mention the place of his bishopric. Jerome, indeed, says, he "could not learn" its name. It is the uncertainty associated with the mention of his name by these two authorities, which has contributed to bring the identity of Hippolytus into so much dispute. The reference of Peter, Bishop of Alexandria, (who suffered martyrdom in 311,) pointed out by Dr. Bunsen, (vol. i. p. 15,) and to which we have alluded in a previous note, is of course earlier than either, and if admitted to be authentic, (its authenticity, Dr. Bunsen says, is no longer questionable, since Mai's discoveries,) may be said of itself to settle the question of his locality. For however we may explain the dissimilarity of the statement regarding the Quartodecimani as quoted by the Bishop, and as extant in the recovered MS., there can scarcely be any doubt that the allusion is to our author, who is described as "the witness of the truth, the Bishop of Portus near Rome." The fact of a statue, now in the Vatican library, having been dug up in the year 1551, on the site of the ancient cemetery near Rome, described by Prudentius, about the beginning of the fifth century, as the burial place of the martyr Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus, near Ostia, would seem, moreover, to have pretty sufficiently established his relation to the vicinity of Rome, especially as the side of the chair on which the figure sits, is inscribed with many of the same titles of works that we have in Eusebius and Jerome.

‡ Euseb. vi. 20, where the name of Hippolytus immediately follows that of Beryllus of Bostra, on which simple connexion Le Moyne seems to have based his conjecture—a very absurd one surely!

berations of the Presbyterial Council which met in that city,—in which circumstance there is nothing really surprising, as will afterwards appear.

In the Ninth Book of the recovered work, which treats of the heresies prevalent at Rome in Hippolytus's own time, and especially of that of Noetus, patronized by two Roman bishops, Zephyrinus and Callistus, and zealously opposed by Hippolytus, we have a very lively and graphic picture of the ecclesiastical state of Rome, in the beginning of the third century, upon which we willingly would have dwelt; but our space forbids. We refer our readers to Dr. Bunsen's reproduction of it, in the third letter of his first volume. It alone seems to show that the author of the recovered treatise must have been a Roman clergyman, familiar with all the details of Church controversy; and, alas! we must also say, of Church scandal in Rome at that time; and that none is so likely to have been the author as Hippolytus. It seems, at least, clearly to disprove the supposed authorship of Origen, who merely visited Rome for a short time during the episcopacy of Zephyrinus; for, "how could he," as Dr. Bunsen has well put it, "in his literary seclusion have known all that passed many years later in the bosom of the College of Cardinals, or the Roman Presbytery, as it was then called? all the ecclesiastical *coteries* and chit-chat of Rome? How should he know, or what would he care, that such and such a Christian banker in Victor's time, who was dead when young Origen came to Rome, lived in the quarter called *Piscina publica*? How could he know what Alcibiades the Syrian talked at Rome under Callistus about the Elchasaite impostures? or so many other things and facts with which his genuine writings shew no acquaintance?"—Vol. i. pp. 199, 200.

As Hippolytus re-appears in the work of Dr. Bunsen, he is undoubtedly, in all respects, a distinguished Father of the Ante-Nicene Church. Of unwavering moral intrepidity, genuine honesty of character, and sense and talents inferior to none of his contemporaries, he was, at the same time, the predecessor of Origen, in speculative power and comprehension, as well as in oratorical pretensions. He continued, with more depth and knowledge than his illustrious teacher, the philosophical enlightenment which Irenæus had kindled in the West. His familiarity with the cause of Græcian speculation was especially serviceable, in enabling him to trace the origin of the various heresies to whose refutation he devoted himself. He was the first preacher of note in the Roman Church; having elevated the mere popular exposition of the Gospel, which was all that prevailed in the shape of a sermon in that Church before his time, into the set homiletic address, characterized by

science and eloquence, which, Dr. Bunsen says, "was his favourite mode of treating exegetical and polemical subjects." His directly exegetical works or commentaries enumerated by Dr. Bunsen, (vol. i. pp. 281, 288,) and which survive merely in fragments, show him in the least favourable light, thoroughly tainted, as they appear to have been, by the usual patristic vice of allegorical fancifulness.*

The discovery of the lost work of so illustrious a Father, upon a subject so important, could not fail to throw much light on the early state of Christianity and the Church. It would not readily, however, in any other hands, have shed, all around, such a flood of interest and meaning, as in those of Dr. Bunsen. It may, indeed, be a question, as he himself seems to have apprehended, whether he has not made too much of it. There is, assuredly, great diversity in the certainty of the results which he has sought to establish in the course of his volumes. We consider him most successful, where he has confined himself to strictly historical criticism, as in the "Historical Fragments" in the second volume, and in some parts of his interpretation of the restored "Apostolical Constitutions" given in the third. In his exhibition of the doctrine of the Ante-Nicene Church, where his own deeply-seated speculative views come powerfully into play, we think he has least triumphed, authoritative and earnest as are his own convictions on the subject.

It is impossible for us, in such a general review of his work, as we have sketched out for ourselves, to enter minutely into the examination of Dr. Bunsen's statement of the Doctrine of the Trinity, as he conceives it to have existed in the "general consciousness of the ancient Church." We own, indeed, to considerable hesitation in dealing with his views on this subject, lest we should be found, after a somewhat patient study of them, to have, in some respects, misapprehended them. We certainly desiderate clearness, and above all, order and consecutiveness in his treatment of it. He takes it up, in so detached a manner, in so many different places, and has expressed himself regarding it (especially in the Apology, by the mouth of Hippolytus,) in a phraseology so indistinct, or, at least, so esoteric, that we cannot say we have a very definite impression of what he would have us to understand, as the doctrinal system of Hippolytus and the early Church. He is so far from denying the doctrine of Father, Son, and Spirit, substantially united—of a Divine Trinity in Unity—that he tells us, this alone was "the

* Jerome has preserved some specimens, quoted by Dr. Bunsen, p. 287, which are certainly very childish, and, indeed, not very reverent; but our author refuses to believe that these fragments furnish a fair specimen of the whole.

doctrinal test of the Apostolic age."* But, then, he is strongly opposed to the common orthodox expression of this doctrine, as preserved in the Nicene and Athanasian symbols. He has the greatest contempt for the common teaching of our British orthodoxy on this head; which seems to him to savour of materialism,—to represent "Creation as a process of manufacture, and the Father, Son, and Spirit, as three historical personages."† Now it appears to us, with all deference, that Dr. Bunsen has here, as in certain other parts of his work, allowed his vehemence to outrun his sense of justice, and a genuine philosophy. It will not be denied, that under the treatment of ordinary minds, or even of minds hardy and clear enough, yet untrained by speculative discipline, the transcendent doctrine of the Trinity must suffer degradation in its exposition. But Dr. Bunsen forgets, (what it is altogether impossible for us to doubt,) that it is only an approximating expression that this doctrine can receive, at the best, from human language. Nay, it appears to us to be simply inattention to, or rather (strange as it may seem) disbelief of this fact, which is the secret of the confusion which characterizes this part of his labours, and which has led him to set up, so authoritatively, his own conceptions of the primitive teaching of the Church on the subject of the Trinity, against the later formularies, in which it has expressed itself on this mysterious subject. As Dr. Bunsen himself evidently believes that this divine Verity is one which the human mind *can* render intelligibly to itself—and indeed speaks very scornfully of those who believe otherwise‡—so he seems determined to find, in the frequently

* Vol. ii. p. 46. † Vol. iv. p. 50.

‡ We feel bound to enter an earnest protest against the language of Dr. Bunsen on this subject, (vol. i. pp. 168, 174,) the more so, that it contains so much that is true, if understood in one way, which yet regarded from another point of view (which would seem to be that of the author himself) is altogether untenable. Speaking of Hippolytus's Confession of Faith, contained in the last book of the recovered treatise, and regarding it for what it may very well be held to be, a philosophical explanation of the Prologue of St. John's Gospel,—he says, "Now, while it seems to me that this commentary is as intelligible as the text, (although not so full), I have the feeling that many of my readers, divines themselves, will rather think, I ought to say, that the commentary is no less unintelligible than the text. These persons ought to be aware, that in saying (or thinking) so, they place themselves on the side of the infidels; for what is *not intelligible is either untrue or useless*; and no infidel ever said more against Christianity." . . . "It appears to me that divines, who profess a faith in something not *intelligible*, must have still less respect for the sacred records than the dissentients whose doctrines they most abhor." . . . "Those orthodox divines forget, what our excellent friend Maurice has for many years endeavoured, it appears in vain, to impress upon them, that revelation reveals truth, but does not make truth—that truth must be true in itself. Now, if true in itself, in its substance, not through any outward authority, revealed truth must be *intelligible to reason.*" Now, if Dr. Bunsen means here by "intelligible," (what he seems to mean,) *fully comprehensible by human reason*, we must rank ourselves with those "divines" whom he reprobates. We certainly believe

confused and even conflicting expressions of the early Fathers on this subject, a consistent and clearly intelligible doctrine, which, while answering to his own speculative convictions, is considerably at variance with the later and more definite Faith of the Church. We do not mean that he imposes his own views on these Fathers—which were so complete a subversion of his own critical method—but, simply, that believing their writings to contain a clear conception of the doctrine of the Trinity,—at unity with itself, he dwells unduly on modes of language which certainly favour his views; overlooking, or at least not bringing into prominence others which are, we think, with equal certainty opposed to them. He seems to us, in short,—instead of recognising in the language of the early Fathers,—here more vague and uncertain,* there more definite, evidence simply of the struggling consciousness of the Church to apprehend in its full intellectual relations the Truth committed to it—to interpret those fluctuations of language, which speak so evidently of a struggle of this kind, all on one side,—forgetful of those expressions which show that the full Nicene Faith was not unknown to the consciousness of the ancient Church, if it had not as yet come into clear vision, and received definite intellectual expression.

The main difference of Dr. Bunsen's representation of the doctrine of the Trinity, as he believes it to have been held by Hippolytus and Tertullian (whose essential agreement on this subject he expressly declares, vol. i. p. 259), and the Church of their time generally, so far as we apprehend him, consists in a virtual denial of any distinct personality to the Holy Spirit;

the doctrine of the Trinity to be unintelligible in this sense—that is to say, to transcend our intellectual conception. If there is anything undeniable, we think it is this. Human reason cannot, in the nature of things, explain or construe to itself the mode of the Divine Being. But, if we are allowed to understand "intelligible" as simply meaning *conformable to reason*, then we believe, as firmly as Dr. Bunsen, that the doctrine of the Trinity is "intelligible," (although we should not apply to it this epithet); and we are not aware of any orthodox British divines who deny its intelligibility in this sense. As the last results of speculation everywhere prove, there is in the intuitions of the human reason much that answers to, and seems to bespeak this great truth in Christian theology. The distinction is surely one easily enough recognised, as it is one very common in our British philosophy, between a truth intelligible in the ordinary sense, that is to say, compassable in all its bearings by our reason—and a truth conformable to the fundamental laws of that reason, (violating none of them, but rather answering to them), and yet transcending its clear grasp, outreaching in its divine fulness its power of scientific construction. As to the view of Mr. Maurice alluded to, however much it may sometimes have been lost sight of in popular exposition of Christian doctrine, there are no divines, we fancy, who dispute it. *But then it does not follow that the truth "which is true in itself," and perfectly harmonious to the Divine Mind, must be in all respects clearly intelligible, harmoniously consistent to ours.*

* He ridicules, in fact, (vol. i. p. 303,) this mode of regarding the language of the old Fathers—the idea that they "minus caute locuti sunt,"—and yet can anything really be more certain than this!

while his language sometimes, too, would seem to imply doubts of the proper personality of the Word before his incarnation. Now, let it be admitted that there are expressions in both these Fathers which favour the representation of Dr. Bunsen, and clearly enough shew that the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, as expressed in the later formularies of the Church, would have been in its decisiveness foreign to their modes of apprehension, it is yet, we think, on a comprehensive view of all they have written on the subject, wholly impossible to doubt the substantial orthodoxy of either. For the proof of this we need only refer, on the one hand, to the passages from the treatise of Hippolytus against Noetus, quoted by Dr. Burton in his *Testimonies of the Ante-Nicene Fathers to the doctrine of the Trinity*, and whose very marked orthodoxy led Dr. Routh to select it, with others, for publication in his *Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Opuscula* as representative of the truly Catholic Faith—rendering it "luculenter et accurate tum vero scite et eleganter;"* and again to the passages quoted by the same writer from Tertullian, and especially to the whole tenor of that Father's treatise against Praxeas—expressly devoted, like that of Hippolytus against Noetus, to the defence of the Church doctrine of the Trinity against Patripassianism, of which heresy both Noetus and Praxeas were teachers.† It appears to us indeed that Dr. Bunsen's

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* Dr. Routh's Address to the Reader. Vol. i.

† We subjoin the most decisive *classici loci* from Hippolytus's treatise against Noetus; as also some sentences of Tertullian from the treatise against Praxeas, referring our learned readers in both cases to the original sources for their satisfaction.

"It is thus that we contemplate the incarnate Word; through him we form a conception of the Father; we believe in the Son; *we worship the Holy Spirit.*"—*Οὐκοῦν ἔνσαρκον Λόγον θεωροῦμεν· Πατέρα δι' αὐτοῦ νοοῦμεν, υἱῷ δὲ πιστεύομεν, Πνεύματι ἁγίῳ προσκυνοῦμεν.* Again, in defence of himself from the Noetian accusation of his being a Ditheist, Hippolytus says, "I never speak of two Gods, but one; yet I speak of two persons, and a third dispensation, the grace of the Holy Ghost. For the Father is one; but there are two persons; because there is also the Son; and the third is the Holy Ghost."—*Δύο μὲν οὐκ ἐρῶ Θεοὺς ἀλλ' ἢ ἕνα, πρόσωπα δὲ δύο, οἰκονομίαν δὲ τρίτην, τὴν χάριν τοῦ ἁγίου Πνεύματος. Πατὴρ μὲν γὰρ εἷς, πρόσωπα δὲ δύο, ὅτι καὶ ὁ υἱὸς, τὸ δὲ τρίτον τὸ ἅγιον Πνεῦμα*—(Testimonies, &c., pp. 85, 86.) It is true that Dr. Bunsen considers these last words an interpolation, and translates *οἰκονομία* in the previous clause differently from Dr. Burton. But we cannot allow the justice either of his criticism or of his version. Certainly his version of *οἰκονομίαν δὲ τρίτην*—"*and as the third the incarnation*" is not tenable on mere philological grounds; while it cannot be doubted that the term *οἰκονομία* was used both by Hippolytus and Tertullian in an expressly technical sense to signify *the relation of the Trinity.* In the following passage of Tertullian (Adv. Praxean, c. 13) it has this meaning, as distinctly pointed out by Neander, (Antignosticus, p. 511,) —Duos quidem definimus, Patrem et Filium, et jam tres cum Spiritu Sancto, secundum rationem œconomiæ.—It is needless to multiply passages from the treatise against Praxeas, which is throughout of so clearly Trinitarian an import. We give one other—His itaque paucis tamen manifeste distinctio Trinitatis exponitur. Est enim ipse qui pronuntiat Spiritus; et Pater, ad quem pronuntiat; et Filius, de quo pronuntiat. Sic cætera, quæ nunc ad Patrem de Filio vel ad

admission of the substantial agreement of Tertullian and Hippolytus, as to the doctrine of the Trinity, is of itself quite fatal to the distinctive view which he advocates. For it is impossible, we think, for any to peruse the expressions of Tertullian, so well presented in Neander's monograph of that Father, without feeling that he is really, under whatever occasional diversity of expression, substantially orthodox on the doctrine of the Trinity. Here, indeed, as in many other things, Neander has expressed, in our opinion, the whole truth of the case (holding ever that just mean so dear to him); and especially in the few paragraphs which he has devoted to the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, as held by the Ante-Nicene Church, in his general Church History. The "*notional expression* of the doctrine," he says, "was by no means adequate to its import as contained in the Christian consciousness. The intellectual conception of the relation of the Holy Spirit to the Divine Essence was far from being thoroughly apprehended in the first youthful age of the Church, when the power of the Holy Spirit yet made itself to be so mightily *felt in the life* as a new-creative and transforming principle." But he expresses no doubt of the *soundness* of the view, (according to the Catholic standard,) which lay as yet unexpressed, in its full intellectual bearings, in the consciousness of the early Church. "If we except," he says, "the Monarchians and Lactantians, men were agreed in conceiving of the Holy Spirit as a personal being. The conception of his reality and objective essentiality, coincided in the Christian thought with the conception of his personal self-subsistent existence."—(C. H., vol. ii. p. 371, Torry's trans.)

As to the theological views of Hippolytus, apart from the great central doctrine of the Trinity,—which, if not exclusively, yet in so very predominant a manner moved the consciousness of the early Church, Dr. Bunsen has expressed himself in the following terms, in the first of the historical fragments in his second volume. There can be little doubt of the general accuracy of his representations.

"Vossius has interrogated Hippolytus whether he taught the orthodox doctrine of original sin; and he extorts an affirmative answer from his treatise against Noetus, by an interpretation which he would never

Filium, nunc ad Filium de Patre vel ad Patrem, nunc ad Spiritum pronuntiantur, *unumquamque personam in sua proprietate constituunt.*

Even in such classical passages on the doctrine of the Trinity—satisfactory as they must be admitted to be as a whole—the reader, we think, will not fail to detect, at least in the expressions of Hippolytus, some trace of that confusion, or as yet imperfect conception of the doctrine which we have spoken of as characteristic of the early Fathers, and which in such writers as Athenagoras and Clemens Alexandrinus is seen in a much more marked and striking manner.

himself have allowed in classical philology. But this does not prove that Hippolytus would have been a Pelagian. He would have raised many a previous question both against St. Augustine and Pelagius; and finally have intrenched himself in his strong position,—the doctrine of the free agency of the human will. He would have thought Luther's theory a quaint expression of a truth which he fully acknowledged; but as to Calvin's Predestination, he would have abhorred it, without thinking less highly of God's inscrutable counsels. . . . . There is nothing in his works which would contradict the general principles, and the polemic or negative portions of Evangelical doctrine. But as to the positive expressions, he would not understand much of them. . . . He would not be able to see the necessity of opposing so absolutely the doctrine of Justification to that of Sanctification, except temporarily, for disciplinary reasons, as an antidote against the conventional doctrine and pernicious practice of meritorious works. To be inspired by the contemplation of the eternal love of God, and the divine beauty of his holiness, to lead a god-like holy life, in perpetual thankfulness, and perfect humility, this is the last word of the solemn exhortation at the end of this great work. But supposing the point at issue had been explained to him, he would certainly side with the doctrine of saving faith in the Pauline sense, against that of meritorious works."—Vol. ii. pp. 128, 129.

In examining Hippolytus regarding the canon of the New Testament in his time, Dr. Bunsen finds it to have been the same with that which we have in the "Muratorian fragment," if we suppose the obvious chasm, which he believes to exist in our barbarous translation of that fragment, to be filled up by the Epistle to the Hebrews, according to a somewhat bold conjecture which he proposes. This canon corresponds with that presently acknowledged by the Church, with the exception of the Second Epistle of St. Peter; the Epistle to the Hebrews being held to be not the work of St. Paul, but of some friend of St. Paul, probably Apollos. On this latter point, as constituting the belief of the early Church, Dr. Bunsen is very positive in his assertions in different places throughout the present work; but he cannot be said to have settled the question by any additional array of evidence. He is equally strong as to the early (ante-Domitianic) date of the Apocalypse, in opposition to almost all its commentators. The internal evidence, on which he bases so confidently this conclusion, can scarcely be reckoned so unequivocal as to set aside the prevailing external evidence in behalf of the later and commonly received origin.

In reference to the great Protestant watchword—the paramount authority of Scripture in all matters of Faith and Doctrine, Hippolytus is as clear and decisive as could be wished. The following is the classical passage on this point quoted by Dr. Bunsen from the ninth chapter of his treatise against Noetus:—

"There is one God, my brethren, and Him we know only by the Holy Scriptures. For in a like manner as he who wishes to learn the wisdom of this world cannot accomplish it without studying the doctrines of the philosophers, thus all those who wish to practise divine wisdom will not learn it from any other source than from the word of God. Let us therefore see what the Holy Scriptures pronounce, let us understand what they teach, and let us believe what the Father wishes to be believed, and praise the Son as he wishes to be praised, and accept the Holy Spirit as He wishes to be given. Not according to our own will, nor according to our own reason, nor forcing what God has given, but let us see all this as He has willed to shew it by the Holy Scriptures."—Vol. ii. p. 144.

By Holy Scriptures Hippolytus understood the Old and New Testaments, using for the first the canon and text of the Septuagint. These Scriptures he held to be inspired in a genuine sense —that is, to be the production of men who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. The Theopneusty, or theory of Inspiration, of Gaussen, would have appeared to Hippolytus as a dangerous Jewish superstition.* We are, of course, merely stating, in brief form, the conclusions of Dr. Bunsen, without professing to discuss their validity, which would lead us into a region quite away from our present purpose.

There is an important point in connexion with the authority of Scripture, which has been so clearly vindicated in these volumes, against the attacks of the modern school of Tübingen critics, that we must not overlook it; we mean the great question as to the origin of the fourth gospel. According to the favourite speculation of this school, the Johannean type of Christianity, and its record, the gospel of St. John, are to be regarded as the mystical produce of the middle of the second century. Originally, in what they consider its Petrine and Pauline form, a mere species of improved Judaism or Ebionitism, it was only in the course of the second century (about 165 or 170), that Christianity assumed the higher and more speculative form, the expression of which we have in the fourth gospel,—being a mere efflux of Gnosticism, in the transformation which it thus underwent. Such is the extraordinary hypothesis of Strauss and Bauer, and their followers. It is now clearly evident, however, in Hippolytus's arrangement and discussion of the heresies which he refutes, that the doctrine of the Logos, as contained in the gospel of St. John, so far from being, in any sense, the produce of Gnosticism, is already pre-supposed in some of the earliest forms of Gnostic speculation. In extracts given in the seventh book of the Treatise on Heresies, from Basilides, *who taught about the year* 120, he already quotes St. John's Gospel; and it

* Vol. ii. p 147.

is also evident that "his whole metaphysical development, is an attempt to connect a cosmogonic system with St. John's prologue, and with the person of Christ."* Many collateral points of evidence to the same effect are scattered throughout Dr. Bunsen's critical discussion in the first volume; and in case it should be thought that, within so short an interval, (which is yet really inconceivable), there was any room for such a mythical development as the Tübingen school allege, he carries the proof higher up. He presents evidence that even before the close of the first century the Christian doctrine of the Logos was already made the subject of heretical perversion. The Ophites, (whom our author would identify with the Heretics, mentioned in the 4th chapter of the First Epistle to Timothy, and who indisputably belong to this very early period), "all know the Logos, and all worship the serpent as his symbol, or that of the Demiurg opposed to him; for on that point there seems to have been a difference among them. They refer, however, not to the Logos of Philo, but to the Logos personified in man, and identified with Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Mary."† The idea of Dr. Bunsen clearly is, that the prologue of St. John *does* refer to heretical perversions of the doctrine of the Logos, and not to later systems of the second century (which, as in the case of Basilides, and Valentinus, are found expressly to look back to it, as already the recognised statement of the Catholic doctrine), but to early theories of Gnosticism and Ebionitism.

"Doubtless," he says,‡ "the gospel does refer to theories and speculations respecting the person of Jesus of Nazareth, but to those which sprang up immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem. That event, the shock of which had an echo through the inhabited globe, roused the infant Christian world from slumbering dreams about future destinies in an unknown state, to the consciousness of a world-conquering Divine vocation upon this earth, and to prophetic visions of new kingdoms and new nations, directed by Christ's spirit. It brought on a crystallization of the floating elements of Christian worship, and of corporative organization; and it roused all the depths of the human intellect to solve the great enigmas of the connexion between the historical person of Jesus of Nazareth, and the origin and nature of the human race, of the relation between history and the Divine idea, between inward and outward revelation and inspiration. How can any one wonder that those theories sprang up as early as we are told? We know now more than ever authentically that they did; and we can understand this phenomenon if we consider those circumstances, and the great fermentation into which the decay of Judaism and of Paganism had, for a century or two, thrown the human race."—Vol. i. pp. 84, 85.

* Vol. i. pp. 87, 88. † Vol. i. p. 41. ‡ Vol. i. pp. 84, 85.

Among the clearest and most unequivocal results of Dr. Bunsen's investigations are those which bear directly against the later pretensions and abuses of the Church of Rome. The ninth book of the recovered work of Hippolytus introduces us, as we have already hinted, into the very heart of the Roman Church in the beginning of the third century; and the picture we behold, certainly, in some respects, not a very flattering one, is yet unmistakable in its indications of the true position and usages of that Church in that age. Hippolytus "has nothing to tell of the divine right of the bishop of Rome to decide all doctrinal questions of the Universal Church, and to govern Christendom as an autocrat, whether it be by his own decisions, or by his privilege of confirming or annulling, interpreting, and executing the decrees of Councils. The Roman Church, in which Hippolytus lived and acted so conspicuous a part, was to him the Church of Rome. He even places that Church distinctly in opposition to "the Catholic Church," in his great work, where he speaks of the teaching of Callistus, and of the school he had set up and patronized at Rome. Hippolytus as a Roman knew the immense influence of that Church; but as a man who had studied under Irenaeus, the uncompromising opposer of Victor's pretensions, and as the historian of doctrinal Christianity, he also knew that this influence was a moral and not a legal one, and that it was controlled and resisted. The gradually growing moral supremacy in the West originated in the political position of Rome as the centre of the world, and in the instinctive talent of government, which has never ceased to distinguish the Romans. But that supremacy was not recognised as legal, even at Milan, much less at Alexandria and Antioch, nor later by Byzance. Even in the West it was controlled by the free agency and self-responsibility of the influential churches of Christendom. Hippolytus himself, as bishop of Portus, was one of the moons in the planetary system of Rome, and a member of her Presbytery; but in his own town he would not have allowed the agents of Callistus to teach, or even him to preach."*

Dr. Bunsen has shown with equal clearness that Hippolytus knew nothing of a sacred language used by the Church in preference to the vernacular. While he himself, a Roman Presbyter, wrote in Greek, and, it is to be presumed, also preached, at least sometimes, in that language, (as all his homilies which have been preserved are in that language), this arose simply from the fact that Greek was then at Rome "the living organ of international intercourse, and the common language of the Hellenistic Jews." It was, therefore, "the natural organ of

* Vol. ii. pp. 122-123.

Christian communication, and the most appropriate language for writing a book to be perused by all reading Christians."

"The Christian congregation at Rome from the beginning consisted of converts from Greeks, who were the bankers, secretaries, tutors, and preceptors, valets and agents of the Romans; and of Jews, who spoke that language as they now generally speak German. These elements were united by sacred records written in Greek, and were governed mostly by members of Greek descent. The very names of the bishops before Urbanus (the successor of Callistus) are Greek, with the two exceptions of Clement and of Victor. And even of these two Clement wrote Greek in the name of the Romans, as St. Paul wrote Greek to the Romans; and in the same language Victor wrote, as did Cornelius a whole century later. The real Latin Church was the African, consisting of colonized Romans, using a Latin version of the New Testament. The noble families of Rome remained unconverted even under Theodosius the Great, as the complaints of Prudentius show, who wrote more than 150 years after Hippolytus. If, therefore, Greek was at that time the ecclesiastical, and, perhaps, the liturgical language of the Church of Rome, it was not because Greek was a sacred tongue, unknown to the people, but because the majority understood it better, or as well as that of Latium."*—Vol. ii. pp. 24, 25.

In reference to the marriage of the clergy the evangelical liberty so clearly laid down by the Apostle was, in the time of Hippolytus, to some extent infringed; but there was still no trace of the later corruptions which arose, and were so speedily and universally propagated in the Church. A presbyter, unmarried at his appointment, was not expected to marry during his office, and a presbyter who lost his wife was not permitted to marry again; and of these restrictions† Hippolytus constituted himself the champion, to (in this matter) the more Christian proceeding of Callistus. In reference to this Dr. Bunsen has observed (vol. i. p. 313)—

"In the time of Hippolytus the ecclesiastical office was so far from giving an indelible character that neither a presbyter nor a bishop would have been prevented from quitting his office, and marrying like any other Christian. The whole theory of the canonical is of a later date. The learned Christian kept his pallium, the philosopher's cloak, when he accepted an office in the Church, which might be that of episcopus as well as of a presbyter. He kept the old pallium when he retired from the office."

If, from these mere accidental aspects of the relation of the Church of Rome in Hippolytus's day to that vast system of error which it became, and continues, we pass to those essential

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* 1 Tim. iii. 2; Titus i. 7. † Apost. Com. vol. iii. p. 58.

ideas of *Church*, and *Priesthood*, and *Sacrifice*, which (not merely in reference to the Church of Rome) are of such vital interest in our present ecclesiastical discussions, we find in these volumes a wide and richly fruitful field, from which we can only glean a few of the more important particulars. Of a Church, in the mere priest-sense, as constituting the clergy—upon whom a special spirit of sanctity and ghostly privilege is supposed to rest—Hippolytus knew nothing. "He must have abhorred the very idea of this as much as Irenaeus, his teacher, and all his contemporaries did. The Church was to them the Christian people, the Ecclesia in the Greek sense."* The evidence which Dr. Bunsen has furnished of this is of the clearest character, everywhere scattered through the pages of his four volumes. It may be said, however, to rest especially on those "contributions towards the restoration of an authentic picture of the age of Hippolytus," with which he has furnished us in the third and fourth volumes. The foundations of this picture of the community-life of the Ante-Nicene Church, are the restored texts of the "Church and House-Book of the early Christians," and of the "Law-Book of the Ante-Nicene Church." The peculiar relation of Hippolytus to these books, Dr. Bunsen believes himself to have found in the introduction to the eighth book of the common Greek text of the "Apostolic Constitutions,"† which he regards as substantially representing part of the last work of Hippolytus on *The Apostolic Tradition respecting the Gifts (Charismata) of the Holy Spirit.*

Dr. Bunsen believes that he has proved the very early origin, and even substantial apostolicity of the so-called "Apostolic Constitutions." The fiction of their name, and of their form of composition, is, indeed, obvious enough; but, so far fictitious, he regards them, in the restored form in which he has been enabled to present them, (basing his restoration not on any mere sifting or analysis of the corrupted Greek text, but especially on three other texts—the Coptic, Abyssinian, and Syrian, which he believes to be respectively original, and of superior authenticity), to be, in a genuine sense, the very rules, customs, and traditions which had descended from the Apostles. The sense of the whole fiction he believes to be, "that whatever in those ordinances is not directly the work of the Apostles must be considered as apos-

* Vol. ii. p. 125.

† "The Greek text contains three distinct collections; the first six books, the seventh, and the eighth." "The vulgar text of the eighth book of the Greek Constitutions is a corrupt and interpolated recension of the text exhibited in the Vienna and Oxford manuscripts; exactly as Grabe had maintained."—Vol. ii. p. 252. It is the introduction to this book which, in Dr. Bunsen's opinion, especially connects Hippolytus with the Apostolic Constitutions.

tolic, as coming from their disciples, who, with their followers, in the next generation, had continued their work in the same spirit, Clement of Rome being the first and most prominent among them ;* and who naturally came, therefore, to be represented in the fiction as the author or compiler of them. This book of the "Doctrine," or "Ordinances," or "Constitutions of the Apostles," (for it was known under all these several names), Dr. Bunsen believes to have been very highly prized, and of paramount authority in the early Church.

"It was a book," he says,† "more read than any one of the writings of the fathers, and in church matters of greater weight than any other ; the book before the authority of which the bishops themselves bowed, and to which the Churches looked up for advice in doubtful cases."

The writings of the early fathers everywhere presuppose its circulation and knowledge among the Christian brethren, and this explains why they give us so few direct glimpses of the universal Christian life, so little intimation "of what was required for a Christian man or woman to know, or to confess, to pray, to do, to practise, or to avoid, and what was in general the custom and order, as well of domestic and private, as of common Christian life, both in worship, and in government and discipline."‡

Dr. Bunsen's labours in the restoration of this "Church and House Book of the Early Christians," as well as of the early ecclesiastical canons, and his farther labours in the restoration of the ancient liturgies of the Church, the fruits of which are contained in the second part of his concluding volume, (and with such a passing allusion to which we must at present content ourselves,) are, undoubtedly, to be regarded among the most valuable results of his present work, and as constituting among his highest claims to eminence as a critical investigator of primitive Christian history. It is impossible for any to appreciate fully what he has thus achieved, without a very minute study of the subjects, and a knowledge of the previous chaos into which he has cast historical light and life. The fruitfulness of his researches in this important field makes us doubly regret the undue exaltation which he is disposed to give to his mere speculative views, in reference to any part of that restorative critical process in which he is so highly skilled,—and for the obvious reason, that his critical restorations in the one case are apt to suffer from any suspicion that may attach to them in the other. It is worthy of observation, indeed, how his speculative views on the Trinity have been, in certain quarters, seized and exclusively

* Vol. ii. p. 226. † Vol. ii. p. 220. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 221-2.

dwelt upon, in order, as it were, to cover the hopelessly damaging effect of his researches into the primitive *character* and *constitution* of the Church, in relation to certain proud and fond fancies of Anglicanism.

It is not, indeed, any more the fresh and purely apostolic picture of the Church that we behold in Dr. Bunsen's "Church and House Book of the Early Christians." It is not the picture we have in St. Paul's Pastoral Letters, in which we see only two orders of office-bearers, presbyters (called also bishops) and deacons, and in which the congregation, the body of faithful people, is the "highest organ of the spirit as well as power of the Church." In the representation of these "apostolic ordinances," we find the popular congregational element already considerably weakened, and the system of three orders,—bishops, presbyters, and deacons,—fully established. A hierarchy is already seen developing itself, but it is still only of a very modified character, borne upon on all sides by the yet living popular element. The power of the congregation, if practically diminished, yet receives the clearest theoretical recognition. The element of mere Clericism, shooting up rapidly into strength along with the decay of the genuine church life, yet nowhere obtrudes its pretensions in an authoritative manner. In the words of Dr. Bunsen:—

"The congregation elects its Bishop, and invites the bishops of the neighbouring localities to institute him into his office with prayer and the imposition of hands. If the congregation is still to be formed, the bishop names the Elders, three at least, and inducts them with prayer and a benediction. They form with him the Congregational Council. The bishop elects at least one Deacon as his assistant, and appoints widows and young women to take care, both spiritually and bodily, of the orphans, the sick, and the poor. If the bishopric of a congregation, already formed, become vacant, the form of episcopal election remains the same; the clergy elect with the people; there is no form of election prescribed, consequently none is excluded. If the office of Presbyter is vacant, sometimes the bishop and clergy, sometimes the whole congregation, fill it up. The bishop consecrates the presbyters, as he is himself consecrated by his brother bishops. Their ordination (dedication to God by prayer, with imposition of hands) is the same: only that the elders have no throne, or raised chair, in the apse at the end of the church, but sit upon benches on both sides. Between the clergy and the congregation stands the communion-table, their unity and connecting link."—Vol. iii. pp. 220, 221.

The episcopate, which we thus see so clearly recognised in the Church of the second and third centuries, Dr. Bunsen believes to have been introduced by St. John in Proconsular

Asia (Ionia) towards the close of the first century. Its original character, as he himself has described it, was simply "the independent position of a city clergyman, presiding over the congregation, with the neighbouring villages, having a body of elders attached to him."* This constituted, in the primitive sense, a complete church—a bishopric. The country clergymen, whose immediate field of duty lay in the villages, were "most probably members of the ecclesiastical council," or Presbytery of the city church. In the case of the metropolitan dioceses, which, from a very early period, had incorporated with them a considerable portion of the adjoining province, the bishops of the suburban towns also formed members of the ecclesiastical council, over which the bishop of the metropolis presided. This is what we find to have been the relation of Hippolytus to Rome. He was at once bishop and presbyter, occupying an independent sphere of pastoral labour at Portus, and forming a member of the Presbytery of Rome, over which Callistus presided. There is nothing at all surprising in this fact, as Dr. Bunsen has well shewn, save for the unhistorical confusion in which the subject has been involved. It is only what we might expect at this particular stage of the development of the Church constitution, that a Roman clergyman should be called a presbyter, as a member of the clergy of the city of Rome, and should, at the same time, have the charge of the church at Portus, for which there was no other title than the old one of bishop—

"For such was the title of every man who 'presided over the congregation' in any city,—at Ostia, at Tusculum, in the other suburban cities. And what is rather curious, they have bishops now, as members of the presbytery of the city of Rome, with the body of certain presbyters and deacons of which they form the governing clerical board of the Church of Rome. The relation of those suburban bishops to the bishop of Rome must, in a certain degree, have been analogous to that which, in later times, existed between the suffragan bishops and the metropolitan; but we know nothing whatever of the particulars. That a town like Portus must have had its own bishop, cannot, of course, be doubted, as even much smaller towns had their bishop; their city was called their diocese, or their *parœcia*, and the members of their congregation or church their *plebs*."—Vol. i. p. 207.

In this associated relation between the metropolitan and suburban bishops, there is undoubtedly to be recognised the commencement of that later and more fully developed hierarchy which received the appropriate name of *metropolitanism*, merging finally in the rival pontificates of the East and West. So soon as the interests of the Church came to be determined by

* Vol. iii. p. 246.

merely clerical assemblies, the aristocratic and priestly element grew rapidly into importance. From being the representative organ of the believing people, the bishop speedily began to assume a sacerdotal and autocratic authority,—wielded not *for* the people, but *over* them, as the direct gift of heaven. Amid the advancing decay of the congregational life of the apostolic Church, in which the fundamental notions about Christian offices underwent that gradual *metastasis*, or change of centre, which Dr. Bunsen has so clearly described in relation to the whole circle of Christian ideas, the Church yet retained the most valuable portion of the action of the congregation, namely, that of the services of charity. It is thus happily described by Dr. Bunsen:—

"The office of Deacon, or helper, implies, in the full sense of the word, the attendance on the poor and the sick. To offer spiritual as well as bodily aid, and, indeed, to supply all common wants, was the individual duty of every Christian; and this divine idea of services of charity had so deeply pervaded the mind of the Church, that the office of deacon and deaconess grew out of it. The latter were ordinarily widows, and the sisterhood of Widows is nothing more than that of Deaconesses. The recently recovered Coptic collection of Apostolical Church Ordinances furnishes most precious and original information upon this point also. The deacons had the charge of the poor, the deaconesses of the sick, and they attended indiscriminately upon those who stood in need of consolation and assistance. A significant Egyptian legend attributes to Christ a speech addressed by Him to Mary and Martha, in a sense which, at all events, is deeply Christian and strictly Apostolical (1 Pet. iii. 7), namely, that, in the Christian community, woman's weaker nature, when strengthened and elevated by the respect and honour of the man, develops a new and peculiar power, namely, that of serving and suffering love.

"The opulent provided for their poor; to which purpose the gifts offered at the common table, which became an altar, as the symbol of a vow of self-dedication, were especially applied. It was a part of the system of community of goods among the early Christians, which had remained as a sacred custom. The first-fruits of corn and wine, and whatever was titheable of the produce of the earth, served for the maintenance of the clergy. In all our collections, the validity of the Apostolic injunction on that head is recognised, and especially the one, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox which treadeth out the corn.' In the re-written text of the first Greek Collection, also, this precept is applied as signifying that, as the oxen by that means do not eat up all the corn on the threshing-floor, so the clergy should only appropriate to themselves a very small portion of the gifts of the congregation, or church property."—Vol. iii. pp. 230-232.

The picture which Dr. Bunsen has drawn of the constitution of the Ante-Nicene Church is faithfully filled in from the

outlines given in the "Apostolical Ordinances;" and cannot well be disputed in any of its essential features. The only point which he seems to us to have left in obscurity, (if indeed his own conviction is perfectly formed on the subject,) is the apostolic authority which he ascribes to Episcopacy. That the Episcopate was already, in the early part of the second century, widely established, admits of no doubt; but we desiderate any clear historical proof of its introduction by St. John, as he asserts. That it certainly did *not* exist in the first and purely apostolic age of the Church, he plainly holds, as indeed it is impossible to maintain the opposite, save by the worst species of that uncritical and dogmatic interpretation which has been the bane of Christianity and Christian history. The Presbyterian notion of the bishop, as the first among his peers, (*primus inter pares,*) may be, as Dr. Bunsen considers it, unhistorical—an induction resting on a deficient basis of historical facts; but he can not be said to have proved this. We are glad to see that he recognises the clearly apostolic character of the Presbyterian idea of elders (presbyters) as both an officiating and a ruling body. The original idea of the Church was indeed, as he has pointed out, that of *a self-governing community, of which the presbyters were magistrates.* So far from *teaching* having been, according to the Lutheran view, the original function of the ministers or officers of the Christian Church—"teaching and praying were," in the words of our author, "open to every one in the Church of the Apostles; every man acting as a priest and anointed of the Lord. According to our ordinances, the laity may still teach the Catechumens and dismiss them even with a blessing after the public service; for all (it is said) have the Spirit of the Lord."*

The picture presented in these volumes of the *worship* of the early Church, in its yet fresh and vigorous life and its characteristic forms, is one of the most deeply interesting of the whole. On the representation given by our author of primitive Baptism we could have wished especially to dwell.† It is

* Vol. iii. p. 222—"He that teacheth, although he be one of the laity, yet if he be skilful in the Word, and grave in his manners, let him teach; *for they shall be all taught of God.*"—(Greek Const. book viii.)—Vol. iii. p. 8. "When the teacher, after the prayer, shall lay his hands upon the Catechumens, let him pray, dismissing them; whether he be an ecclesiastic or a layman who delivereth it, let him do so."—(Copt. Can. pp. 11, 43, 44.)—Vol. iii. p. 15.

† The correctness of the picture of ancient baptism given by Dr. Bunsen in the third volume of the present work, (which is indeed, with more careful minuteness, just that given by Neander,) will not, we apprehend, be disputed by any one who is content to accept the mere facts of the case. That the *recognised* baptism of the ancient Church was that of *adults*—of those whom the Church only received into her fold, after a long course of systematic catechetical instruction—cannot

now impossible for us, however, even in the most cursory way, to do this. We can only point the attention of our readers to what Dr. Bunsen has, with so much force and clearness, shewn to have been the animating principle of the early Christian worship in all its forms, the idea, namely, of *sacrifice*, or the thankful offering of the self-will to God. If there is any service, indeed, more peculiar than another which our author can be said to have rendered to the cause of truth, as a Christian scholar, it is his repeated noble vindication of this idea of *sacrifice*, as constituting the essence of the Christian life and of all Christian worship. It is the divine root from which sprang the whole divine activity of the Church; the central idea which pervades it all, whether expressed in what we more especially call worship—the *order of divine service*, or in that which is not less really worship—the *order of the daily Christian life*. Praise and prayer are just its expressions in immediate relation to God; Christian virtue, its expression in relation to God, through our Christian brethren or the world. It is the fundamental and distinguishing characteristic of *Christian* worship, in opposition equally to Jewish, or Pagan, or mere deistic worship; that it is thus a living and ever thankful sacrifice, springing from and resting on the great fact of Christ's propitiatory sacrifice. It is this latter fact which alone renders the other possible, and which gives it all its meaning. Man, cursed by the taint of sin, and of consequent estrangement from God, could never have offered up a sacrifice of *grateful piety*, save through an initiatory sacrifice of propitiation. But this sacrifice of atonement (beyond man's own power, from the very helplessness of guilt which rendered it necessary) having been accomplished in his behalf, his whole life, rising from the happy centre of reconciliation with God, and united in a true sense with the Life of Christ, just constitutes such a sacrifice. In and through Christ, as their ever faithful High Priest, and whose they are as His mystical body, the Church or faithful people are offered up continually to God.

Dr. Bunsen has traced very felicitously the perversion, or complete change of centre, which this great idea of Christian sacrifice underwent in the history of the Church; so that what constituted originally the spiritual offering of the believing

indeed admit of any doubt. The admission of this, however, does not necessarily bear with it the summary denial of the existence of *infant baptism* in the early Church. Dr. Bunsen indeed asserts confidently that it was quite unknown; but we cannot hold this to be wholly determined by anything he has advanced on the subject. To those who really know anything of the matter we need not, of course, say, that the question of the validity of infant baptism is one separated from that of its direct apostolic authority.

people, in thankfulness, and love, and active self-denial, came to be supposed the mere magical act of the priest transacted in behalf of the people. In the Romish doctrine of the mass, we see this perversion in its highest development. There the most living consciousness of the Christian Church is actually inverted, and its perpetual sacrifice declared to be one, not of praise and of spiritual self-offering, but of ever-renewed mimic propitiation :—

"No change," says Dr. Bunsen, "ever was greater, no perversion had ever more pernicious results for the whole history of Christ's Church, and still none was easier, was more natural, and, as it were, necessary, so soon as the fundamental ideas of *Church*, *Priesthood*, and *Sacrifice* were perverted from their highest spiritual sense to the outward and heathenish one, according to which the Church is the governing body of Christ's faithful people. Priests are the ministers of the Church, and therefore sacrifice is the sacred work or action which these priests perform as such. As soon as the promises made to the real Church of God (which is contained in the external Church, as the believers were in the ark) are applied in all their extent to this external Church, and even its governors, and as soon as the right and duty of spiritual priesthood exercised by every Christian under the one great High Priest are superseded by the acts and privileges of the officiating ministers of that Church, the communion becomes an accessory only to the consecration, that is to say, to the formal act of the priest; and the perpetuity of sacrifice, taught by Malachi and by the whole Scripture, as well as by the Fathers, instead of being found in the ever new act of self-offering of regenerated souls in the holy fellowship of Christ's Church, must be looked for in the never ceasing repetition of that act of consecration, as being a repetition of the one great act of atonement made on the cross."—Vol. ii. pp. 212, 213.

The true relation of the *Communion* to the pervading idea of *sacrifice* is equally well shewn by Dr. Bunsen. It was only natural and appropriate that the Church should associate the thankful offering of herself with the remembrance of Christ's death, on which alone it rested. And even so, it was very natural that some of the Fathers should have used very strong language, in speaking of this eucharistic offering made to God through Christ, in the very act of the commemoration of His willing death of love. Thus they may have even spoken of the real presence of Christ in the celebration of the sacrament; "but how else than in the mind of the faithful, united into one by the Holy Spirit, and offering their prayer and vow of thankful self sacrifice." Fixed as the view of the early Church so entirely was on the great spiritual *reality*, it might well speak of it in lofty language, ignorant that "later dark ages should so entirely lose sight of the centre of Christian consciousness, as to

mistake matter subject to corruption, destined for food, for the only objective reality in religion, the incorruptible God." *

Dr. Bunsen believes, with a hopeful earnestness, that the outlines of Early Christian life, which he has sketched in these volumes, will be among our best guides in that new transforming process which the Church seems destined everywhere to undergo. The "Church of the Future," while claiming in its development that freedom, which is so essentially Christian, will yet start into healthiest vigour, from the vital appropriation of all that is best in the Past, and especially of all that looks out upon us with fresh and pure lustre from the mirror of its youthful age.—We sympathize in his confidence, and join in his hope. It is undoubtedly, by being *at once progressive and conservative*, that the Modern Church will yet accomplish its high mission and triumph over all opposition. It is at once by looking boldly forward with a clear faith in God as of old, and by looking reverently backward, with a genuine love for all that is holy and true in its varied history, that it will be best fitted to enter on the new career which seems opening before it. They who would violently separate themselves from the past development of the Divine Life in Humanity, and they who cling superstitiously to the expiring forms of that development, are equally wrong. Genuine progress is never destructive; and in vain shall we look for life among the mere earthly memorials of a forgotten activity. If there is any lesson more impressive than another taught by these volumes it is, that there can be no life without free development. It is not possible simply to adhere to the past as the sum of all Truth. We cannot put new wine into old bottles. And, while the world lasts, we shall still have, with every new age, the new wine of intellect and feeling pouring afresh its living stream into all channels of religious and literary activity; and moulding into more harmonious forms the problems of the world's thought. That we are at the commencement of such a new era at the present time can scarcely be doubted. One thing is sure, that we are at the termination of an old and perishing one,—that there are spreading all around us the systems of decay and extinction. God forbid that we should speak in the language of exaggeration, or that we should not feel deeply sorrowful that the old landmarks of our Fathers' faith should no longer receive the reverence of their children's children. Yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact before us. We cannot say, peace, peace, where there is no peace. Our author has perhaps represented the matter in a strong light;

* Vol. iv. pp. 90, 91.

but earnest and vehement as is his language, we feel we cannot here make any valid exception to it:—

"Is it not time," he says, "in truth, to withdraw the veil from our misery? to point to the clouds which rise from all quarters, to the noxious vapours which have already well-nigh suffocated us? to tear off the mask from hypocrisy, and destroy that sham which is undermining all real ground beneath our feet? to point out the dangers which surmount, nay, threaten already to engulf us? Is the state of things satisfactory in a Christian sense, where so much that is un-Christian predominates, and where Christianity has scarcely begun here and there to penetrate the surface of the common life? Shall we be satisfied with the increased outward respect paid to Christianity and the Church? Shall we take it as a sign of renewed life, that the names of God and Christ have become the fashion, and are used as a party badge? Can a society be said to be in a healthy condition in which material and selfish interests in individuals, as well as in the masses, gain every day more and more the upper hand? in which so many thinking and educated men are attached to Christianity only by outward forms, maintained either by despotic power, or by a not less despotic half superstitious, half hypocritical custom? When so many Churches are empty and satisfy but few, or display more and more outward ceremonials and vicarious rites? When a godless schism has sprung up between spirit and form, or has even been preached up as a means of rescue? When gross ignorance or confused knowledge, cold indifference or the fanaticism of superstition, prevails as to the understanding of Holy Scripture, as to the history, nay, the fundamental ideas of Christianity? When force invokes religion in order to command, and demagogues appeal to the religious element in order to destroy? When, after all these severe chastisements and bloody lessons, most statesmen base their wisdom only on the contempt of mankind; and when the prophets of the people preach a liberty, the basis of which is selfishness, the object libertinism, and the wages are vice? And this is an age the events of which shew more and more fatal symptoms, and in which a cry of ardent longing pervades the people, re-echoed by a thousand voices!"—Preface, vol. iii. p. xvii.

What is the remedy for such a state of things? Either a course of blind obstructiveness, or of violent revolutionism? Neither certainly, as we believe in God and in the divine ever-recreating power of Christianity. It is just in such crises of human opinion, that the Gospel, pre-eminently approving itself to be the power of God, and the wisdom of God, for the world's salvation, takes up the entangled thread of human History, and bears it on with a nobler force than heretofore. It is just when old forms are perishing, and a new creation is yet slumbering in embryotic darkness, that the Divine Light is seen breaking in more lovely and perfect radiance over a benighted world. Then, when the conflicting elements of society, heaving to its centre

from new and uncontrolled impulses, seem threatening the existence of all religion, is the Heavenly Wisdom, which shines forth in Christianity, destined to manifest its rarest strength, and achieve its brightest triumphs. It is of the very secret of its power to seize upon such opposing principles, and, touching them with a living and ennobling harmony, thereby to carry forward the world's progress. It will thus show itself in time to come, as it has shown itself in time that is gone, to be the one Restorer of ruined Humanity,—the beacon-light of an onward civilisation that shall never expire! Looking into the Future, then, with the eye of faith, dark as it may seem to the present eye of sight, we have no fear; but with a hearty trustfulness echo the words of our author, addressed to all earnest Christian spirits,—"But ye, the children of light, go fearlessly onward. To imagine a return of mankind to that infantine state, in which tradition and revelation are secured as things external to man, is like seeking in the wilderness for Christ, who is near you and in you. Such a return is neither desirable nor possible. You have not to choose between faith and reason, nor between superstition and irreligion. But you have to make your choice between light and darkness. On that side are indifference, scepticism, servitude, and all the other attending night-mares of humanity; on this side self-responsibility, faithful inquiry, liberty, all the attending genii of light.

"The first natural day of reformed theology and Protestant Church government is gone. Children of light! sit not in darkness, and sleep not the sleep of death. Light your torches at that intellectual sunbeam in Scripture, and within yourselves, which both nature and universal history majestically reflect; and awaken the dawn of the young day of the earth by intellectual hymns of praise, responded to by a life of self-sacrificing love for the growth and advancement of truth and justice among mankind, the only but the indestructible foundation of social union, of political freedom, and of all earthly happiness."

ART. IV.—1. *Herman and Dorothea, translated into English Hexameters from the German Hexameters of Goethe.* London, 1849.

2. *Herman and Dorothea, from the German of Goethe.* By JAMES COCHRANE.

3. *Louisa, from the German of Voss.* By JAMES COCHRANE. 1852.

4. *English Hexameters. Translations from Schiller, Goethe, Homer, Callinus, and Meleager.* London, 1847.

5. *Evangeline; a Tale of Acadie.* By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Boston, 1848.

6. *The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich.* By A. H. CLOUGH.

THERE has no more wonderful revolution taken place in the use of human language, than that by which the versification of modern Europe took the place of the versification of ancient Greece and Rome. The testimonies and evidences are too numerous and coherent to allow us to doubt that the cultivated nations of ancient Europe derived their rhythmical pleasures from certain successions of syllables differing as long and short; those syllables being long which contained a diphthong, a vowel before two consonants, and the like. It is still more certain, for we have for it the evidence of our own senses, that our modern European versification, and especially that of our own country, does not depend upon the succession of long and short, but of accented and unaccented syllables: as it is often expressed, our verses are governed by accent, theirs, by quantity. This is, we repeat, a change amounting to a complete revolution; for it has gone to the extent of making the former state of things inconceivable to us. The English ear has no perception of the rhythm of verses, except so far as it is produced by the alternation of accented and unaccented, or, as we may rather call them, strong and weak syllables. It is only by converting long into strong, and short into weak, that the verses of Homer and Virgil are verses to us. The first line of the Æneid must be read,—

"Arma virumque canō Trojæ qui primus ab oris,"

in order to make it a rhythmical line to us; though we say *căno* and *Trōjae* in reading prose. The celebrated galloping line,

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,"

must be made dactylic in our pronunciation,

"Quadrupedante putrēm sonitū quătĭt ungula campum,"

in order that the pace of Pegasus may be perceived in it. For if we pronounce the words as we do in prose, *pūtrem, sŏnitu,*

quătit, we have a movement in which a stringhalt only, and no steady pace is felt. And equally insensible are our ears to the necessity, that a diphthong or a vowel before two consonants should necessarily produce a strong syllable. The smoothest of our modern English versifiers habitually make syllables weak in spite of such conditions. Thus, take Moore's anapestic verses:—

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

Here such words as *world*, *whose*, *rays*, *must*, *shall*, are short syllables in the rhythm; *waters* is two short syllables. Other versifiers go much further in this direction. Thus, Byron says (of Ireland):—

"True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,
The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom would pause."

Here *true* is short, *and brief*, are two short syllables, *rainbow-like* is a dactyl.

Notwithstanding the change of quantity for accent which has thus become the leading principle of versification, we retain the ancient names of feet by quantity, to describe analogous feet by accent, as has been customary among persons writing on this subject. And employing this phraseology, we would make one or two other remarks on English versification before we proceed to the consideration of the works of which the titles stand at the head of our article. And, in the first place, we may remark, that several writers, and especially Moore, have been in the habit recently of mixing together trisyllable and dissyllable feet. Take, for example, "The Legacy;"

"When in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear—
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine,
Of the brightest hue while it lingered here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and bright,
But balmy drops from the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn to night."

Such verses were in former times of English poetry called *tumbling verses*. But, in fact, their tumbling movement may be subordinated to a pervading principle of rhythm, so as to resemble dancing rather than tumbling. Of course, for this purpose, all the feet must be of nearly equal rhythmical value, like all the bars in a strain of music; and, consequently, the weak part of the dissyllable feet, consisting of one syllable, ought to be stronger than each of the two weak syllables of the trisyllable feet; and if the syllable be such as not to bear this weight, the verse has all the more propensity to *tumble*. This remark, of course implies, that among the weak syllables some are less weak. And this any one's ear will readily inform him is the case; for though neither accumulated consonants, nor long vowels, nor diphthongs, can, as we have seen, necessarily prevent syllables from being weak, that is, analogous in the rhythm to the short syllables of the ancients; yet weak syllables, so weighted, have a cumbrous and heavy movement. Short syllables so lengthened, though they do not destroy the essence of the verse, do very much mar its smoothness. They do not make it cease to be verse, but they make it to be very harsh verse. And dissyllable feet may, by this weighting of the light syllables, approach to the nature of spondees, or continuations of two *equally* strong syllables. They can, however, only *approach* to this standard; for in modern verse, depending as it necessarily does upon the alternation of strong and weak syllables, spondees, —combinations in which two strong syllables succeed each other with no alternation, cannot regularly occur. And here the contrast between the ancient and the modern feeling of rhythm again comes into view. It would be impossible to make intelligible, as rhythm, to an English ear, a succession of feet of which a considerable part were spondees. In order to make them verse, the spondees must be read as trochees; just as in music, a succession of notes of equal length is perceptibly separated into bars by an accent on the first note of each bar.

The difference of principle between ancient classical and modern English versification being so great, it is plain that our verses are iambics or trochaics, dactylics or anapestics, so far only as this analogy or substitution of accent for quantity makes them such. But with this substitution of the modern for the ancient principle of versification, we find our English poetry to consist of masses of verse which we may describe with the most perfect propriety by the ancient terms. There is no reason on earth why we should not name our verses trimeters, hexameters, pentameters, and the like, according to the number of feet, or *bars*, to use the musical expression. And thus, English hexameters really differ from the most common kinds of English

verse, precisely in the same way and degree in which these kinds differ from one another.

Indeed, hexameters are among the most common kinds of English verse. Thus the measure of Shenstone's *Pastorals* is really anapestic hexameters, though divided into two trimeters:—

> "O ye woods spread your branches apace, to your deepest recesses
> I fly,
> I would hide with the beasts of the chase, I would vanish from
> every eye."

This is, as Lindley Murray remarks of it, one of the most pleasing and familiar of English measures. The writing the two lines as one cannot alter the nature, or even the grace of the rhythm. It is (when the trimeter rhyme is not insisted on) a difference to the eye only, and not to the ear; it depends upon typographical fashion, like the printing of the old iambic line of fourteen syllables in one line, in the old form of the psalms, and in two, in the new. Thus we have,—

> "The Lord descended from above, and bowed the heavens high,
> And round about his feet he cast the darkness of the sky."

But in the more modern form—

> "When all thy mercies, O my God!
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view, I'm lost
> In wonder, love, and praise."

But the English hexameter, especially so called, is dactylic rather than anapestic, inasmuch as it always begins with a strong syllable. It would be easy to transpose Shenstone's verses into this type. Thus:—

> "Woods spread your branches apace, to your deepest recesses I hie me,
> Hid with the beasts of the chase, I would vanish from every gazer.

This is the measure of the best of our modern hexameters. Thus Mr. Longfellow's charming poem Evangeline opens:—

> "This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines, and the hemlocks,
> Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight."

In the second line we have already an instance, *garments*, of a dissyllable foot inserted among the dactyls. But this is also, as we have already remarked, a common feature of the most current English dactylics. Moore's verses, which we have already quoted to illustrate this practice, may easily be converted

into hexameters by the omission of a few words, which do not alter the general rhythm.

"When in death I recline, O bear my heart to my mistress;
Tell her it lived upon smiles of the brightest hue while it linger'd;
Bid her not shed one tear to sully a heart so brilliant;
Drops of the red grape borrow to bathe the relic for ever."

We are not concerned to maintain that the diction of the passages which we have thus hexameterized suffers no damage by the change; but it must be clear to every reader that the slight change by which they became hexameters cannot convert them from smooth, dancing, acceptable English verses, into such harsh, tuneless, intolerable measures as all English hexameters are by some critics declared to be. The general current of the versification, in the two forms, the licenses taken in making syllables strong or weak, and in varying the strong with one or with two weaker, are absolutely identical. No doubt the pause by which one long line is separable into two shorter is a difference; but the long line, when it assumes the liberty of changing the place of this pause, does not alter its rhythm, but only acquires a new element of variety and dignity, as we see in our heroic and Alexandrine lines.

Where, then, is the origin of the disfavour with which some of our critical brethren receive the modern examples of English hexameters? The answer to this question is, we think, very curious, and capable of being very fully substantiated. English hexameters were attempted by the poets of Queen Elizabeth's time upon false principles, and have never quite got over the odium which this mistake drew upon them. Sidney, Spenser, and their friends, with their heads full of the rules of Latin quantity, and their ears familiar with the violence done to the ordinary pronunciation of Latin words, in order to read them into hexameters, began to construct English hexameters subject to the same rules, and requiring the same licenses; subject to rules in which the English ear recognised no real force; claiming licenses which revolted the English sense. They thus produced lines which could not be read as verses, without subverting the common pronunciation of the words; as we have seen that we must do violence to the ordinary accent of Latin words in order to make them run in Latin hexameters. Thus we have such verses as these of Spenser:—

– ∪ ∪ – ∪ – ∪ ∪ – ∪ – ∪ ∪ – ∪
"See ye the blindfolded pretty god, that feathered archer
– ∪ – ∪ ∪ – ∪ – ∪ – ∪ ∪ –
Of lover's miseries | who maketh his bloody game.
– ∪ – ∪ ∪ – ∪ ∪ – ∪ – ∪ ∪ – ∪
Wot ye why his mother with a veil hath covered his face?
– ∪ – ∪ ∪ – – ∪ ∪ – ∪ ∪ –
Trust me, lest he my love | happily chance to behold."

(We take our examples from hexameters with pentameters, or *elegiacs*, as classical scholars call them; for the same remarks apply to both.) Here we have false English accents in *blindfolded, lovers, miseries, mothers, his face,* which make the verses deservedly ridiculed. But though we have these licenses, we have a careful attempt not to violate Latin rules; for *pretty* is conceived to be *prety* with a single consonant, and the first syllable of *bloody* is conceived to have only a single vowel, as in pronunciation it has.

Sidney, in the elegiacs and hexameters which his *Arcadia* contains, adheres to this pedantical refinement with wonderful pertinacity. There are, in his verses, very few examples of syllables used as short which in Latin would be long. Even such light words as *and, must,* and the like, are, we believe, never made by him to stand in the place of short syllables; and he is equally careful as to the endings of his words. Thus he says—

"Let not a puppet abuse thy spright, king's crowns do not help them."

But he would not have said—

"Let not a puppet abuse thy spright, king's crowns do not profit."

because *not* would then, according to the Latin grammarians, be long by position. In like manner, we find Spenser's correspondents on this subject complaining of the difficulty which arises from the necessity of making the second syllable of *carpenter* long. To the spontaneous judgment of the ear, *carpenter* is, of course, a dactyl; nor does the mere English reader perceive any difference between the dactylic distinctness of such a word, and one free from any such combination of consonants; for instance, *pewterer*. On the other hand, Sidney forces the pronunciation of English words without remorse. Thus:—

"Fortune thus gan say, misery and misfortune is all one;
And of misfortune, fortune hath only the gift."

Here we have *misery* with a false accent on the last syllable; and *misfortune* with the accent on the first and last, instead of on the second syllable, as it properly stands in the first line. It is not to be wondered at that verses like these found no acceptance with English ears, when presented by the side of the steady rhythm, according with the general usage of pronunciation, which Spenser employed in his *Faery Queen*, and which was vigorously followed out by his contemporaries and successors in various

forms. Among these forms there was no reason why dactylic lines of six feet should not be as grateful to the ear as iambic lines of five or of six feet, which were generally adopted. And we have no doubt that, if a poet of tolerable powers of poetical invention or narration, had composed a long poem in this measure, in good English, and observing well the sway of English accent to which our popular measures owe their popularity, the English hexameter might at this time have been as favourite a kind of verse as the Spenserian stanza.

In proof of this opinion, we may observe, that the hexameter so treated is, even now, a measure highly relished by the greater part of those who, having good ears for versification, have not had their taste prejudiced, and their memories occupied, with Latin and Greek hexameters. It is so, for instance, with most women who are lovers of poetry; and how sensible such persons are to the music of good verse, every one knows, as the poems which they themselves write abundantly prove. Who of such persons ever found anything to offend in the verses of Evangeline? What, indeed, readers of this class are startled and disturbed with, are the spondees, which modern hexametrists, with a lingering bias to classical models, still occasionally introduce. Such readers would not like such a line as this—

"After the excellent pastor discreetly had question'd the *old man*."

The inversion of the natural accent, *old man*, which the verse requires, for *old man*, which is the natural utterance, seems to them harsh. And accordingly, our smoothest hexameters are those in which such accents are avoided. But while hexameters, free from spondees and forced accents, fall welcome on the common ear, a more erudite class of critics, full of Latin grammar and of Virgil, are intolerant of all such attempts. They can see nothing in English hexameters but abortive imitations of Latin hexameters; though, as we have seen, the two depend on quite different principles, and are governed by different rules. They declare that we cannot have this kind of verse, because we have no spondees in our language; the fact being, that we have an unlimited supply of spondees, but that they are systematically excluded from all English verse. They complain that their ears are offended by diphthongs, and clusters of consonants made short, and short vowels made long; whereas, in truth, the distinction of long and short syllables in English, though it affects the smoothness of verse, does not touch its essence; and diphthongs, and the like, are habitually admitted in the weak syllables of all English verses by our smoothest versifiers. These critics are fond of quoting the grotesque fancies by which some

of Spenser's contemporaries expressed their sense of the perverted rhythm of such hexameters as were produced in his time, such as we have given examples of; the lines are like lame dogs, lame ducks, a colt yoked with an ass, and many other images of halting and unrhythmical movement; and these images apply, indeed, to such hexameters as we have quoted, as they do to lame lines in all other measures; but they are not more applicable to good modern hexameters than they are to modern heroic verse; nor half so much as they are to many of Spenser's Alexandrines.

We have, we conceive, no small proof that English hexameters have nothing in them ungenial to English ears, when we thus find that the condemnation of them proceeds only from those whose ears have been Latinized; or rather, who judge of verse by the eye, in disregard of the effect on the ear. And this proof, thus drawn from the grammar-school prejudices of our own countrymen, is fully confirmed by the history of versification in a neighbouring nation, almost identical with our own in the rhythm of its language, but not governed by the same prejudices. In Germany, as is well known, the hexameter has been introduced, received with great favour, and employed by the greatest poets of that people, in poems which have reached the highest degree of popularity. And why? Because in Germany, the hexameter had not to struggle with the absurd recollections and lingering traditions of the pedantic experiment made by the Elizabethans. In almost every other kind of verse the Germans have followed our lead. Percy's *Reliques* gave the tune which the Ballad of Germany has been delightedly singing ever since. The German Melpomene has, in like manner, adopted the rhythm of Shakespeare and Fletcher. But in the epic, the German muse has ventured to disregard the prejudices of her elder sister, and to echo the strain of the Odyssee and the Æneid. And no one who is acquainted with the Messiah of Klopstock, the Louisa of Voss, the Herman and Dorothea, and the Reineke Fuchs of Goethe, the Hannchen of Eberhard, will deny that she has in this way combined a Homeric dignity and reality with a genuine German rhythm. It would occupy us too long to give a history of the introduction of this measure in Germany, and of the reception which it has met with in the various instances which we have mentioned; but we may the more readily combine a few remarks on this subject with our criticism of the English attempts, inasmuch as several of the English hexameters before us are translations of the most noted and successful of the above mentioned German poems.

It was not without encountering some obstacles, that the German hexameter made its way. Klopstock, in his Preface to the

Messiah, apologizes for it, and speaks of Crist, in Leipzig, who, like our Elizabethans, "prescribed to the German hexameter the rules of the Homerian." But Klopstock's Messiah established the reign of hexameters in Germany. Religious poetry, when it obtains any popularity at all, is far more read, and is made far more familiar to the reader, than poetry which deals with merely mundane matters. The interest of the most solemn trains of thought, and the most sublime conceptions of which the human mind is capable, is, in such poetry, added to the ordinary charm of feeling and imagination. The poet soars "far above the Aonian mount;" dives far beneath the surface of daily life. His strain searches the heart, as well as stirs the fancy; puts in movement each man's vastest hopes and fears about his own immortal part, as well as his sympathies with heroes and heroines. Hence the perusal of such poetry becomes a religious exercise, as well as a gratification of taste. The currency which Pollok's *Course of Time* a few years ago obtained may serve to exemplify this tendency. When Klopstock wrote, Milton's *Paradise* was an old, and Young's *Night Thoughts* a new object of admiration among the readers of English poetry. Those poets were, in their respective spheres of thought and invention, the models which he imitated; but his rhythm was borrowed from Virgil's *Pollio;* for it does not appear that Vida's *Christiad*, though a poem of a subject so closely approaching his own, had any influence upon him.

Klopstock's Messiah became very popular in England, even in a prose translation. If the twenty thousand hexameters of which it consisted had been converted into the same number of English hexameters, there is no reason to suppose that its popularity would have been less; and it cannot be doubted that, in such a case, the currency of hexameters among us would have been much greater than it is at present. William Taylor of Norwich, the friend and correspondent of Southey, inserted in the reviews of that day, translations of some specimens, which give a very fair representation of the original; and may be regarded as among the first steps made in England to the proper use of this measure. The following passage (a simile) may serve to exemplify the character of these translations:—

"So at the midnight hour draws nigh to the slumbering city
Pestilence. Couch'd on his broad-spread wings lurks under the rampart
Death, bale-breathing, as yet unalarm'd the inhabitants wander;
Close to his nightly lamp the sage yet watches; and high friends
Over wine not unhallow'd, in shelter of odorous bowers,
Talk of the soul and of friendship, and weigh their immortal duration.
But too soon shall frightful death in the day of affliction

Pouncing, over them spread; in a day of moaning and anguish;
When, with wringing of hands, the bride for the bridegroom loud
wails."

These lines are, for the most part, not only smoothly rhythmical enough to satisfy any unsophisticated ear, but graced with a significant variety of pauses, such as we admire in Milton's blank verse. In the last line, however, we have not only a spondee in the sixth place, (*loud wails,*) which is, as we have said, a stumblingblock to an ordinary English reader; but also in the fifth place a dissyllable foot (*bridegroom,*) instead of the regular dactyl. Such exceptional lines, especially called *spondaic* lines, occur, as every schoolboy knows, in Latin poems:—

("Cara deûm soboles magnum Jovis incrementum:")

and when sparingly used, may be made very significant, as the line in Klopstock may not unreasonably be held to be. But these hexameters of Taylor's, being only detached specimens, and appearing in the pages of Reviews, (often, alas! we fear, a very transitory vehicle of the treasures committed to them,) seem to have made little impression on the English public, and the hexameter epic was left to pursue its course in Germany, uncheered by any sympathy or curiosity among the English readers of poetry.

Voss continued the supply of German hexameters which Klopstock had begun. The first three cantos of the *Messiah* were published in 1748. In 1781, Voss published his celebrated fac-simile translation of the *Odyssee,* in which a fidelity of imitation was attempted, such as appears at first sight impossible. The Greek was rendered not only line for line, but pause for pause, and often with a mirror-like reflection of the original wording and rhythm. This curious effort was not without its direct influence upon German poetry; but probably still more important was the effect which it produced in moulding an original poem of the author, his *Luise.* Even in this poem, which became, and is, highly popular in Germany, we see how well the hexameter lends itself to the Odyssean reality of life in all ages; giving a Homeric circumstantiality and homeliness of detail, with no small share of Homeric earnestness and dignity. Undoubtedly the action of this poem is trivial,—being nothing more than a pic-nic coffee drinking, held in the wood near the banks of Lake Eutin, to celebrate Luise's eighteenth birthday; the company comprising her parents, her young brother Charles, and her betrothed Walter: and afterwards, the marriage in presence of the Countess, their neighbour, and Amelia, her daughter, Luise's friend. Thus the triviality of domestic detail and ordinary talk is not elevated by contact with weighty interests

and deep struggles of sentiment, as is the case in Herman and Dorothea; and we presume that it is in reference to this unraised, unidealized, everyday character, that eminent German critics pronounce the Luise, as we have heard one of them do, "etwas philisterisch." Yet we, who admire Cowper's *Sofa*—his tea-table and his green-house, and Crabbe's still homelier particularities, may condescend to tolerate the pastor of Grünau's dinner and after-dinner; and even (in consideration of his German breeding) his pipe and his afternoon nap. We are now, thanks to Mr. Cochrane, able to refer the English reader to an adequate reproduction of this poem in our own language; and we think our countrymen who have a taste for idyllic simplicity and epic reality will find in this tale much to enjoy. In this, as in the case of the Messiah, Mr. Taylor, in his *Survey of German Poetry*, has given specimens of translation; and perhaps the comparison may not be without its interest, if we collate some of those earlier fragments of our English *Louisa* with Mr. Cochrane's full-length copy. This is Mr. Taylor's translation:—

> "Wing'd were the steps they now took; winds blowing the robes of the maiden
> Close to her well form'd limbs, and dishevelling curls on her shoulders.
> Now from the stern of the boat the pastor descried them, and cried out:
> 'Decently, children, and softly; you run like the fowls in the court-yard,
> When cook flings them some crumbs and a handful of barley or oat-meal:
> Cautiously, daughter, you'll stumble else over the roots of the bushes.'"

This is Mr. Cochrane's version of the same passage:—

> "This time they turned: the breeze from the water
> Blowing her gown which rustled and flapped round the feet of the maiden,
> Tripping along, while her ringlets of dark hair waved on her shoulders.
> Nodding and signing the pastor exclaimed more loud from the shallop:
> 'Gently and softly, you children! you really run like the chickens
> Over the court when the maid at the back-door scatters the barley;
> Slowly, Louisa, be careful and see you don't trip 'mong the bushes.'"

But perhaps we shall give a fairer impression of the character and capabilities of this kind of poetry, if we hasten to the catastrophe, which is brought about by Amelia inducing her friend to put on her wedding attire the evening before the intended day of the marriage; which she does in an interview held between the two girls in the "snug confidential room in the moonlight," on the ground of the necessity of seeing how it will look. Her appearance delights the prompt bridesmaid; and

when at the moment the bridegroom knocks at the door, she cannot refrain from letting him share her admiration.

"Rattled the door; loud laughing, Amelia towards it bounded,
Turning the key, and, delighted, the bridegroom entered the chamber.
Gently Amelia seizing the hand of the bride, as she blushing
Stood all trembling, presented her now to the wondering Walter,
And then, slightly inclining, in happiest humour began thus:

'Bridegroom, thus will Louisa to-morrow appear at the bridal!
Say, have I dressed her with taste? Look carefully: is she not lovely?'

Ended Amelia: speechless the bridegroom stood with amazement.
So in a country retirement a man whose kindliest feelings
Nature and spells of enchantment have nourished, and rendered ecstatic,
Looks on an apple-tree, now in its first full-blossoming beauty,
Planted in youth by himself in the most loved spot of the garden, &c.
So stood Walter, entranced with the charms of his lovely Louisa,
Dressed as a bride, and a thrill of delight pervaded his bosom."

He cannot resist the joy of shewing her thus immediately to her parents. The father is equally delighted and affected; and, after some reflections on marriage, and recollections of his own, which soften him still more, he adds:—

"Say, shall I marry them now? it could not be better to-morrow,"

which accordingly is done with all due formalities, though every body is taken by surprise: the good pastor declaring the marriage to be valid in the most official manner, and adding (in Mr. Taylor's abridged translation of the passage)—

"Were it arraign'd by the voice of the General Superintendant,
General Superintendent, I'd answer, the marriage is valid."

The description of the impression produced by the sudden news of the marriage upon Hans the houseboy, the "pretty Susannah" the housemaid, and other affectionate dependents and neighbours, with their consequent extempore festivities, close the poem; not, however, leaving unsung the decorations of the bridal chamber, and the bridegroom's elegant dressing-gown,—

"Also the slippers of crimson morocco bespoke for the wedding,
Namely, for each one a pair, and the two placed neatly together,"

and other appointments for the occasion no less appropriate, and no less carefully described.

The *Luise* shewed how well the hexameter was adapted to the domestic epic; and gave occasion to another poem of the same kind, but of far higher excellence. We speak now of Goethe's *Herman and Dorothea;* which exhibits the same

Homeric homeliness of detail, (much moderated however in its proportion to the whole poem,) the same reality of household conversations and natural family affections; and besides these, a Shakespearian truth of dramatic character, and a story which, though its incidents peculiarly mark the close of the eighteenth century, have a breadth and simplicity of human interest which might have been borrowed from the patriarchal histories of Isaac and Rebecca, or Jacob and Rachel. This poem has also been translated by Mr. Cochrane, who, however, has had at least two predecessors in the work, besides the portions which Mr. Taylor had translated. This tale is so well known, even in England, that we shall not think it necessary here to narrate it. But we will give a specimen which, we think, may correct an impression generally current, that the hexameter poet is at home only in homely details of external things. Herman has found Dorothea, a beautiful, affectionate, and intelligent damsel, in a crowd of exiles who are flying the country in consequence of some of the horrible events of the war of the French Revolution. He is deeply smitten with her, and wishes to make her his wife; but, not daring to tell her so, brings her to his father's house with a sort of ambiguous invitation that she is to assist his mother in household matters. The father, who wishes his son to marry, but, being an ambitious man, has made up his mind with difficulty to such a match as this, nevertheless tries to receive her with well-meant jocularity. Then follows the description of the impression produced upon her by this reception:—

"But the surprised young maid, much wounded and vexed by the banter,
Which she imagined was spoken in ridicule, merely to hurt her,
Stood, from her cheek to her shoulder suffused all over with blushes;
But she, collecting herself, soon full self-possession recovered,
And thus answered the father, although her chagrin scarce hiding.
Well! a reception like this your son did not lead me to look for,
Who represented his father a good, kind, courteous burgher;
And I am sure that I stand in the presence of one who is civil,
And who suits his demeanour to answer the person he speaks to.
But it appears unto me that you sympathy want for the maiden
Who now crosses, a stranger, your threshold, hired as a servant;
Otherwise, surely, you never would mock her with jesting unkindly,
Far less rude, howsoever inferior she is in station.
True 'tis, I enter your dwelling with only my clothes in a bundle,
Which were it properly furnished, would confidence give to the inmates;
But still knowing myself, well know I what's due to my station.
Kind I am sure it is not, to receive me, on ent'ring, with banters,
Forcing me almost to turn at the door, where a home I expected."

Herman is on the rack all this while, as may be supposed; but the matter is made apparently worse by the pastor, who rebukes

her for shewing a temper unfit for her position. This attack brings out a further display of the state of her heart:—

"Thus he addressed her: his searching remarks much wounded the
 maiden,
Who no longer her feelings restrained, but betrayed her emotion
Visibly; sighs, in her bosom suppressed long, audibly bursting:
And while the big warm tears from her eyes streamed down she thus
 answered:
Little the seemingly wise man knows, of a truth, who in sorrow
Counsel would give, how weak are his efforts to comfort, or lighten
Aught of the woes irresistible destiny lays upon mortals.
Happy is your lot, then no wonder a joke you delight in!
Sufferers cannot so feel; jests seemingly innocent pain them:
No, and it nothing would serve me, although I could even dissemble.
Better that *now* should appear what later would double my anguish,
Making me pine 'neath a slowly consuming but fatal disorder.
Let me away then. Here no longer I'll think of remaining."

And having thus resolved to go, she declares, as the ground of her determination, that she had been so taken by Herman's appearance and manner, that she could not bear to live where she might see him the wife of another. This confession, of course, brings about a general explanation and an immediate betrothal. We think no one can deny either the affecting nature of Dorothea's position in this case, the skill with which it is brought about, or the natural pathos of the sentiments which she utters, and of which our limits allow us only to give a small portion. Nor, we think, will any reader of poetry hold that these feelings could have been expressed in ordinary couplets, with so much of homely reality, without falsetto or exaggeration, as in the measure in which Goethe expressed them.

It is natural to speak of Mr. Longfellow's *Evangeline* along with the *Herman and Dorothea*, for they are, so to speak, parallel poems. As Goethe describes the effects of a war in Germany, as felt in the domestic circles of the country, so does Mr. Longfellow narrate the effects of an American war upon American domestic life; and Mr. Longfellow's poem has an especial interest to the lover of English hexameters, as being an original, not a translated poem, and as guided in its rhythm more by a true poetical ear than by imitations of other models. Mr. Longfellow, as might be expected from his other poems, is true to the character of the domestic epic; true to its homely details and its natural feelings, graced with fanciful images. The poem is probably familiar to most of our readers, and we will only transcribe a few lines, to revive its tones in their recollection. Here is a family group:—

"Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit or unsuccessful manœuvre;
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile, apart in the twilight glow of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whisper'd together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossom'd the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

It is a pity that Mr. Longfellow's story in Evangeline is so sad, and the course of events so aimless; so that the impression left by the whole is far from corresponding with the exceeding beauty of innumerable passages which occur in it. If the same engaging writer would take up a national tale, in which the incidents are marked and striking, and the catastrophe satisfactory, and treat it in the same manner, we do not think it at all too much to expect that it might rival the fame of Herman and Dorothea, great example of a national poem as that is.

We have been unfortunate, in recent as well as in ancient times, in the original attempts which have been made at hexameters in England. Southey's *Vision of Judgment* combined almost every fault which can repel the lover of poetry. Politics and political intolerance, religious images and expressions bordering upon profaneness, machinery strange and yet mean, a multitude of personages and no drama, with the utter want of poetical interest, would have weighed down the most musical lines. But besides these faults, the Laureate's hexameters were, we are obliged to declare, tainted with the most shocking heresies in the article of versification, of which we may hereafter have a word to say. Passing over several minor essays in the same measure, all of which were more or less sportive, and therefore tended to diffuse a persuasion that hexameters could not be earnest, we may notice a little production which, though partly tinged by the same spirit, has still some remarkable characters in its composition. We speak of Mr. Clough's *Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich.* The strange name by which this composition is designated belongs, it seems, to a rude dwelling which stands in some region of the *Scotch Highlands*, and which is connected with the history of an Oxford reading party who spend the summer in its neighbourhood. In its versification, Mr. Clough's "Long Vacation Pastoral" is so uncouth and licentious as often to repel the most indulgent reader; for it is often impossible to know how the author intended his lines should read as hexameters, and not unfrequently, as appears to us, impossible so to read them by any force of false accent. Indeed, Mr. Clough seems to have regarded his performance mainly in the light of a good joke, and to have retained extravagancies of accent, phraseology, and

imagery, as part of the jest. Yet, in spite of these blemishes, there is a tone of reality, culture, humour, and vivacity in the poem, which give it a considerable charm. The character of the several Oxenians, their eager colloquial discussions of the widest subjects, their several nicknames, and other fragments of a special language, which, after the manner of such young men, they have constructed for themselves during their season of domestic intimacy, their amusements, and their mode of treating their studies, are given with a truth which any one who has taken part in such an adventure cannot fail to be struck by. This kind of domestic life, as well as that of the family of the Pastor of Grünau and the Host of the Golden Lion, could only be faithfully given in the measure of the Odyssee. The main action here consists, first, in the colloquial speculations of the party concerning the place of women in society, and afterwards in the practical application of these by Philip Hewson, one of the party; who marries a Scotch lassie who dwells in the Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich, and then goes out to New Zealand as a settler. Hewson is a democrat.

"Philip Hewson the poet,
Hewson, the radical hot, hating lords and scorning ladies,
Silent mostly, but often reviling in fire and fury
Feudal tenures, mercantile lords, competition, and bishops."

Hewson is in the habit of declaiming to his friends against the helpless, artificial character which is imposed upon women by modern habits, and the trifling of modern gallantry.

"Still as before (and as now) balls, dances, and evening parties,
Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and hearing them singing,
Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves on the dreary piano,
Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces of escort,
Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air balloon work,
(Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in a carriage,)
Utter divorcement from work, mother earth, and objects of living,
As mere gratuitous trifling in presence of business and duty,
As does the turning aside of the tourist to look at the landscape,
Seem in the steamer or coach to the merchant in haste for the city.
Hungry and fainting for food, you ask me to join you in snapping—
What but a pink paper comfit with motto romantic inside it.
Wishing to stock me a garden, I'm sent to a table of nosegays;
Pretty, I see it, and sweet; but they hardly would grow in my borders.
Better a crust of black bread than a mountain of paper confections;
Better a daisy in earth than a dahlia cut and gathered;
Better a cowslip with root than a foreign carnation without it."

The tutor of the party, "the grave man, nicknamed Adam,"

attempts to answer this doctrine of the equality of women; and, among other matters, to retort the illustration.

> However noble the dream of equality—mark you, Philip,
> Nowhere equality reigns in God's sublime creation.
> Star is not equal to star, nor blossom the same as blossom,
> Herb is not equal to herb any more than planet to planet.
> True, that the plant should be rooted in earth I grant you wholly,
> And that the daisy in earth surpasses the cut carnation,
> Only the rooted carnation surpasses the rooted daisy.
> There is one glory of daisies, another of carnations."

We might go on, for the discussion continues in an amusing and spirited manner. But, as we have said, Hewson does not confine himself to speculative discussion. Having determined in his own mind that woman must do something and be something, not a mere doll, he finds enough of his ideal to engage his thoughts in more than one case. First, he says, in earlier youth,

> "Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bonnetless maiden,
> Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden uprooting potatoes,"

who produces a movement in his heart. Now, in the course of a holiday which the youths give themselves from their studies, to ramble in the mountains, he comes to a farm by the loch-side of Rannoch, where he is "smitten by golden-haired Katie, the youngest and comeliest daughter." But from her he tears himself, in consequence of the passing glance of another damsel; and soon after, his companions hear of his falling away from his republican sternness. One of them

> "Came and revealed the contents of a missive that brought strange tidings;
> Came and announced to the friends, in a voice that was husky with wonder,
> Philip was staying at Balloch, was there in the room with the Countess,
> Philip to Balloch had come, and was dancing with Lady Maria."

This whirling in the vortex of aristocracy does not, however, long continue. Soon after, Philip is heard of at the Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich. He writes thence to his tutor concerning his having found Elspie Mackaye—

> "She whose glance at Rannoch
> Turned me in that mysterious way; yes, angels conspiring
> Slowly drew me, conducted me, home, to herself; the needle
> Quivering, poises to north."

His tutor goes to him; approves his choice. We have the

wooing, the father's consent; and, after a certain interval, during which he takes his degree at Oxford, and after a continuation of his discussions with his tutor on the object of human life, we have his wedding and his emigration.

We have dwelt the longer on this poem, because, notwithstanding its great, and indeed, wanton rudeness of execution, it seems to shew that the measure in which it is written may be made the vehicle of a representation of the realities of life, better than any more familiar form; more real and true, and yet not destitute, when managed by a poet, of poetical grace and ideal elevation. The conversation pieces in this, as in Herman and in Louisa, have more of the spirit of conversation than Cowper's *Table Talk*, Pope's *Satires*, Crabbe's *Tales*, or any versified attempts at familiar and argumentative dialogue in the language. And as we have already said, the very novelty of the measure makes us willingly accept a style in which the usual conventional phrases and dim generalities of poetical description are replaced by the idioms and pictures of common life.

But in order that this measure may be, or may deserve to be, acceptable to the English ear, the rule must be carefully observed of not forcing the natural accent which belongs to the words used. It is not enough that the lines may *possibly* be read as dactylic hexameters; they should be such as are naturally so read, or at least, easily so read. One of Mr. Cochrane's rival translators of Herman and Dorothea appears not to have been sufficiently attentive to this rule. For instance, to take a specimen from a passage which we have already given in Mr. Cochrane's translation, namely, Dorothea's speech, we find such lines as the following:—

> "How little thinks the worldly-wise man who seeks to console us,
> That his cold words have no power to touch the depth of our sorrow!"

Any one reading this without seeking to make verse of it would undoubtedly accent it thus:—

> "How little thinks the worldly-wise man who seeks to console us,
> that his cold words have no power to touch the depth of our sorrow!"

Whereas, if we rightly apprehended the translator's purpose, he would have us make dactyls of *How little*, *worldly-wise*, *That his cold words have no*; and thus he, at every step, does violence to the natural pronunciation; and three lines later we have a phrase which we should, of course, read—"No, there is no help for

me, even if I could dissemble." What a perversion is it to read this as a hexameter!

"No, there is no help for me, even if I could dissemble."

We might point out innumerable similar acts of violence in this translation. So long as such lines are offered to the world as specimens of English hexameters, it is no wonder that the readers of poetry turn a deaf ear, and the critics bend their brows into an awful frown.

It would not be difficult to give rules with regard to hexameters which would, if followed, prevent such harshnesses. But such rules are no more needed, and no more likely to be observed, than the like rules in any other kind of English verse. The main rule in these dactylics is, as it is in the anapestics of Shenstone, or Beattie, or Moore, or Byron, that the verses must of themselves read easily and smoothly into their appropriate metre. No doubt, either dactyls or anapests, where the short syllables are loaded with diphthongs, accumulated consonants, or emphasis arising from the sense, will be rough and unwieldy, and will be made to move in the prescribed rhythm, only by strong pressure, like a lame horse under a robust rider. But this is what any one who can make or read verses at all will learn from his own ear; and from the same authority he will learn how far such harshnesses are tolerable, or even graceful; for it is to be recollected that it is possible for verses to err by being too smooth. Many persons think, with the author of the "Feast of the Poets," that

"Pope spoilt the ears of the town
With his cuckow-note verses, one up and one down;"

and the regular trot or canter of a series of perfect feet, either iambuses or trochees, anapests or dactyls, is in the end wearisome. When the ear is familiar with the normal hexameter, it accepts with gratification the variety produced by the dissyllable feet, and even the trisyllable feet, which are not quite smooth; in addition to the variety produced by the various places of the pause, to which we have already referred.

Still there is a certain movement in the dactylic hexameter which ought never to quit the ear; and one of the conditions of this movement is, that every verse should begin with a strong syllable. This we hold to be a rule that admits of no exception; and Southey, by violating this rule, as in other ways, has damaged the cause of English hexameters. He asserts speculatively "the license of using any foot of two or three syllables at the beginning of a line." But though he gives us a reason, that without this the verse would appear exotic and forced, he

has used this license in not more than half a dozen lines of his poem, if in so many. We have these lines:—

"*And Shakespeare*, who in our hearts for himself hath erected an empire;"

when plainly the verse would, to say the least, be much improved by the omission of the first syllable.

"*Upon all* seas and shores wherever her rights were offended.
Here lost in their promise,
And prime, were the children of art who should else have delivered
Works and undying name to grateful posterity's keeping."

The last example, if it is to exemplify the license, has only five feet. It may be forced into a hexameter:—

"And prime, were the children of art who should else have deliver'd;"

but either way it can hardly be held as improving the general current of the rhythm.

Yet Southey has in this poem many passages well versified; for instance the passage beginning:—

"Then as it swell'd and rose, the thrilling melody deepen'd.

Southey also asserts the trochee to be the proper foot for the last place: and such, no doubt, it is in general; and nothing more completely separates the hexameter from our ordinary verses than to have a spondee in the last place. This would be made more evident if hexameters were ever rhymed, which they might be as well as other kinds of verse. Mr. Tennyson had, in the first edition of his poems, some hexameters which rhymed at the middle and the end, like the leonine verses of the Middle Ages. Mr. Milnes has, among his poems, some hexameters with final rhymes. And the beginning of Virgil's first eclogue has been translated in the following manner:—

"Tityrus, you at your ease, where the beech broad shadow is flinging
Rest, to the sylvan muse your oat-pipe melodies singing:
We, from the fields we have till'd, from the homes we have loved, go as rangers,
We go as exiles afar, to mourn 'mid the dwellings of strangers."

But the perpetual continuance of this double, or as the French and Germans call it, *female* rhyme, is somewhat undignified. Still such lines shew the natural cadence of the hexameter; and such a cadence is most familiar to the common ear. Whether, however, the reminiscence of the ancient epic which the final spondee, used sparingly, may give, be not sometimes a grace, we shall not here discuss. Mr. Longfellow, in whose ear we have great confidence, does not shun it:—

"When from the forest at night through the starry silence the *wolves howled*,

Faces clumsily carved in oak on the back of his *arm-chair*,
So in each pause of the song with measured motion the *clock clicked*.
When through the curling
Smoke of the pipe, or the forge, thy friendly and jovial *face gleams*.
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the *maize*, *hung*
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with *horn bows*
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal."

It would have been easy to amuse our readers with specimens of English hexameters written for jocose purposes; of which many clever bits are current, the productions of eminent judges learned in the law, and others. Several such pieces of verse have appeared in *Punch*. These examples have diffused a notion that the hexameter is naturally jocose; the fact being, that parodies in any other measure equally prove the jocose nature of the measure; while the frequency and currency of these parodies shew how easily the English ear takes hold of the hexameter rhythm. Perhaps too, there is a poignancy added to the jest in such cases, by the mock pedantry of imitating the versification of Virgil and Homer, to which is generally added a corresponding cast of phraseology. We may reckon Viscount Maidstone's "Free Trade Hexameters" among those which aim, among other things, at raising a smile; though, like other parodies, they have also other objects. They begin thus,—

"Then came trooping together the well-booted sons of the farmers;
Larger and bigger were they than the lank-bellied spinners of cotton,
Sodden in vaporous mills, and husky with dust of the devil," &c.

One of the publications, of which the title stands at the head of our article, shews that persons of eminence, and eminence of various kinds, have not disdained to swell the hexameter chorus. We believe we are telling the public nothing which it does not know already, in stating that the translations from Schiller, Goethe, &c., published by Mr. Murray, are by Sir John Herschel, the present Provost late Master of Eton, Dr. Hawtrey, Mr. Lockhart, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Archdeacon Hare. Some of them are excellent specimens of hexameters; some, a little harsh; among which we may note the translation of "Herman and Dorothea." The translations of Homer are singularly faithful, spirited, and flowing. But perhaps we shall do best to select a case in which the hexameter (with the pentameter) can do what no other measure can do. The following is a translation of an epigram of Schiller, (*Columbus*), which could not be rendered to any purpose in any other measure,—

"Still steer on brave heart! though witlings laugh at thy emprize,
And though the helmsmen drop, weary and nerveless, their hands,
Westward, westward still! there land must emerge to the vision;
There it lies in its light, clear to the eye of thy mind.

Trust to the power that guides; press on o'er the convex of ocean;
What thou seek'st—were it not—yet it should rise from the wave,
Nature with genius holds a pact that is fixt and eternal:
All which is promised by *this*, *that* never fails to perform."

The latter distich was quoted, with great effect, by an illustrious German, in speaking of the discovery of the planet Neptune by an English and a French mathematician, before it had been disclosed by observation.

We are glad to see that Miss Winkworth has, in the recently published third volume of the Life and Letters of Niebuhr, annexed translations to some of the curious passages from poets of the eighth and twelfth centuries, illustrating his sketch of the history of the city. These also, we think, could not be suitably rendered in any other measure. This is of the eighth century, given by Muratori,—

"Built in ancient days by the noble labours of Patrons,
Verging to ruin now, Rome thou art subject to slaves!
Kings that reign'd so long in thy walls have left thee for ever:
Left them and gone to the Greeks; gone with thy glory and grace.
Constantinople is cherish'd: New Rome is the name that they call her,
Thou, old Rome, must decay—old are thy ways and thy walls."

This of the twelfth, by Bishop Hildebert of Mans,—

"Rome, even now unequall'd, ev'n now, when beheld as a ruin:
Here in thy fragments we see how thou wast great as a whole.
Time has humbled thy pomps, and levell'd the walls of thy Cæsars,
Yea, and the fanes of thy gods cumber the slimy morass.
Fall'n are the works of thy power, the works on which distant Araxes
Trembled to gaze as they stood, mourns to reflect in their fall."

The whole elegy is full of a noble sadness.

Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., breathes the same strain.

"Rome, I love to ponder, and sadly to gaze on thy ruins;
In thy ruins to-day see I thy glories of old," &c.

Here we have not so much to note the poetical beauty or antiquarian interest of these verses, as to remark that any translation except one in the original measure, would give the English reader a very imperfect impression of their tone.

We have not thought it unworthy of our critical dignity to devote a few pages to this subject; for though, as critics accustomed to the established and received forms of art, we are naturally somewhat impatient of novelties in poetical fashions, and especially in versification, yet we think we have shown reasons for holding, that in this case the novelty is very slight, and the recommendations considerable.

Art. V.—*Ruth*: A Novel. By the Author of Mary Barton. 3 vols. London, 1853.

The story of "Ruth" is the simplest possible—that of a seduced milliner's apprentice, and of her illegitimate child. We see her first, beautiful, innocent, ignorant, friendless; then loving, betrayed, and deserted, when already about to become a mother; then trained into virtue out of ignorance, rather than restored to it out of conscious sin, by the kindness of friends and the duties of motherhood, but at the same time made to occupy a false position, for the sake of her helpless babe, by being passed off as a widow; then overwhelmed with reprobation through the discovery of her sin; and lastly, redeeming her own name, and restoring her son to self-respect, by spotlessness of life and self-sacrifice, and dying of a fever caught in attending, as a sick-nurse, on her early betrayer, whose hand, when at the summit of her past good fortune, she had rejected, because she felt, or thought, she loved him no longer, and because she saw him to be unworthy of being the father to her child.

The most marking characteristic of the book, we should say, is its perfect simplicity, truthfulness, its following out, step by step, of nature in all its parts, together with its exquisite purity of feeling in dealing with a subject which so many would shrink from. For instance, the latter part of the first volume shews us Ruth living with her seducer at a Welsh inn—a grand opportunity for commonplace moralists to picture to us terrible struggles of conscience in one or both of them—the debasement of the one, the corrupting influence of the other. The wife and mother who wrote "Ruth" does no such thing. Ruth is still the simple girl, country-bred, delighted with the new sight of mountain-scenery, with all her sympathies not deadened, but heightened, by the new power which has been developed in her, the entire devotion of a most humble, most trustful love. Mr. Bellingham is no Don Juan, but a young gentleman with a new toy, which he very much admires for its beauty, but sometimes grows tired of; addressed as "Sir" by her whom he calls "Ruthie;" trying to amuse himself in rainy weather by teaching her to play cards; and at last, when laid up with fever and under his mother's care, very glad to get rid of his companion as an incumbrance, provided the thing can be done handsomely, without his taking any trouble about it. And yet, when the bitterness of trial is come, and with it the inculcation of a higher morality, not by the reproof, but by the example, the love, the self-devotion of a Dissenting minister and his sister, (Mr. and

Miss Benson,) who take the deserted one into their house as a distant relation, Ruth is able to look back upon this period of outward sunshine and inward ignorance as one of guilt and sinfulness, and bears her life-long penance of self-abasement always, and latterly of outer abasement, as the just wages of her fault. She "was alive without sin once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and she died."—Another exquisitely natural development of circumstances alike and of character is shewn in the well-meaning untruth of the Dissenting minister and his sister as to Ruth's history. They remember the wild looks of an illegitimate son on seeing his baptismal certificate. The poor girl's sin has been one evidently more of ignorance than of unchastity. Must her yet unborn babe be punished for it by the world's scorn, even if she must? Will it be more than Christian charity that, when taken to a new place, established in a new sphere of action, she should not be haunted and dogged by the shame of her one fault? "It was the decision, the pivot on which the fate of years moved," and Mr. Benson "turned it the wrong way." Ruth Hilton, the "single woman," as she would be described in legal phraseology, becomes Mrs. Denbigh the widow; a minister of the Gospel and his sister burden their lives with an untruth. They try to conceal it from their faithful old servant, who, unknown to them, has been hoarding up her wages for thirty years, that she may die "an heiress," and leave all to "Master Thurstan;" they see her peering curiously at Ruth's fingers for the wedding-ring; they learn of her cutting off Ruth's flowing hair almost by main force, and dressing her in a widow's cap. Years after, Mr. Benson is stopped in his lectures to young Leonard, Ruth's boy, on the sin of falsehood, by old Sally reminding him that he is no worse than his betters, when they speak of Mrs. ——. The first falsehood needs to be propped up by others; Ruth's husband must assume some reality as a deceased surgeon; Faith Benson has to be stopped by her brother from telling more untruths than are strictly necessary, so easily do they come. Then the leading member of Mr. Benson's congregation, the rich Pharisee Mr. Bradshaw, so proud of his own integrity, so severe against sin, becomes an especial patron of the young widow, takes her into his own house as governess to his children, employs her as a sort of go-between with his headstrong eldest daughter, who will have her own way about a "suitable match" with her father's junior partner; and all the while Mr. Benson dare not reveal the secret, which he knows would forfeit the poor girl her position, whilst he knows her also to be well worthy of it. The guilt of this evil done, that good may come, weighs upon his whole life, makes him nervous, hesitating, apprehensive

of consequences. And then the discovery does come at last: poor Ruth is covered with the most undeserved reproaches; her child cowers beneath the shame of his birth; the great pew of the Bradshaw family becomes vacant in chapel, though the pew-rent is ostentatiously continued to be paid. The perfectly simple, necessary, logical evolving of consequence after consequence is here obvious to any one. You see that the temptation to the first falsehood is almost irresistible; you feel instinctively that, sooner or later, it must be found out. You know that the more blameless is Ruth's conduct, the more she will justify the world's good opinion in her assumed character as a widow, and the more dreadful will be the shock of the discovery of her sin, the more bitter the world's anger at having been so deceived in her.

The dramatic power of the authoress of "Mary Barton" was not to be doubted. But what marks "Ruth" is her extreme sobriety in the wielding of it, the common incidents out of which she evolves it, the distinctive abstinence from exaggeration in her most highly-wrought and pathetic passages. The nerving of a young girl to self-control through the sudden illness of her lover, her despair and attempt at suicide when deserted by him, her sudden meeting with him in after days, when she has risen to new conceptions of duty, although occupying a false position, her rejection of his renewed suit for her child's sake, the shame, less for herself than for that child, of the discovery of her past sin, her own revelation of that sin to her child, and finally, the impulse of seemingly renewed affection which makes her wait upon her sick lover, her catching the infection from him, and her death—these are surely, almost without an exception, elements of dramatic interest which never even approach the outer verge of likelihood, scarcely transcend the painful realities of every day. And the setting is as simple as the picture. The most harrowing struggle of the book, perhaps, takes place, as it might in common life, in a drawing-room by the sea-side, amidst all the amenities of social life—we mean that between Ruth and Mr. Donne, (the Mr. Bellingham of former days), when the latter recognises her as a governess in his host's house at Abermouth. This would be too long to quote; but let us take a specimen from that class of descriptions which are perhaps the greatest of all stumbling-blocks to mere pathos-mongers —Ruth's deathbed scene, as she lies delirious:—

"She displayed no outrage or discord even in her delirium. There she lay in the attic-room in which her baby had been born, her watch over him kept, her confession to him made; and now she was stretched on the bed in utter helplessness, softly gazing at vacancy with her open, unconscious eyes, from which all the depth of their meaning had

fled, and all they told was of a sweet, child-like insanity within. The watchers could not touch her with their sympathy, or come near her in her dim world; so, mutely, but looking at each other from time to time with tearful eyes, they took a poor comfort from the one evident fact, that, though lost and gone astray, she was happy and at peace. They had never heard her sing; indeed, the simple art which her mother had taught her had died, with her early joyousness, at that dear mother's death. But now she sang continually, very soft and low. She went from one old childish ditty to another without let or pause, keeping a strange sort of time with her pretty fingers, as they closed and unclosed themselves upon the counterpane. She never looked at any one with the slightest glimpse of memory or intelligence in her face—no, not even at Leonard.

"Her strength faded day by day, but she knew it not. Her sweet lips were parted to sing, even after the breath and the power to do so had left her, and her fingers fell idly on the bed. Two days she lingered thus—all but gone from them, and yet still there.

"They stood around her bedside, not speaking, or sighing, or moaning; they were too much awed by the exquisite gracefulness of her look for that. Suddenly she opened wide her eyes, and gazed intently forwards, as if she saw some happy vision, which called out a lowly, rapturous, breathless smile. They held their very breaths.

"'I see the light coming,' said she. 'The light is coming,' she said. And raising herself slowly, she stretched out her arms, and then fell back, very still, for evermore."—Vol. iii. p. 289.

Does not the shadow of Ophelia seem to flit around that death-bed? and would not Shakspere himself have acknowledged the scene as a distant, but not unworthy outgrowth of his own genius?

The perfect naturalness of development in the story of Ruth results necessarily in a perfect clearness of purpose, from whatever side the work is looked at; a purpose not ticketed in the shape of a moral, but inwoven with the whole texture of the book, and as much part of it as the softness of a cashmere shawl, or the delicate design of a Lyons silk. That purpose, so far as respects the Bensons—after Ruth, the leading characters of the book—is the inculcation of the plain old English maxim, "tell the truth and shame the devil." Let us have no charitable Jesuitry, it tells us, no doing of evil that good may come; no paltering with the world's prejudices. If you want it to admire a self-devoted woman, don't flatter it by telling it she is a respectable widow, whereas she is nothing but a poor betrayed girl; compel it to love and reverence God's grace in the sinner; it is only thus that you will daunt its Pharisaical pride.

Again, in the unfolding of Ruth's character another truth shines out, clear and bright as day; the old truth which David expressed in a noble psalm—the truth which the Church of Eng-

land has boldly embodied in her service of the churching of women, every word of which is as applicable to a harlot who has become a mother as to the Queen of England on her throne —the truth that "children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and gift which cometh of the Lord." A very strange truth, indeed, now-a-days—a truth denied by every advertisement asking or offering the services of married men or women, "without incumbrances,"—a truth denied by the fearfully increasing number of cases of child-poisoning, child-murder, abandonment of children, and perhaps still more so by the perpetual verdicts of "concealment of birth." But the authoress of Ruth is a mother, and the duties of hallowed motherhood have taught her own pure soul what its blessings may be to the fallen. Ruth the seduced girl is made a noble Christian woman by the very consequences of her sin. Satan sent the sin—God sends the child. The new sense of responsibility which his birth brings forth, the feeling of the wrong she has done to him, of the joy which he is to her, of the evil which she must keep him from, of the good to which she must train him, these are the means of her sanctification. Is there a harlot mother in whom the germs of these feelings cannot be found, if we only look deep enough for them? But no. It is so much easier to point the lesson of the sin through its consequence, to insist on the shame, on the trouble, on the expense of the unlawful motherhood! Another time, perhaps, a tiny corse will be found in the cess-pool.—Why should you wonder? Is it not one "incumbrance" the less in this world, both to the mother and to the country at large, over-population being taken into account?

But the tracing out of the influence of Ruth's motherhood upon herself is but a part, we take it, of the larger and more general purpose of the book—of that lesson which it inculcates, along with every penitentiary, ill or well regulated, in the world, for those who choose to read the lesson—that, as the sin of unchastity in the woman is, above all, a breaking up or a loosening of the family bond—a treason against the family order of God's world—so the restoration of the sinner consists mainly in the renewal of that bond, in the realization of that order, both by and through and around herself. We are beginning to learn that whipping unchaste women, or putting them in prison, are not, as our forefathers thought, sufficient safeguards against vice; and that, on the whole, if Newgate ever produces upon them any effect for good, it is only when a Mrs. Fry or a Sarah Martin comes into it, to tell of something which is not Newgate, but exactly the reverse of it—of the heavenly Father, and the babe Jesus growing into the adorable Saviour, the eternal Bridegroom of the everlasting Bride, the elder Brother, first-born among

many—of earthly households, framed, as far as man's poor endeavours can reach, upon the pattern of that heavenly one—righteous fathers, and pure mothers, and loving wives, and gentle little children, and brothers and sisters walking hand in hand through life. And we are also beginning to learn that, whatever effect all these new influences may have upon the poor sinner in the prison, their weight is tenfold when, instead of acting merely as an adventitious mitigation of the penalties of earthly law, they become the local main-springs of action around her; when she finds herself surrounded in the penitentiary, not by mercenary turnkeys and matrons, but by devoted women, who, for the love of Christ, have come to spend their very lives with her and the like of her, whether calling themselves deaconesses or sisters, as the lowly workers of Kaiserswerth, of the Rue de Reuilly at Paris, of Clewer, or elsewhere, or without any distinctive title. Then it is that discipline assumes for the penitent its true meaning and worth; then it is that she will sometimes submit, of her own free will, to poorer living, and coarser clothing, and harder work, than philanthropy would dare to impose on her in a gaol, and feel that the blessed privilege of being able to call herself a member of Christ, a child of God, is worth more than all the world besides. Now, if the authoress of Ruth had been a mere professed philanthropist, a setter up of systems, she would have placed her scene of action in some model penitentiary, and shewn us her notions of the regular machinery to be set at work for manufacturing virtuous women. And, no doubt, she knows as well as we do that a vast deal of machinery is needed in this poor world, even for the sake of making people virtuous; that, so long as the churches do not lay hold upon the week-days and their work, as well as upon the Sabbath and its rest—do not claim as their sphere of action the whole of man's social life, the whole of his moral nature, system must often take the place of organic growth, societies must spring up, and apportion amongst themselves, in somewhat higgledy-piggledy fashion, many of the duties which should flow from the very constitution of the church, and form part of its regular order; that, in this age of ours above all others, penitentiaries are needed for the increasing numbers of poor creatures whom our depraved social state, and especially the growth of the manufacturing system, are constantly throwing about the streets. We have not the slightest doubt that she knows quite as much as you or we, friend reader, are likely to know, about the working of infant-schools and ragged-schools, factory-schools and servant-schools, day-nurseries, and penitentiaries, and sisterhoods, and all the other appliances of nineteenth century philanthropy, and has helped in not a few of them, and will help. But she knows also, we should imagine,

that all these same appliances of philanthropy, however praiseworthy, useful, pious, are but palliatives—remedies applied to urgent symptoms, whilst we cannot or dare not strike at the disease itself—shifts and contrivances to supply the place, to imitate the workings of nature (in fact, if the comparison be admissible, not unlike, in the sphere of spiritual action, to those "eccaleobions" for the hatching of parentless eggs, and those artificial hens for the nursing of motherless chickens, so characteristic among the material raree-shows of our age);—that the violation of God's family order lies at the bottom of all social evils—that there would be no need of day-nurseries or infant-schools if mothers would or could do their duty—no need of ragged-schools if parents in general fulfilled theirs—no need of penitentiaries if the holiness of marriage were understood—no need of sisterhoods if men felt that they were brethren; that the success of all charitable institutions depends exactly upon the closeness of their imitation of those processes of moral nature of which they are to supply the want; upon the approximation of the infant-schoolmistress to a gentle and careful mother, of the schoolmaster to a wise and loving father, of the matron to a tender and motherly sister. And so she goes at once to the root of the matter, and places poor erring Ruth in a family, between a brother and sister, and their old servant, with her wronged innocent child before her for a monument of past sin and life-long duty. And thus the erring girl, as we said, grows up into a noble Christian woman, and outlives the discovery of her shame to receive thanks from clergymen and medical men for her devotion to the sick in time of fever, and to die from attending on the man who ruined her. We are quite sure that, by a course like this, the authoress will have done far more real service to the cause (as the cant phrase is) of penitentiaries, and nurses' institutions, and sisterhoods, and deaconesses' institutes, and the rest, than if she had "taken up" any one of those subjects; simply because she has, as it were, lifted the veil from off their working, to shew us the principle by which alone they can stand or fall.

The authoress of "Ruth" is one who looks at life so simply, with so little of partiality or one-sidedness, that we have a right to expect her characters to be as natural as the development of their actions. She has not, indeed, the wondrous Shakspere-like gift of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, of throwing off a character in a few touches, so that the whole man rises at once before you, and you feel from henceforth his individuality throughout all he says or does, as clearly as if you knew him in actual life; a gift so remarkable in her, that one would say she absolutely *could* not see any of her personages in the abstract, as mere walking gentlemen. But the difference between the personages of the two

writers is not that between real men and women and abstract, but simply between sunshine and shadow; or, perhaps, rather between that clear dry atmosphere of "the States," such as travellers describe it to us, bright and hard in its outlines, and in colouring like that of the south, and our own mistier skies, and the soft blurred lines of our hills, and the faint sunshine and light shadows of our summer, and the tender shadings and neutral tints of our landscapes. The characters in "Ruth" are all real characters, even when, like Mr. Benson, Mr. Farquhar (Mr. Bradshaw's partner), Jemima Bradshaw (his daughter), they grow slowly upon our view, half-riddles at the first. But long before the book is over we know them all well, and could tell each again out of a thousand. Ruth herself—the tender, loving, humble Ruth, so brave against everything but reproof—Mr. Benson, the deformed minister, led, to a great extent, by his half-motherly sister, Faith, in practical matters, but shewing his own manly dignity as the "head of the woman," wherever moral authority has to be asserted, so pure and lofty-minded, and yet fettered and burthened for years with the sense of his one untruth:—Faith Benson, the shrewd, kindly, warm-hearted, active-minded maiden sister, yet still enough a slave to conventional respectability to be at first more shocked at the prospect of Ruth's becoming a mother than at the knowledge of her past sin, and who, after suggesting the first untruth to save appearances, ends by treating it as a positive cruelty to shrink from acting upon that untruth to the uttermost, when Mr. Bradshaw offers to take the exemplary young widow into his house as a governess:—old Sally, the maid-servant, with her quaint, harmless Phariseeism of Churchwomanship, her vast contempt for Dissenters in general, her reverence for her own masters, and her lifelong devotion to the child whom she has maimed, whilst yet she is still at times the nurse-maid over the grown man:—hard Mr. Bradshaw, patronizing, self-righteous, stricken in his most cherished pride by the criminality of his son:—Jemima, his daughter, proud and self-willed herself, steeling herself against her love for her father's partner, because she thinks it is made by him and her father only a trade arrangement, then finding it grow the more, the more she estranges him by her caprices; learning to hate Ruth, whom she loved once with all a girl's passionate friendship, because she sees Mr. Farquhar's affections gradually shifting to her; and then recovering suddenly all her own nobleness of nature and affection for Ruth when her father upbraids the poor innocent hypocrite in her presence; and recovering with her own better self Mr. Farquhar's attachment:—Mr. Donne, indifferent nearly to everything except outward beauty, negatively rather than positively

corrupt, anxious to "do the thing handsomely" with Ruth when his mother carries him away from her; capable of offering her marriage when he meets with her again, a governess in a tradesman's family, enough of a gentleman to forego blasting her character when she has spurned him from her; not enough of a man to do anything but regret that she should have loved him so much when he sees her dead on her bier,—not to speak of minor characters more sketchily dashed in, such as Mrs. Mason the dressmaker, Mrs. Bellingham, Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Hughes, the two contrasted Welsh hostesses—all these are real men and women, flesh and blood like ourselves. And the scenery and the society in which they move are equally real. The scenery, indeed, but slightly diversified, two country towns, the Welsh hills, and a sea-side bathing place—here a dressmaker's workshop, and the county assembly-rooms—there the poor dwelling of a dissenting minister, with its little garden behind, and the constant struggle against straitened circumstances, as it is carried on every day with such heroism in our middle classes, by dint of the most rigid economy and the most God-fearing cheerfulness. The society, the middle-class society of every day in a small town, especially in dissenting circles, with the poor minister and the rich shopkeeping pew-holder, and Christian duty constantly presenting itself in the sharp tangible shape of a sacrifice of pew-rents, where pew-rents are all the minister's life, varied only by a contested election, and the putting up for dissenters' candidate of a "very lax churchman," and the bribing for the sake of purity of election hereafter. All this is done most singly, truthfully, candidly, in such a way as to offer, we should imagine, a text to very opposite sermons. See the daily self-devotion of our ministers, would a Voluntary say, see how real and earnest must be their piety! these are Christ's real soldiers, and not your greedy archdeacons, the naughty boys who want "more good things," who "want all." See how false your system is, would the defender of Church Establishments reply; see how it does evil that good may come; placing the minister in the dependence of his people in order to try his independence; selling him into slavery to Mammon, in order that he may break his chains if he be a man, or perish in the attempt!

We have not taken up this book for the purpose of finding fault with it, but for the purpose of studying it, learning what it had to tell us, and having learned this, and only then, of judging of it by its fruits. We shall not stop to notice one or two provincialisms of style, which, indeed, have passed away from our memory, and would cost us more trouble to fish up again than the criticism would be worth; nor yet one piece of forgetfulness, of which the authoress, we dare say, is well aware by

this time. We might caution her, as we would caution Mrs. Stowe, against the too frequent use of eulogistic epithets, such as "pretty," "beautiful," &c., which grow to be almost catch-words. A graver artistical defect, as it seems to us, lies in the length of the work, and in the eking out of it by the love-story of Jemima and Mr. Farquhar. This, indeed, is in itself almost perfect, and wrought out with the truth and finish of a Miss Austin. But the character of Ruth herself and her fortunes are of too overwhelming an interest to allow us to dwell with complete satisfaction on this side-plot, which after all scarcely advances the action, since Jemima, though the first to learn of Ruth's fault, yet has no hand in revealing it. It is quite possible that it may have been introduced as a relief to others, nay, that it may have been worked out by the writer as a relief to herself, from the intense painfulness of the main plot. But this would only show that that painfulness has been—not overstrained, for the severest criticism would, we think, fail to detect one moral suffering of Ruth which is not the logical and almost necessary consequence of her fault, and the simple pathos of her death touches without harrowing at the last—but over-lengthened. May we hint to her that "Deerbrook" is surely a not unworthy example of how a good novel may yet gain by curtailment?

There are, indeed, many who will object to the painfulness of "Ruth" as a positive defect. "I don't think I shall go on with it," said one very dear to us, after the reading of the first twenty pages, "I am sure it is not going to be pleasant!" And this feeling, that novels ought to be *pleasant*, is one so often met with, that really it seems to deserve a critic's attention. You will find it conjoined alike with the utmost levity and the deepest feeling; in those who never take any practical concern in the welfare of their fellow-creatures, and in those who spend their lives in tending upon them. Why should people be made miserable about fictitious woes, say some, whilst there are so many real ones to find out and to relieve? You do but pander to sentimentalism, and enervate the active sympathies; it is a crime to evoke feeling, without showing it at once a way to action; better laugh your fill over a pantomime than sit at home over a sad novel, if you have to deal with all the stern stuff of life on the morrow.—The world is sad enough already, say others; why make it sadder? I do grieve every day over real miseries; why must I weep afresh over imaginary ones? If I have ever time to spend over a novel, let me at least escape to some better and brighter world than this great gloomy one of every day—let me brace up my hopes and energies by being shown how happy and sunny a thing life might be made—how virtue might find a re-

ward—how true love might run smooth—how the wicked might find an earthly doom. And then the worldling chimes in, Surely *I* have trouble enough in this world without being bored with doleful stories, when I am sick and weary for want of some amusement! Of course there must be very wretched people in the world, but why should I be told of it? I don't know how I could relieve them, and shouldn't have time to do so if I did know; and besides, I am sure it is all very much exaggerated.

Now we are perfectly willing to admit that we know of few things more contemptible, than an author who deliberately sits down to write a sad story, for the purpose of exhibiting his own pathos, and playing upon the feelings of others, as he would upon an accordion. We are equally ready to denounce that morbid state of mind in which persons make up, sometimes during their life-long, for an utter indifference to sad reality, by a perpetual gloating over sad fiction. We are equally far from denying, that a mind overburthened with the contemplation of daily wo and oppression will sometimes, as it were, need the stimulant of a picture of fictitious righteousness and bliss. But we should be careful not to condemn the use because of the abuse; still more so, not to draw the exception into a rule. We do not treat the physician as a murderer when he uses laudanum, because yesterday a mother poisoned her child with it. We do not (unless indeed we be teetotallers) forbid the use of wine, because men get drunk upon it. But neither do we argue for the habitual use of brandy, because the jaded frame may sometimes need it on a sick-bed. The novelist's true answer seems to be:—I have to paint God's world as I find it, and above all, to shew others those portions of it on which I think they ought to look; a duty the more incumbent on me, if I am acquainted with holes and crannies which others have not pryed into, and which contain, nevertheless, sights which they should see. The sadder you say the world is, the sadder I must paint it. Wo be indeed unto me, if for the paltry sake of artistical effect, I tamper with its sadness, darken its shadows, exaggerate its miseries, so that the original shall no more be recognised from the portrait, or shall be turned away from as being itself the liar of the two! But wo to me also, if for the sake of your poor pleasure, and an equally paltry trick of brightness, I sun over the deeper shadows, paint out the tears and the wrinkles, daub up the tatters, and restore the ruins! That, by your own showing, were a worse lie than the other; and why should I have a lie in my right hand? It might have been far pleasanter for me, as for you, to have shewn you Ruth Hilton overcoming by degrees all worldly evil without, as well as all spiritual evil within; to have left her at the end of the

third volume the wife of a loving husband, a happy and prosperous mother. But look around you, and ask yourself how often the complete spiritual restoration of a fallen woman, as I have depicted it, is ever accompanied by complete worldly restoration? Or ask yourself rather, how seldom either will occur alone; and then see if in shewing you the painfuller picture, I have not shewn you also the truer one.

And we venture to think that the authoress would be right in so pleading. But indeed there is another test which may be used, and a simpler one. The book is above all one written for an earnest purpose; written less for those that are whole, than for those that are sick, or bear the seeds of disease within them. Is there one girl who would be tempted or encouraged to sin by the picture of fallen Ruth's ultimate holiness? Is there one fallen woman who would be encouraged to remain in sin by the picture of penitent Ruth's sufferings and death? If we can say yes to neither of these questions, perhaps we had better say no more about painfulness, lest people should become too inquisitive about the state of our own eyes, and the reasons for our rubbing them.

We certainly do not feel qualified to teach ethics to the authoress of "Ruth." But there is one point of her story on which we have felt some moral doubt, and hereby submit it to her. Is she quite sure that Ruth has the right, when Mr. Donne offers to marry her, and give their son all the advantages of his position, to reject his offer? Is she quite sure that there is not something of wilfulness in the plea—I love you no longer, addressed by a woman to the man by whom she is a mother—something of pharisaism in the plea, You would corrupt my child, addressed to that child's father? Granted that Mr. Donne has wronged and deserted her. Granted that her beauty is the main occasion of his present suit. But after all, he is suing for leave to atone for his own wrong, both to her and to his child. After all, he is just now nearer to doing a righteous act—nearer to the kingdom of God than he ever has been in this life. It is just no doubt, strictly just, for her to reject him. He has no right to complain of his punishment. But is it expedient, in the high Christian sense of that expediency, which is not lawfulness but the law itself? However slender, compared with his, her share in the sin of former days, does it not create on her part an obligation toward him which outstretches as it were mere justice? Is it for nothing that this fellow-man has been brought of old into relations with her such as ape, when they do not typify, the divinest of mysteries; is it for nothing that he is again brought face to face with her, brought to humble himself, at least intellectually, before her; but he must

be cut adrift, delivered over as it were unto Satan? Who will save him from his own unrighteousness if she will not? Who will seek him out when she turns away? Is it so very certain that there are no roots of goodness in him, which her hand, that he now bows to, might quicken into life? Is it so very certain that the child would be corrupted by the father, and not rather that the father would be regenerated through the child? Is he not the father? Even if he have no claim on the child, has not the child a claim on him, and for him? Has she such complete dominion over Leonard that she dares, of her own choice, deprive him of his father?

We ask these questions in all humility. We do not deny that Ruth's rejection of Mr. Donne is natural, and we acknowledge it just. We doubt whether it be Christian, whether, in God's eye, she be not his wife, and forbidden to turn from him when he turns to her; whether, in fact, her refusal of him be not simply the sign that she has not self-sacrifice enough in her to devote her life to the man who has wronged her, though she may have self-sacrifice enough to die for him. And we cannot help thinking that the making Ruth die of a fever caught by Mr. Donne's bedside is after all a little bit of unconscious, involuntary poetical justice on the part of the writer, an acknowledgment that when they parted she left him her debtor before God. Nay, when she knows that he is lying ill, does she not herself as it were forget that she loved him no longer?

We have been hitherto looking at "Ruth" in itself. If we compare it with the author's other works, and especially with "Mary Barton," we shall find it present itself under some new aspects. Between "Mary Barton" and "Ruth" there is an evident kindredness of scope. Both describe the temptations of a young girl of the working-classes, the type chosen in both instances being that of the dressmaker. In the one she is saved by love for a man of her own class. In the other, she falls, but rises again. But "Mary Barton," although deeply true to human nature in its essential constitution, and not in its evanescent phenomena, was yet an *occasional* novel, if we may so call it. Its main interest lay in those terrible class-rivalries, and class-hatreds, and class-miseries, which are the direct outgrowth of the manufacturing system, while as yet unsoftened, unpurified, unharmonized, by Christian duty and Christian love; in the treating of factory girls as a bevy of Circassians for his hareem by the mill-owner's son; of factory hands in general as a squad of slaves by the mill-owner; in the struggle with, and at last the breaking loose from temptation, of the slave girl; in the murderous revenge of the slave. But in "Ruth," the occasional element occupies the very smallest possible space. The

milliner's workshop,—the county ball and the milliner's apprentices looking upon the luxury and the pleasures from which they are excluded,—are the merest introduction to what follows; the rest of the story lies far from all class-feelings, from all the subjects for blue-books and commissions of inquiry. Although we hear of Ruth, while at the Bensons, earning a little money by plain needlework, the writer takes no trouble to conduct us to the warehouse, to shew us the needlewomen waiting for orders, and the foreman bullying or fining them. She knows well that such scenes would but distract us *here* from her main purpose, the growth of holiness in the heart of the fallen woman, of the much-tried penitent. In this clear conception of her object, in this resolute avoidance of temptations which lay very close to her way, we acknowledge an evidence of high power and self-mastery; and we shall be all the better disposed another time, if she choose it, to acknowledge the truth of some work having for its object the delineation of some of those special social evils of which she knows so much, by this evidence of her entire freedom from all cant of philanthropy. Of this, however, her sweet "Moorland Cottage" was evidence enough already to all who would take the trouble to read it.

There is indeed a family likeness between the characters of "Mary Barton" and of "Ruth," not sufficient in anywise to impair their individuality, but rather to bring it out more delicately by slight contrasts. Thus Mr. Donne reminds us of Henry Carson; Mr. Bradshaw of Mr. Carson not a little; Jemima of Mary Barton herself, whilst Ruth seems often only a younger and lowlier, and less humble Alice. Of the "Moorland Cottage" we are reminded, more through the incident of the forgery by the favourite child, (can the offence be so common among the middle classes of our manufacturing districts, as to warrant the repetition of the means in two successive works by the same author?) and through the picture, though from opposite points of view, of the social relations between the poorer and richer members of the middle class, than by any particular character. But with these resemblances the differences are also great. "Ruth" is far more finished, more even, more artistic and less melodramatic (if we dare use so harsh a word) than "Mary Barton." There is also developing more and more in the writer, as the "Moorland Cottage" gave evidence already, a very striking power of describing the aspects of nature, such as is equalled by very few of the writers of the day. We might take for instances, if they had not been hackneyed already by quotation, the scene, from the story of Ruth's excursion to Wales with her lover, in which, standing by a sheltered mountain-pool, he decks her hair with water-lilies, (a passage which has strangely re-

minded us by contrast of a famous description in George Sand's "Teverino," as the trial scene in "Mary Barton" recalled a similar one in "Mauprat"); and again, the description of Ruth's watching by night at the Welsh inn during her lover's illness, when shut out of his room by his mother.

But there is another quality developed in "Ruth," of which we saw only the faint glimmerings in "Mary Barton,"—humour. There are those—Schiller for instance—who have thought that the *vis comica* was the very highest reach of genius. Certain it is, that a sense of humour comes out generally more and more with the ripening of man's nature, and that a perception of the ludicrous side, even of great acts and righteous conduct, ay, and even of human misery, (at least in one's own self,) appears to be an element of the very kindliest and truest wisdom, as enabling us to find excuses, or at least explanations for the ridicule which they excite in lower minds, open perhaps to this one perception—a ridicule which to younger and more fervid hearts, so full of admiration as to have no room left for humour, may seem absolutely fiendish. Now there *was* a quiet subdued humour in "Mary Barton," especially in the scenes between old Job and Will Wilson the young sailor. But in "Ruth" there is one character genuinely humorous, the old maid-servant Sally; besides a good deal of the same quality about the strong-minded Miss Benson. Here is a sample, from a conversation between the old woman and Ruth, whom she quarrels with for her melancholy way of doing her duty.

"Why! dear ah me! making a bed may be done after a Christian fashion, I take it, or else what's to come of such as me in heaven who've had little enough time on earth for clapping ourselves down on our knees for set prayers? When I was a girl, and wretched enough about Master Thurstan, and the crook on his back which came of the fall I gave him, I took to praying and sighing, and giving up the world; and I thought it were wicked to care for the flesh, so I made heavy puddings, and was careless about dinner and the rooms, and thought I was doing my duty, though I did call myself a miserable sinner. But one night the old Missus (Master Thurstan's mother) came in, and sat down by me, as I was a-scolding myself, without thinking of what I was saying; and says she, 'Sally! what are you blaming yourself about, and groaning over? We hear you in the parlour every night, and it makes my heart ache.' 'Oh, maam!' says I, 'I'm a miserable sinner, and I'm travailing in the new birth.' 'Was that the reason,' says she, 'why the pudding was so heavy to-day?' 'Oh, maam, maam!' said I, 'if you would not think of the things of the flesh, but trouble yourself about your immortal soul.' And I sat a-shaking my head to think about her soul. 'But,' says she, in her sweet dropping voice, 'I do try to think of my soul every hour of the day, if by that you mean trying to do the will of

God; but we'll talk now about the pudding; Master Thurstan could not eat it, and I know you'll be sorry for that.' Well, I was sorry, but I didn't choose to say so, as she seemed to upset me,—so says I, 'It's a pity to see children brought up to care for things of the flesh;' and then I could have bitten my tongue out, for the Missus looked so grave, and I thought of my darling little lad pining for want of his food. At last says she, 'Sally, do you think God has put us into the world just to be selfish, and do nothing but see after our own souls, or to help one another with heart and hand, as Christ did to all who wanted help?' . . Well, I would not give it up, I was so pig-headed about my soul, so says I, 'I wish folks would be content with locusts and wild honey, and leave other folks in peace to work out their salvation;' and I groaned out pretty loud to think of Missus's soul. I often think since she smiled a bit at me; but she said, 'Well, Sally, to-morrow you shall have time to work out your salvation; but as we have no locusts in England, and I don't think they'd agree with Master Thurstan if we had, I will come and make the pudding.'"—Vol ii. p. 60

We might have quoted two other capital narrations,—that of Sally's offers of marriage, and that of her will-making. A more delicate bit of humour is to be found in the wise conversation between Mrs. Bradshaw's two youngest girls as to the signs and tokens of love in their sister Jemima,—how exquisitely true to little-girl nature, let lady readers judge, if they will be honest enough to recollect their past selves.

It is indeed observable, that the humour of "Ruth," like that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," disappears before the end of the book;—as if the engrossing contemplation of the sufferings of the leading personage had gradually worked upon the writer herself, so as to deprive her of the power, or at least of the wish, to exhibit the gayer aspects of life. Something of this feeling is perhaps to be traced in *young* Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet, and this may be the one grain of truth in that otherwise most insolent saying, that "if Shakspeare had not killed Mercutio, Mercutio would have killed him." It is only the very highest and ripest genius which can dare to bring out the ludicrous and the pathetic at once to the last,—as in that one marvellous scene in Vanity Fair, where a description of a certain meeting at Ostend from a steamer in the midst of the rain, and of the "bobbing" of a rather foolish and no longer young woman under the old threadbare cloak of a dull, awkward, elderly man named Dobbin, has made those feel their eyes water who otherwise rebel most stoutly against the proclamation of Mr. Thackeray's greatness. The last we see of Sally in "Ruth" is, however, a piece of homely pathos, quite as true and characteristic as her earlier humour. She is standing by Ruth's coffin in Mr.

Donne's presence,—not knowing of his previous relations with her:—

> "'And I was not kind to you, my darling,' said she, passionately addressing the motionless, serene body,—'I was not kind to you. I frabbed you and plagued you from the first, my lamb! I came and cut off your pretty locks in this very room, I did, and you said never an angry word to me—no, not then, nor many a time at after, when I was very sharp and cross to you. No! I never was kind to you, and I dunnot think the world was kind to you, my darling; but you are gone where the angels are very tender to such as you—you are, my poor wench!' She bent down and kissed those lips, from whose marble, unyielding touch Mr. Donne recoiled, even in thought."—Vol. III. p. 297.

On the whole, we take it, our authoress has written a good, righteous, true book; such a book as shews that she has taken her calling as an author in Christian earnest, and means to go on in it from strength to strength; such a book as befits her own sweet spirit, and will make her, if possible, somewhat more loveable to all who love her already. But we fancy we hear some one saying, "Women authors indeed! why must we have women authors? If a woman is a wife, and a mother above all, how can she find time to write books? what business has she to write them?" Now, we beg leave to say, that we have no partiality whatsoever for women authors, as such; that one of the most unpleasant recollections of our visits in old days to the reading-room of the British Museum, is that of certain creatures of the female sex, with ink half-way up their fingers, and dirty shawls, and frowsy hair, whom we used to see there; nay, that the fact of a woman's having written a book would, for ourselves, be decidedly a reason *rather* for going out of her way than for going in search of her. But we have to notice the fact, that at this particular period of the world's history, the very *best* novels in several great countries happen to have been written by women; that there is no American novel to be mentioned side by side with Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom;" no French novel that approaches the grandeur of George Sand's "Consuelo," or the perfect grace and beauty of her three "idyls," "La Mare au Diable," "François le Champi," and "La Petite Fadette;" that Miss Bremer and Mrs. Carlen share the crown of Swedish novelism; and that, setting apart the two great popular writers of English contemporary fiction, Thackeray and Dickens, (whom we might perhaps best characterize by saying, that the works of the one are unacted and continuous comedy—Dantesque if you will—and those of the other unacted and continuous melodrama, rather than true novels,) the two novels which are perhaps most likely of all to survive in England from the present day, are

"Mary Barton" and "Jane Eyre." This, we take it, is a fact, and consequently has a meaning, which God has put into it. Our two English lady-novelists are certainly barely equal together to either of their two great foreign rivals, if they are to be so called. Compared with the epic vastness of "Uncle Tom," or the mythic dilogy of "Consuelo," "Mary Barton," "Ruth," and "Jane Eyre" are but single cantos or acts, or as detached groups beside the huge page of a Last Judgment or a Marriage of Cana. But still these works do far more than stand their ground beside those of even veteran masters like "the Caxtons," or of new ones like "Alton Locke." Fourier used to say that one-seventh of each sex was addicted to the pursuits of the other. And if George Sand, Mrs. Stowe, the authoress of "Jane Eyre" and "Mary Barton," stood alone in their respective departments, we might feel tempted to take up with an arithmetical rule, rather than go forward in search of a reason. But in France (in spite of the nature of French female education) Madame Charles Reybaud comes, in the judgment of many, only behind George Sand in point of permanent literary worth as a novelist; in America, Miss Wetherell's "Wide Wide World" and her "Queechy" are now only second in popularity to "Uncle Tom;" and with us the lady-novelists are so numerous as almost to defy enumeration—from Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the authoress of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland," Mrs. Caroline Norton, and Miss Jewsbury, through Mrs. Marsh, Miss Lynn, Miss Mulock, even down to Mrs. Gore and Mrs. Trollope, not to speak of the past efforts of Miss Martineau and Mrs. Jameson, or of what is felt by many as the imperishable freshness of Miss Austin. It is quite clear that successful novel-writing amongst women, as compared with men, whatever may be the degree of success, is now-a-days much more the rule than the exception.

Now, if we consider the novel to be the picture of human life in a pathetic, or as some might prefer the expression, in a sympathetic form, that is to say, as addressed to human feeling, rather than to human taste, judgment, or reason, there seems nothing paradoxical in the view, that women are called to the mastery of this peculiar field of literature. We know, all of us, that if man is the head of humanity, woman is its heart; and as soon as education has rendered her ordinarily capable of expressing feeling in written words, why should we be surprised to find that her words come more home to us than those of men, where feeling is chiefly concerned? There seems nothing improbable in the thought, that this supremacy of woman over the novel is one which will go widening and deepening, and that only through her shall we learn what resources there are in it for doing God's work upon earth.

But now a question arises, not to be flinched from. *What* women ought to write novels, that novels may be such as really ought to be written? A very common feeling suggests, that in our social state, wherein the supply of educated women, fit ornaments for rich men's houses, but unmeet helps for poor men's toils, so far exceeds the demand for wives, (polygamy being forbidden by law, in spite of plutonomic wisdom and the acknowledged blessings of *laissez-faire*), literature is a fit refuge for their activities and aspirations—an honourable employment of their solitary leisure—a praiseworthy source of worldly independence. But yet, when we look at female writers, we cannot help being struck by the vast superiority of the married, as a class, over the single, even from the days of Madame de Sévigné and Mademoiselle de Scudéry, downwards; we cannot help observing that *the* woman's book of the age—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—is that of a wife and a mother; and even if we contrast the two names more immediately before us, those of the authoresses of "Jane Eyre" and "Mary Barton," many of us at least can hardly repress the feeling, that the works of the former, however more striking in point of intellect, have in them a something harsh, rough, unsatisfying, some say all but unwomanly, as compared with the full, and wholesome, and most womanly perfection of the other.*

Is there anything strange in this? Would not the reverse be strange rather? If the novel addresses itself to the heart, what more natural than that it should then reach it most usefully and perfectly, when coming from the heart of a woman ripe with all the dignity of her sex, full of all wifely and motherly experience? No doubt a young lady—and even an *old* young lady—can write with the fear of God before her eyes, and become a great and good novelist; but somehow, one cannot help suspecting that she would find it much easier to write in the fear of God if she had already to write in the fear of husband and children. In dealing with the subject of love, which, after all, must form the staple of all novel-writing, an unmarried woman must either draw upon imagination, or, at least, upon what one may call the prescience of the heart; or if, indeed, she draws upon her experience, *that* must be a bitter one, and one which she can hardly refer to without departing, in some measure, from the fair and becoming reserve of her sex. So that she is perpetually swaying between these three dangers; of being abstract,

* The foregoing pages were in the Editor's hands before we had read "Villette." The confirmation which that work affords to the views above expressed is almost painful. We entreat the authoress not to be deluded by the flatteries of journalists, into a belief that she has done service to God or man by publishing a work so unequal, so imperfect, so constantly untrue to itself and to her own great powers, as "Villette."

or morbid, or something like—we must mention the word—immodest. And although love, in its typical form, must be the great stumbling-block for girl-novelists, yet the same applies, more or less, to all affections connected with it, and especially the parental ones. And we think it will be found, on examining most of the best novels by the best unmarried female novelists, such as those of Miss Austin, Miss Bremer, Miss Martineau, Miss Edgeworth, that their excellence lies always away from the depths of the most passionate human affections, and consists either in a Dutch painter's accuracy in describing the surfaces and outer aspects of social or domestic life—in the development of some individual character, or of some family history—in the embodiment of some moral or economical principle; or lastly, in the rendering of the harsher passions. Compare, for instance—to choose a foreign instance—Miss Bremer with Mrs. Carlen, and the terrible heart-struggle of the "Birthright" with the sweet "intérieurs," as the French would say, of the "Home" or the "Neighbours," and you will soon see the difference. The one has indeed entered into life's heart-battle; the other has looked at it from afar, or paints it at second-hand.

On the whole, therefore, we are of opinion that active-minded, quick-penned young ladies, especially if devoid of those precious safety-valves to youthful hearts—intimate female friends—may, without much danger, spend their leisure (if any) in scientific treatises, historical works, and the like, whether original or translated, specially eschewing novels and poetry, at least "Lyrics of the heart," and abstaining, if any way possible, from print; provided always, that upon their falling in love they do put aside all such labours, and only wake up to a consciousness of having achieved them, and of the purpose for which they have unknowingly done so, by the time they have to teach their children the names of the kings of England, or the difference between a fixed star and a planet, a snail and an oyster, a steam-engine and a fire-engine. By this time, with family cares upon their hands, and the moral responsibilities of their now completed life upon their consciences, to write and to print will be no mere temptations to their vanity, and it will be for them to judge whether they are really called upon to say something to the world—whether they have that to say which their husbands will gladly hear, which their children will never blush to read; and whether their calling be to works of fiction, or to the severest exercises of thought, we are sure that the little flaxen heads at their knees will add a truth and a charm to matter and style alike, though it be only through the instinctive erasure of those hard words which Willie does so cry over in his lesson. And the world will receive such works with a righteous deference. All will feel that the

wife and mother can have no time to lose; that if she speaks, it is because she is in earnest, and must speak.

But still, what is to become of the women who remain unmarried, and yet have gifts such as fully qualify them to do good service in literature? Gently, and with all reverence must we tell them—Endeavour to find for your gifts other employments. Precisely because your lot is a solitary one, do not make it more so by literary labours. Precisely because you are denied the most blessed enjoyments of the heart, strive not to blight your capacity for such as remain to you by giving yourselves up to those of the intellect. Be assured of this, that the more you do so, the more you will be exposed to unsex, and unhumanize yourselves by degrees; to become pedantic and hard, or sentimental and false. Therefore, try to *make* to yourselves, if need be, living and practical affections and duties, in the place of those you lose. Because you have leisure, which the wife and mother has not, spend that leisure upon others, in that way in which they will feel most sure that it is upon them that you are spending it. To you belongs the daily working, the drudgery of all charitable institutions. The adoptive motherhood of the school may be yours, yours the adoptive sisterhood of the Nurses' Institution, of the Penitentiary, of the simple district-visitor. Here, together with the household of your own parents, of your own brothers or sisters, is the sphere within which your heart may preserve itself fresh and lovely, and mellow every year more and more. Who does not know some one old maid who is the blessing of a whole circle? Do not be afraid of any talents which God has given to you being wasted in these exercises, in the sincere, conscientious, life-long struggle to make yourselves, if wives you cannot be, yet the best of sisters, friends, and all but mothers. Would you learn how? Let us point you to this description of one devoting herself to perhaps the most painful at first of all womanly tasks to the *lady*, the vocation of a sick-nurse:—

"At first her work lay exclusively among the paupers. At first, too, there was a recoil from many circumstances, which impressed upon her the most fully the physical sufferings of those whom she tended. But she tried to lose the sense of them, or rather to lessen them, and make them take their appointed places—in thinking of the individuals themselves, as separate from their decaying frames; and all along she had enough self-command to control herself from expressing any sign of repugnance. She allowed herself no nervous haste of movement or touch that should hurt the feelings of the poorest, most friendless creature who ever lay a victim to disease. There was no rough getting over of all the disagreeable and painful work of her employment. When it was a lessening of pain to have the touch careful and delicate, and the ministration performed with gradual skill, Ruth thought of

her charge, and not of herself. As she had foretold, she found a use for all her powers. The poor patients themselves were unconsciously gratified and soothed by her harmony and refinement of manner, voice and gesture. If this harmony and refinement had been merely superficial, it would not have had this balmy effect. They arose from its being the true expression of a kind, modest, and humble spirit. By degrees, her reputation as a nurse spread upwards, and many sought her good offices who could well afford to pay for them. Whatever remuneration was offered to her, she took simply, and without comment. . . . She went wherever her services were first called for. If the poor bricklayer, who broke both his legs in a fall from the scaffolding, sent for her when she was disengaged, she went and remained with him till he could spare her, let who would be the next claimant. From the happy and prosperous in all but health, she would occasionally beg off, when some one less happy and more friendless asked for her, and sometimes she would ask for a little money . . . to give to such in their time of need. But it was astonishing how much she was able to do without money.

"Her ways were very quiet; she never spoke much. . . . And yet, Ruth's silence was not like reserve; it was too gentle and tender for that. It had more the effect of a hush of all loud or disturbing emotions, and out of the deep calm the words that came forth had a beautiful power. She did not talk much about religion; but those who noticed her knew that it was the unseen banner which she was following. The low-breathed sentences which she spoke into the ear of the sufferer and the dying carried them upwards to God.

"She gradually became known and respected among the roughest boys of the rough populace of the town. They would make way for her when she passed along the streets, with more deference than they used to most; for all knew something of the tender care with which she had attended this or that sick person; and besides, she was so often in connexion with death, that something of the superstitious awe with which the dead were regarded by those rough boys in the midst of their strong life, surrounded her.

"She herself did not feel changed. She felt just as faulty, as far from being what she wanted to be, as ever. She best knew how many of her good actions were incomplete, and marred with evil."—Vol. iii. p. 171.

We do not wish to be misunderstood. We do not mean to say that the unmarried woman, any more than any other member of the human family, is exempt from that great Christian equity which makes knowledge, talent, genius, trusts for the benefit of others. We do not say that when, doing her duty in the state of life to which God has called her, she has gathered up treasures of experience which she feels will be useful to others, whether in the practice of art, or in tuition, or in the discipline of charity, it is not her business, if she has the opportunity, to communicate those treasures to others, by print or

otherwise. Nay, if, after all, she still feels upon her the unmistakable call to appeal to the hearts of her readers in the representation of human life through the novel, and has made up her mind beforehand as to the limits of her vocation, God forbid that we should deny her the right of exercising it. Who would wish that gentle Frederika Bremer had never written, old maid though she be? But before you hope to write as Frederika Bremer has written, see first what she is; see through her books, if not in friendly intercourse with herself, the tender, kindly nature of the woman, and how she has schooled herself into all graceful cheerfulness and sympathy, and from what a long and faithful experience flow her ever charming descriptions of family life and its duties. To be as good a writer as Frederika Bremer, a girl must first be as good a woman, and she will hardly become so till she finds herself—not very much younger.

We are writing here for our age and country, for Christians and for Protestants, in a society which brooks of no monastic seclusions, in which the active duties of charity sit fair and seemly upon the unmarried woman, in which no man would dare to think worse of a lady, because he met her coming forth alone from a poor cottage. There have indeed been times, there are countries and states of society, and of religious feeling, in which women, especially young women, have not this blessed English, and, above all, Protestant freedom to do good, or are barely allowed to do so under the penalty of soul-destroying vows. Where this is the case, we have no heart to condemn the poor nun for any literary effort, however *bizarre* or pedantic it may be, and have little doubt that sometimes through literature alone will some noble, womanly soul find utterance for her choked and stifled yearnings towards all loving righteousness. Nay, the reading of "Ruth" has strongly called to our mind, sometimes by analogy of subject, sometimes by contrast of treatment, a strange work of the tenth century, the plays of the nun Hrotsvitha,* of the Abbey of Gandesheim in Swabia, two of which, the "Abraham" and the "Paphnutius," are, so far as we are aware, the earliest womanly pleading for the reformation of erring women—a pleading only heard centuries later, and realized in the Romish female penitential orders. In the "Abraham," she shews us an old hermit going forth, in secular costume, to rescue a niece from a life of sin, tenderly striving with her for her own redemption, chiding her for not telling him that she was lost, that he and his fellow hermit might have done penance for her; bidding her take heart in her self-reproaches, since "who ever was exempt from sin, save only the Son of the

* See "Théâtre de Hrotsvitha, religieuse allemande du dixième siècle, par Charles Magnin." Paris, Duprat, 1845.

Virgin?"—appealing to her own better nature by insisting on his own love for her, which had made him leave the wilderness, break the rule, mingle with the dissolute; entreating her to have pity on the fatigue which he had undergone, and to lay aside "that dangerous despair, a heavier weight, I know, than all the sins which thou hast committed." She yields at last, and he exclaims, "Now art thou really mine own daughter; now will I love thee above all things." They start on their journey, and she says she will follow his horse. "Not so," he answers, "but I will go a-foot, and place thee on my horse, lest the rough road cut thy tender feet." Think of what a nun's life is, and of what a nun's heart must be; think of the almost unconquerable self-righteousness of professed chastity, and then measure the depth of earnest, womanly sympathy which must have been beating in the heart of this poor Swabian nun, to make her put forth such loving words, words so true to the spirit of our dear Ruth herself! And if, in the "Paphnutius," her other play on a similar subject, which exhibits the conversion of the harlot Thais by another hermit, she describes the holy man as acting, on the contrary, in a spirit of the rudest monkish severity, and imposing on the penitent the most austere penance, and one which wears her life away, the true woman bursts forth at the last. A disciple of Anthony sees in a vision "a bed strewn splendidly in heaven with white garments, over which four radiant virgins preside, and seem to guard it by their presence," and which he thinks must be destined for "his father and lord, Anthony." But a divine voice tells him, "Not, as thou hopest, for Anthony, but for Thais the harlot is this glory reserved." Do you suppose that the more "respectable" nuns of Gandesheim, and, in fact, all the Mr. Bradshaws of the day, male and female, were not shocked at such doctrine, which actually placed a penitent harlot above a saintly hermit?

So Hrotsvitha wrote—she could do no more; and for such words as these we will gladly overlook many a page of pedantry. But suppose Hrotsvitha amongst us, a Protestant woman, and, if you like it, an old maid. Do you think she would be contented with *writing* about the reformation of her erring sisters? or would she not rather *do* it, and, so far as other duties would allow, give herself up to the doing of it, heart and soul? Or if, being a wife and a mother, she had but a few crumbs of leisure to spare for this blessed purpose, then, indeed, might we expect her to make the most of her experience for the benefit of others, to teach by preaching when she could not by example; and in that case, covering painful fact with the garb of fact-like fiction, rather than borrowing a legend as a vehicle for her own feelings and desires, we might very likely find her writing a novel; and that novel's name would be—"Ruth."

ART. VI.—*Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme Français. Documents historiques inédits et originaux.* 1re année 1852. No. 1 et 2. Paris.

THE present century, among other instances of progress, has been particularly distinguished by that which has been made in the art of writing History. The historian of the present day, if he desire to gain the approbation of the public, must not content himself with merely copying his predecessors, but he must have recourse to original sources of information, documents hidden away from public sight in the archives of governments, or in the chests of private families. Those relating to the same events, he must compare with critical skill, and sift the evidence which they present to him. However difficult it may be for a historian to keep himself entirely free from all bias in certain matters which deeply interest him, yet it is expected from him that he shall not write as a partisan. We now require truth above all things in studying the transactions of bygone days, and the writer who seems to transgress its bounds, is certain to meet with explorers in the same field to do battle with him.

One benefit which this critical method of writing history has produced to us, has been the raising of Archæology into a useful science. Instead of being, as it often was, a mere amusement, it has become an instrument for clearing up the state of former times. Antiquities of various kinds are now not merely objects to be gazed on, but they are used as illustrations of the records of history; and manuscripts, instead of lying in public and private museums, as matters of curiosity to visitors, and of vanity to possessors, are not only diligently sought, but carefully copied, and, if necessary, translated, and thus rendered available to the student, and made of great utility to the historian.

Every civilized country has now its societies for collecting and preserving the documents which throw light upon its history. Many of these have been already published, and have been found of great value in a historical point of view; and as old societies are becoming more zealous and active, new ones are springing into existence with specific objects, limited fields of inquiry, which,—just because they are limited, are likely to produce a beneficial effect on historical science, by directing particular attention to them.

Among the countries where, in modern times, history has been cultivated in a critical spirit, certainly France may claim a distinguished rank. Men like Daru, Barante, Thierry, Miche-

let, Mérimée, Thiers, and the learned ex-Professor of History at the University, Guizot, help to shed a lustre upon any country. In France, also, have been published, by the liberal assistance of former governments, and by societies, extensive series of historical records, including the best collections of memoirs and letters throwing light upon various periods of European history.* It is obvious that the researches thus made and brought to light by the industry of a number of fellow-workers, not only facilitate the labours of those who afterwards combine these elements into regular histories, by presenting to them the documents which they require in an accessible form, instead of having to search for them in various repositories, and decyphering manuscripts often difficult to read; but many interesting pieces have been published, the existence of which was not even known.

It is because we appreciate the utility of societies having for their object the collection of historical documents and information, that we hail with pleasure the formation of the one the title of whose first bulletin stands at the head of this article. But we will not conceal the fact, that our pleasure is enhanced by the specific end of this Society of the history of French Protestantism,—the formation of a body of documentary evidence concerning the history, as well of French Protestants within France, as of those who were compelled to leave their country in times of persecution, together with the various fortunes of their descendants in foreign lands. There is no history that can surpass in interest that of the different phases of Protestantism in France; its rise and struggles in the sixteenth century; its prosperity during the greater part of the seventeenth; the attempt at extirpating it at the end of the latter and in the beginning of the next century; and its re-establishment, as a church recognised by the State, since the Revolution of 1789. Whatever can bring to light fresh information, whether from manuscripts or from forgotten printed works, to put those important events in a clear point of view, must be of the utmost interest.

It is a common subject of congratulation among Protestants—and it is often admitted by the more liberal of their adversaries—that the reformed religion has had a beneficial effect upon the intellectual progress of mankind. But it has not been quite so clearly perceived that the Reformation was, in a great degree, one of the *effects* of the reawakened spirit of inquiry, and of the assertion of the rights of the human mind to exercise its judgment upon subjects of the greatest importance. Accordingly,

* The "Société de l'Histoire de France" was founded in 1834 by Messrs. Guizot, Barante, &c. This was followed by the "Comité des Documens," instituted by M. Guizot, then Minister of Public Instruction. From these, historical science has derived great benefits.

at its rise, numbers of thinking men in every country of Europe gladly embraced its doctrines;—openly, where it could be done with safety, or privately in those countries where dissent from the ruling Church was crushed by the most cruel punishments. Thus, in France during the sixteenth century, almost all the learning and talent was on the Protestant side,* as the side of progress, unless in cases where interest interfered; and the consequence of this was, that numbers of the nobility, including the Bourbons and the Condés, adopted the reformed creed. It may be easily understood that many of these persons were not actuated by a deep sense of religion. The assumptions of the Court of Rome and of the hierarchy, the absurdity of the superstitions promoted by them, the unreasonableness of many of their doctrines, and the loose lives of some of the clergy, disgusted many, and are quite enough to account for a portion of the progress of the Reformation. Much of what we have mentioned still appears to our eyes in the Church of Rome; but it has been so modified by the influence of the Reformation that the men of the sixteenth century would scarcely have recognised it in the eighteenth, as it shewed itself in Protestant countries and in France.† Although civilisation was advancing in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and literature was reviving, soon to produce some of the master-pieces of the human mind, yet there remained still much coarseness of manners, turbulence, and even ferocity. The perpetual wars which raged in various parts of Europe had greatly impeded the soothing effects of literature and of the arts. When the Reformation began, the dominant Church regarded the persecution of innovators as a sacred duty; nothing but the *extirpation* of heretics was thought of. Heresy was considered not only as a sin, but as a crime. Even in subsequent times, in a Commentary on the New Testament by the Jesuit Maldonatus—a text-book in many Romanist seminaries, and recently beautifully printed—on the parable of the tares in the wheat, (Matt. xiii. 24,) he quotes the opinion of some who used the

* M. Ch. Labitte says—"The Reformation (in France) had the privilege, and almost the monopoly of learning and talent."

† One of the Etiennes, better known by their Latinized name of *Stephanus*—the celebrated printers—has left a very extraordinary book under the title of "Apologie d'Hérodote." It seems that objections were made by some of the learned of that day to certain statements of Herodotus, as being incredible. The plan followed by Etienne in this book is to relate a number of criminal actions of Romish ecclesiastics, as matters of notoriety, shewing his contemporaries that, in their own experience, occurrences had taken place which exceeded those narrated by Herodotus in improbability. The usual method of the time was employed to refute the book; both it and the author were sentenced to be burned. The latter, however, escaped to the Jura mountains; and as the work and his effigy were consumed in the middle of winter, he used to say that he was never in his life so cold as on the day that he was burned.

Lord's words, "Let both grow together until the harvest," as an argument against the propriety of putting heretics to death. But he shews, that as this text cannot be used to prevent the civil magistrate from punishing criminals, so it does not interfere with the duty of persecuting heresy, which is worse than murder, since it slays the soul. With such opinions, it is not wonderful that the more conscientious men in authority were, the more barbarous should be their conduct. The only check which they received—besides that inconsistency which sometimes makes men act right in spite of bad principles—was the difficulty of carrying out what they considered their duty, when their adversaries became too strong for them. Francis the First began by burning heretics; but during the reigns of his son and three grandsons, under the guardianship of Catherine de Médicis, so many powerful nobles had embraced the reformed faith, and the royal power was so weak, that a degree of toleration was extorted for them, at least from judicial prosecutions. The house of Guise, a foreign family settled in Lorraine, but having property in France, were the champions of the Roman Catholic cause, while the Prince of Condé was the head of the Huguenots. The Court fluctuated between the two. Religion was more or less a pretext for both, under which they fought for their temporal interests, and both lost their lives by assassination in the civil war which they had fomented. The Duke's son, Henry, followed in his father's footsteps, and helped to suggest the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which Coligny, the successor of Condé, perished. Henry de Guise and his brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, formed the notorious Catholic League, with the ostensible purpose of defending their religion against the Huguenots, and of preventing Henry of Bourbon, the next heir to the throne, from ascending it. They were both assassinated by command of the King, Henry III., who found that the power which they had gained over the Roman Catholic party was really turned against his authority. He met with the same fate himself shortly afterwards, and in him ended the house of Valois.

Henry IV. was now king *de jure*, but the adherents of the league refused to acknowledge a sovereign excommunicated by the Pope. Although he had been victorious in several battles, and held Paris closely besieged, yet many circumstances concurred to make it apparently very difficult for a king professing the reformed religion to reign over the French people. His opponents still formed a considerable and very bitter party, backed by the then powerful house of Austria. In an evil hour Henry of Bourbon hearkened to the promptings of temporary expediency, and apostatized from what in his heart and soul he knew to be the truth, to gain peaceful possession of the throne of

France; not, however, as it has been supposed, without indignant remonstrance from the pious members of the communion which he was forsaking. His best friend Duplessis-Mornay, strongly advised him against this setting at nought of conscience, and the bulletin above mentioned publishes a long and interesting letter from Theodore Beza, then the principal pastor of the Reformed Church, dissuading him from his contemplated change of religion.* Henry, however, loved this present world, went through the mummery of a public discussion, and changed his religion with a jest.† Still, endowed with many excellent qualities, imbued with truly liberal principles, anxious for the welfare of his people, and resolved to use his power for the benefit of Europe; he did much, and was preparing to do more to quell the despotism of the house of Austria, whose huge power weighed upon European politics, and on the cause of reformation, when the knife of a fanatic deprived France of her best king. This is, perhaps, the only instance history can furnish of an assassination, or a judicial murder, really promoting the ultimate object proposed. The assassination of Cæsar did not restore the Roman Republic. That of the Prince of Orange did not crush the Dutch revolt. And the same remarks will apply to a vast number of cases. But the assassination of Henry IV. probably saved Austria from being humbled, and certainly led to the political ascendency of Roman Catholics. On his accession to the throne he had published the celebrated Edict of Nantes, which secured the free exercise of worship to his former co-religionists, which they enjoyed for nearly a century. But this edict contained two clauses, which subsequently injured the Reformed Church. The one was, that Henry, to secure the independence of the Huguenots, granted them certain cities and districts, which created an *imperium in imperio*, and prevented the amalgamation of persons of the two creeds; the other, that in giving a legal constitution to the Protestant party, it had been put under the direction of assemblies, in which the votes and the influence of their ministers preponderated. The first brought the Huguenots into collision with the government of Cardinal Richelieu, whose great object was the political unity of France. A civil war was the consequence, in which they were defeated; and La Rochelle, their stronghold, was taken from them. However, toleration was still granted them.

The second had the effect of alienating the feudal nobility

* This letter disposes of the assertion of Schlosser, the author of a German life of Beza, and of Vulliémin, "Histoire de la Confédération Suisse," who copied him, that Beza approved of the abjuration of the king through political motives.

† Paris vaut bien une messe.—(Letter to Gabrielle D'Estirée.)

from them, who were mortified at having to play a secondary part to the pastors. During the civil war, just alluded to, the Duc de Rohan, presiding in Languedoc over one of those assemblies, had been exposed to the violent invectives and unseemly interruptions of the more influential pastors; exasperated by their turbulence, he exclaimed: "Ye are nothing but republicans; I would rather preside over an assembly of wolves, than an assembly of ministers."* At the same time the government bestowed all its favour upon Roman Catholics; the Order of St. Louis, coveted by the nobility, was confined to them.† The excitement of war once over, many of those warlike barons relaxed in their ardour for a cause which they had embraced without any strong religious convictions. The consequence was, that numbers of the nobles returned to the Church of Rome during the reign of Louis XIII. Under Louis XIV., the cultivation of letters and science spread among the professors of the Romanist creed; the glory of the great king dazzled the young nobility, who followed him in his victories; the Roman Catholic clergy had many men of learning and talent among them, some of the highest genius. Bossuet, especially, produced a powerful effect by his controversial works. By the time that Louis revoked the Edict of Nantes, few of the distinguished families who had once professed the reformed creed remained faithful to it. The most illustrious houses—the Bourbons, Colignys, La Trémouilles, Bouillons, La Rochefoucaults, Rohans, the Duke of Montausier, the Marquises of Maintenon, Poigny, Montlouet, D'Entragues, all gradually abjured Protestantism. Its stronghold was now among the lesser nobility, the middle classes, and the industrious artisans. As long as the higher nobility were ready to defend their opinions with the sword, those opinions were respected. But as soon as the Protestants had become a peaceable and harmless flock, the king's conscience awoke to the sin of tolerating heresy. That conscience had slumbered during the greater part of his long reign, not only with respect to the impropriety of toleration, but to the indulgence of every sin which disgraces and hardens the heart of man. And when old age chilled long-indulged sensuality, and kindled the flames of remorse, his cooks invented‡ liqueurs to warm the royal stomach, and his confessors endeavoured to appease the never-dying fire of conscience, by advising the noble sinner to offer up his heretical subjects as a holocaust to the offended Majesty of heaven.

Persecution among all who practise it, has usually sought an excuse in endeavouring to connect disloyalty, and other criminal

* Bulletin, p. 47. † Bulletin, p. 50.
‡ This is a literal fact. See *Brillat Savarin, Physiologie du goût.*

principles, with religious opinions. Our Protestant ancestors thus endeavoured to justify their penal laws against Roman Catholic and other dissenters. In France, even now, such is the pretext for prohibiting all but the creeds recognised by the government, to meet for religious worship. In Italy, oath-breaking sovereigns are using the same excuse to stifle the love of the truth among some of their subjects. Count Guicciardini is expiating in exile the crime of reading the Bible: and a still more horrible sentence has recently startled the self-styled enlightened Europe of the nineteenth century: Francesco and Rosa Madiai were sentenced by the *paternal* Christian government of Tuscany to four years' hard labour as galley-slaves, for the same crime which the Holy Spirit praises in the men of Berea! Hundreds in Italy are trembling because they have had an insight into the truth; and all because the emissaries of Rome have persuaded stolid or selfish princes that freedom of conscience is dangerous to their government. But even this excuse Louis XIV. had not. Since the pacification by Richelieu, the Protestants had been pre-eminent for their loyalty. In the war of the Fronde, during the king's minority, efforts were vainly made by Roman Catholic lords to draw them into the opposition against the Queen-mother and Cardinal Mazarin. They remained firm in their allegiance, and contributed more than any other class of men, by their industry and enterprise, to the welfare of their country. Bigotry—unmitigated inexcusable bigotry, dictated the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The despot imagined, that at the word of his mouth his Protestant subjects would all renounce their faith. His wretched clerical advisers told him so. But he was doomed to disappointment. The measures employed,—the hanging of ministers, the dragonnades, the galleys,—proved ineffectual with the greater number. Thousands of families sought new countries where they might worship God in peace. France was impoverished, and Holland, Prussia, England, and Ireland, gained new branches of industry, and valuable citizens. Protestantism lingered a weak plant, until the Revolution once more gave it air and liberty to expand its branches.

In the meantime, while the principles of the Gospel were exterminated or banished from France, a far more dangerous enemy was slowly growing in the land. That dissatisfaction with superstition and priestly arrogance, which had once found its cure in the Reformation, now took the form of a cold, sneering infidelity. The Christian religion, which Protestantism had preserved in the hearts of millions, was weighed down by, and sunk under, the perversions of Romanism. In persecuting the Huguenots, Louis XIV. sowed to the wind, and his descend-

ant, Louis XVI., reaped the whirlwind. Infidelity was one of the main influences which caused, not the Revolution, but the horrors of it, and cost that unfortunate monarch his crown and his life,—infidelity born of superstition and intolerance. And now that the time for the power of Romanist principles on the minds of Frenchmen is, in a great measure, gone by; now that the moral sense is almost extinct in the majority of the people; now that the respect for civil authority has been shaken by frequent revolutions, and all is swallowed up by the fear of an unchecked despotism, that despotism has formed a hypocritical alliance with Rome and her ministers, as the only parties who still have a kind of authority over some, though they are just now stronger in appearance than in reality.

In the meantime the Protestant Church in France is peaceably but steadily making progress. Among other manifestations is the establishment of the Society we have mentioned—which has given occasion to this Article—and the warm interest it has called forth. M. Guizot has accepted the presidency; and other distinguished French Protestants have given their adhesion. In the preliminary observations the views of the committee are thus stated:—

"For some time past, and especially during the last few years, in proportion as men have been more seriously engaged with earnest historical works, and as a taste for such has been extending, it has been generally acknowledged how limited and insufficient our resources are with respect to this subject—how poor our Protestant library is. This deficiency is the more annoying, as it has given full scope to ignorance and bad faith; it is the more to be regretted, as much light has thus remained under the bushel—many treasures have remained buried—many sources of edification and of life have been lost to the faithful. Some efforts have indeed been made; good and useful works have been undertaken and published. But these efforts were isolated, individual, or partial; those publications, however conscientious they may be, were still incomplete; they caused more to be desired than they gave; and, above all, made it obvious how much more was yet to be accomplished."

They go on to mention several works recently published on the history of the French Protestant Church, which illustrate the interest taken in the subject:—Charles Coquerel's "Histoire des Eglises du Désert;" Napoléon Peyrat's work on the same subject; Alexis Muston's "Recherches sur les Vaudois de Provence;" the well-known D'Aubigné's History; and the most recent by Félice. And it is for the purpose of forming a collection of trustworthy documents to promote such works that this Society is founded; as they say, p. 13,—"The totality of the labours of this Society will present, together with critical obser-

vations, a *general inventory*—a complete collection of the sources of French Protestantism—a mass of *pièces justificatives* of that history—an assemblage of *materials* by which it may be studied."

The 1st Bulletin already contains some interesting historical documents. Besides the letter of Theodore Beza to Henri IV., mentioned above, there is some account of Bernard Palissy, together with a curious extract from his works; he is well known in France as an artist in enamel, but remarkable in consequence of the beauty of his style of writing, resembling that of his contemporary Montaigne; it contains a sketch of Clement Marot, the translator of the Psalms, with his address in verse to the ladies of France. Those metrical Psalms became so popular in France that the ladies used to sing them in the public promenades. There is also a list of twenty-two Protestants sent to the galleys, about 1702, for their religion, accompanied by a letter of Admiral Baudin, himself a Protestant, giving an account of the dreadful punishment which they must have undergone; in fact, most of them died after a few years suffering. The latter document proves the utility of a Society for preserving such curious matters, for the Admiral found it among *the waste papers intended to make cartridges* in the arsenal of Toulon! Lastly, there is a curious account of an inscription formerly existing at Nantes, commemorating the refusal of the mayor and corporation to execute the orders of their Governor, the Duke de Bourbon-Montpensier, to massacre the Huguenots at the time of the St. Bartholomew. To those who know the particulars of that atrocious slaughter, the letter of the Duke will offer a mixture of the *naïf* and horrible; it is dated 26th of August 1572, and is as follows:—

"The Admiral (Coligny) having been so wicked as to form a new enterprise to kill, yesterday or to-day, as well His Majesty as the Queen, his mother, his brothers, and all the Catholic Lords of their Court, among the which, ye may be assured, I was not forgotten, God, who in time of need hath always manifested that he loves his own, and how righteous and holy the cause is which we maintain for his honour, hath willed and permitted that this conspiracy should be discovered, and hath so well inspired the heart of our king, that straightway he hath determined to execute that same exploit against that wretch and those of his said conspiracy, wherein he hath been so faithfully and speedily obeyed, that on yesterday morning as aforesaid, the said Admiral—with ten or twelve of the most noted of his adherents—was killed in his lodging and thrown upon the pavement; and this execution was followed up on all the principal men of that party which could be found in this city, of whom there are so many slain that I cannot tell you the number thereof. I will insure you that the principal chiefs were the first despatched, excepting the Count Montgomery, who was lodged in the Faubourg Saint-Germain-des-Pres. Hereby the

intention of His Majesty is sufficiently known as to the treatment to be given to the Huguenots of other cities, and also the means whereby we may hope to behold hereafter some certain rest in our poor Catholic Church, the which we ought not to fail to carry out as much as in us lieth, after such a declaration which the king hath made of his devotion to the same, in the which I beseech our Lord to aid him and to make him persevere, that he may be perpetually praised for it, and that he may grant you, Messieurs, his holy and worthy grace.—Your very good friend, Louis de Bourbon."

We regret that want of space should prevent us from giving more extracts from this promising periodical. But we hope that having drawn the attention of our readers to the plan of the Society which has published it, many who love the principles of the Reformation and of civilisation, may be induced to make themselves better acquainted with its labours, and perhaps contribute to its store of information. They greatly desire to collect information concerning the Protestants who fled in the days of persecution. The descendants of these confessors are many of them in Great Britain and Ireland. There must be memorials of their fathers among them, and it is well known with what love they look back on those. In Ireland, some of the most respected families spring from Huguenots. They had churches in Dublin, in Portarlington, and in other towns. Such persons cannot shew their attachment to the cause of their ancestors more clearly than by communicating to the Society—and thus making known—the interesting documents which they may possess.

Since the foregoing Article has been written, seven numbers have appeared of the historical periodical to which we have introduced our readers. Many of the articles are of the highest interest: among others, a series of letters from French Bishops of the time following the revocation, proving, on the authority of the persecutors themselves, the flagitious means used,—both by violence and by bribery, to carry out the king's objects in producing ecclesiastical unity.

Already, without any extraordinary effort, a number of interesting documents have come to the knowledge of the writer of this Article,—throwing light in particular on the history of the French Protestant settlers in Ireland. Among other curious facts, it is proved by them that the poplin and tabinet manufactory was established in Ireland by these settlers, and that of linen in the north greatly promoted.

Art. VII.—*Lorenzo Benoni; or, Passages in the Life of an Italian.* Edited by a Friend. Edinburgh, 1853.

We cannot be mistaken in supposing that this work is, in the main, an Autobiography. The names of the principal characters are fictitious, and here and there an incident is introduced having the air rather of an artistic invention for the purposes of disguise than of a real occurrence; but, on the whole, it is clear, from internal evidence, that we are to regard the book as a faithful transcript by a living Italian of his recollections of his own boyhood and youth, from the year 1818 to the year 1833. When we add that the writer represents himself as a Genoese, born about the year 1809 or 1810; that in the course of the narrative we are made acquainted with the social and political state of Piedmont at a time when, instead of being as now the freest portion of Italy, it was the very stronghold of Italian despotism; and that the most prominent personages in the latter part of the story, including the author himself, were the chiefs of that noble band of young men who, twenty years ago, raised the flag of Italian nationality and independence, and whose survivors, Mazzini pre-eminent among them, still carry that flag in the face of Europe—we say enough to indicate that the book is one of no ordinary interest. Under the modest guise of the biography of an imaginary Lorenzo Benoni, we have here, in fact, the memoir of a man whose name could not be pronounced in certain parts of Northern Italy without calling up tragic yet noble historical recollections.

The interest of the work, however, by no means depends exclusively on the nature of its materials. Let the reader most disposed to fling aside works having any political allusion, take up this book, and it will be sure to rivet him. Here is no rabid revolutionary writing, no effusion of commonplace demagogy from the pen of an infuriated refugee. Sad events are, indeed, told; and the writer, in retracing the history of his youth, has to walk over a ground consecrated to him but too bitterly by the memories with which it is covered—memories of wrongs silently endured, of aspirations unjustly repressed, of young hopes crushed, of friends and brothers buried before their time. But all is told simply, firmly, soberly, with the tone of a man whose nature is genial and truthful; who has all along possessed that tolerance, that habit of viewing things in just proportion, which belongs to minds of large culture and accomplishment; and who has even acquired by his later experience something of

a spirit of conservatism, disposing him to look back with a smile on the period of his more ardent youth, when abstractions seemed golden, and he had greater faith in the power of individuals to remodel society. The book, therefore, is not a dose of liberal Italian politics under the guise of a story. It is a faithful autobiographic novel, a genuine story of real life. Its merits, simply as a work of literary art, are of a very high order. The style is really beautiful—easy, sprightly, graceful, and full of the happiest and most ingenious turns of phrase and of fancy. We question if any book has been recently published in this country, indisputably the work of a foreigner, exhibiting so perfect a command of pure, elegant, and idiomatic English. And in the higher respects of artistic construction, clear and graphic narrative, and varied character-painting, the book is equally excellent. A vein of quiet, keen, and pleasant humour pervades it throughout. In short, while we recommend it with confidence to all those to whom the nature of its materials as a story of Italian life twenty or thirty years ago will prove a special attraction, we can recommend it also to others, who might be proof against such an attraction, as a composition characterized by a finer species of literary interest than many of the most popular novels of the season. There is love in it, too, ladies; a beautiful Italian Lilla wins and pains the heart of the young Lorenzo; there are spots of pure sunshine, and that sunshine Italian, in the course of the story; and even at the close, where the darker elements prevail, and men struggle with men with death for the issue, love hovers in the air, and white arms are wound impeding round the fighting and the flying.

Dismissing the work as a whole, with this summary description of it, to the care of those who shall read it, let us take it up here in the aspect in which it most interests ourselves—that is, as an authentic picture of Italian boyhood and youth under a despotic government some twenty or thirty years ago, and of Italian life in general as it still flows on wherever there is despotic rule. The state of society in Piedmont is happily not what it was at the period to which this story refers, though even there some of the features of the picture are still unchanged; but it must be a sad reflection to the writer, that what he has set down here respecting the social condition of his native portion of Italy then, is to be accepted, with but little alteration, as still true of every other portion of the Italian peninsula.

Boyhood and youth, words of deep import, which after all imply very much the same things all the world over! Yes, the route which a child has to travel on his way to manhood is, amid all the diversities of clime and country, whether amid the fair-haired sons of the North, with their blue and grey eyes

betokening research and phantasy, or the flashing-eyed and black-haired children of the passionate South, very much the same in reality. To the many, a route onward to that common field of professional activity where they shall make money, and have houses of their own, and beget children in their likeness, and labour on and die; to the few whose destiny it is to think, a weary path, beginning at any point of a vast circumference where the chance of birth may have cast them, but leading surely and invariably to that middle space of all where the initiated of all nations walk up and down, putting the same questions and giving the same answers! This is one of the things with which we have been impressed in reading the present story. It is on the whole, however, a story only of external and social life; and hence there is more throughout of local colour and costume than if, even with an Italian for the author and the subject, the purpose of the story had been to exhibit the gradual development of an individual mind. The very first scene, where we are introduced to the young Lorenzo, then a boy of seven, living with his uncle, a Catholic priest, in a small country town of Piedmont at some distance from Genoa, is thoroughly Italian:—

"Every day, as surely as the day came, when the clock struck eleven, my uncle the Canon invariably said Mass, at which I invariably officiated as his assistant. This ceremony had long lost the attraction of novelty, having been repeated daily for two whole years; and as, besides, my uncle's Mass was very long, it is needless to say, that I went through it with a feeling of intense *ennui*. So, when, at a certain moment, after having helped the priest to the wine and water, it was my duty to replace the sacred phials behind a curtain on the left of the altar, I never failed, by way of relief, to take, under cover of that same curtain, a long pull at the phial of wine. This was only for the fun, as wine was not with me a favourite beverage. * * * My uncle was a weak-minded, rather good than bad sort of man, about sixty, who spent one half of the year in expecting wonders from the approaching crop, and the other half in bewailing the failure of his hopes—thus for ever oscillating between the two extremes of unbounded expectation and utter despair. My uncle had only one distinct idea in his brain—olives; only one interest in life—olives; only one topic of discussion, either at home or abroad—olives. Olives of every size and description—salted olives, dried olives, pickled olives—encumbered the table at dinner and supper, and no dish was served without the seasoning of olives. All my uncle's walks, in which I was regularly ordered to accompany him, had for their sole object to observe the appearance of the olives on the trees, and to watch their progress; and, at a certain period of the year, we literally trod on olives, which were strewed a foot deep on the floor of our large hall. The very air we breathed was impregnated with olive emanations. The rare intervals

in which olives were let alone were employed by my uncle in abusing France and Frenchmen. This was a sort of secondary hobby with him. What France or the French had done to the old canon I do not know, but I well remember a certain anecdote on the subject, which he would repeat over and over again, with ever-renewed mirth and no little pride. Being once in the vicinity of the Var, where this river separates the Sardinian States from France, he had crossed the bridge, gone over to the French side, bit his thumb at France, and come back triumphant. Let France get out of it as she can!"

From his residence with this worthy gentleman Lorenzo was taken back at the age of eight to his native Genoa, to be entered as a pupil in the Royal College of that city—a place of education corresponding, in the Italian scale of ascent, with a Scottish grammar-school, or rather (seeing that the pupils were for the most part boarded within the establishment) with an English public school. The constitution of this seminary is thus described:—

"The Royal College was under the direction of the Reverend Somaschi Fathers, one of the monastic orders devoted by their institution to the education of youth, and was governed according to the following hierarchy:—

"A Father Rettore—sovereign power, without control or appeal—Czar and Pope in one.

"A Father Vice-Rettore—*locum tenens* of the first in case of absence or illness.

"A Father Ministro—the real executive power, everywhere present, and meddling with everything.

"Last of all, the Prefetti, or superintendents. A prefetto was placed over each division, and never left it night or day. At table, in the school-room, at church, in the play-ground, the inevitable prefetto was ever there, ever everywhere. During the night, from his bed, placed at the upper end of the dormitory, he commanded the whole room at a glance, and watched that silence and order should not be broken.

"I must add, that the irksome and enslaving duties of prefetto were so ill remunerated, that none but a starveling of the lowest order of priesthood would have accepted the position. They were generally men without cultivation or instruction of any kind, and pretty well justified our school expression, that their tonsure was taken as a ticket of exemption from the plough or the conscription."

This general description is followed up, in the course of the story, by portraits of the several officials and dignitaries connected with the school. Among the best portraits are the following:—

The Prefetto.—"The Prefetto of our Division was an ugly, dirty, round-bellied priest, with a large red nose covered with carbuncles,

which might have rivalled that of Shakspeare's Bardolph, and two little savage eyes bright with malice. Such, in two words, was Don Silvestro. (The title of *Don* is given in Italy to all the clergy.) Scarcely able to read his breviary, knowing no language but the dialect of his mountains, his profound ignorance, which he himself could not help being aware of, joined to natural and instinctive malignity, kept him in a constant state of hostility towards a set of youths whose superiority humbled him, and disposed him to see an insult in any expression, the meaning of which his thick skull could not catch. But this sort of latent ill-will transformed itself into open warfare and frightful violence, whenever he chanced to be seized with a fit of a kind of malady, which we did not know how to define, and which was nothing less than decided melancholy madness. I suspect, for my part, that these fits were, if not occasioned, at least aggravated, by excess in drinking, as there was always about him, on such occasions, a strong smell of spirits. His fixed idea in these fits was, that we were determined to have his life. Sometimes he fancied we had poisoned his wine; at others he declared there was a plot to murder him during his sleep. I remember that one day he saw a menace of death to him in a red cross which I had most innocently painted on my desk. Another time he had one of my schoolfellows sent to prison, as guilty of having sharpened a pen-knife with the intention of cutting his (the Prefetto's) throat. This unfortunate man died a few years afterwards in a madhouse, raving in his last moments of nothing but poison and daggers."

An Absurd Professor.—"The regular lecturer happening to be ill in bed, a supplementary professor filled his place—a thin, sallow, lanky priest of about thirty. His real name has escaped my memory, for he always went amongst us by the appellation of *Spiderlegs*, owing to the disproportionate length of his nether limbs, which gave him the appearance of a clerical shaven crown upon stilts. The excessive tendency to familiarity which characterizes childhood, requires, on the part of a teacher, to keep it from degenerating into rude disrespect, a nicety of judgment which few possess—and Spiderlegs least of all. He possessed not one quality which could command respect—no learning, no manners, no taste, no brilliant or solid qualities of any kind, to redeem in any degree the awkwardness of his appearance. On the contrary, a vulgar emphasis, absurd gestures, a rage for incorrect quotations, and a turn for floundering into subjects quite beyond his depth, combined to make of him the most grotesque caricature. I must further mention one of his foibles, quite incomprehensible in one so ill formed. His strange figure would have been perfectly veiled by the priest's long gown, such as is commonly worn in our country; but, as if to display his deformity to its best advantage, Spiderlegs had had the weakness to adopt the short ecclesiastical coat, knee-breeches, and black silk stockings, a rather modern innovation, first introduced by some abbé anxious to show off his handsome limbs. The most serious man could not have refrained from a smile at sight of Spiderlegs, with his head complacently bent on one side, his short cloak tucked up under his arm, his elbows squared, his toes turned out, tripping for-

wards with a sort of skip at every step, which gave him a family likeness to a magpie wagging its tail as it hops along.——The lecture begins—Spiderlegs is in his professor's desk, which is exactly like a pulpit. How often has he stood there as in a pillory, a mark for the mocks and gibes of his turbulent class! The pupils, one after another, enter the hall, each holding his coat-tails under his arm, and mimicking, with mock gravity, all the ridiculous peculiarities of the professor's gait. Presently, the pupils stand in a row, in the middle of the hall, to repeat their lesson. The lesson is said admirably—not a word is omitted. The professor lavishes praise and encouragement upon this extraordinary diligence, amid the titterings, to him quite incomprehensible, of the whole set; till one unlucky, near-sighted fellow, begins to hesitate and stammer. Spiderlegs frowns. 'Are you not ashamed,' cries he, 'to fall so far short of your companions? Follow the example they have set you.' Renewed hilarity. 'Go nearer,' says a voice. 'You ought to have put on spectacles,' cries another. 'We'll write larger another time,' breaks in a third. The direction of all eyes leads at last those of the bewildered lecturer to look over his desk, and there he sees, just beneath him, and facing the pupils, a huge paper, with the lesson of the day written in capital letters. He tears it off indignantly, and flings the pieces about him with rage.——The themes are then called for, but scarcely a dozen out of fifty can be collected. Spiderlegs exclaims against such an enormous deficit, and asks of those who have failed how this comes about. Now for the best of the joke. One, with a lamentable air, shows his cheek dreadfully swelled from toothache, which was of course, a moment before, in its natural state. Another has dislocated his wrist, and exhibits it to the professor, shockingly contracted. A third raises his fore-finger, bound round with a heap of rag—he has cut himself to the bone. Others audaciously assert that they have given in their theme, and that it must have been mislaid, and set about hunting for it, of course only creating disorder. Poor Spiderlegs must be satisfied with what he has got, and begins to read.——The professor having made up his mind to this, his audience make up theirs, some to lean with their elbows on their desks to take a little nap as comfortably as they can, others to have a game of draughts, others to play at odds or evens. A battle with paper arrows begins between the day scholars and the boarders, seated at the opposite sides of the hall, while the rest, who have no particular occupation, set to talking, laughing, or quarrelling, with the same freedom as if no professor at all were present."

A Popular Professor.—"Three hours later, the same hall which had been the scene of such uproar and riot in the morning, presented a totally different, and far more edifying picture. The pupils were bent in silent attention over their books, and order and propriety prevailed throughout. It seemed almost impossible that these should be the same youths, so riotous and unruly in the morning; and the man who, by his presence alone, could operate such a metamorphosis, deserves a few words of introduction to the reader.——Signor Lanzi, our professor of Latin and Italian poetry, was a man about forty, with a

considerable tendency to corpulence, which, however, a tall, well-proportioned figure carried off very well. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles, had a rather high-coloured complexion, and a countenance expressive of serene benevolence. Gentle and intelligent was his smile, and his voice sweet and melodious; but the influence he exercised upon his numerous audience depended chiefly upon that natural refinement of manners which wins affection while it imposes involuntary respect. There is nothing that so surely commands reverence from young people as treating them with a certain degree of regard, which makes it a point of honour on their part to strive to merit the good opinion indicated. But, perhaps, the circumstance which had the greatest share in the authority and popularity of our lecturer on poetry, was that of Signor Lanzi's not being a priest. Had he been a priest or a monk—two words synonymous among us with tyrant and fool—he would infallibly have met with a systematic opposition, and an amount of ill-will, which he would no doubt in course of time have overcome, though not without a struggle. As he wore boots and a round hat, instead of a clerical three-cornered one and black silk stockings, he found no unfavourable prepossession against him, and we soon felt that we might yield ourselves to his guidance without degradation. Such at least was our college reasoning, and I give it for what it is worth. Signor Lanzi possessed besides intrinsic merits more than sufficient to captivate our young minds. His erudition in Greek and Latin literature was really prodigious, and he was very well versed in Archæology. There was hardly an author, Greek or Roman—even the most obscure, that he had not analyzed, dissected, passed through the crucible of his brain; hardly a scholium or a commentary that he had not himself commented upon. It was a real pleasure to hear Signor Lanzi earnestly dissert, for hours, on the *Catonis animum atrocem* of Horace, or on the substitution of an *r* for a *v* in the word *Diva.* You would have supposed, from the solemnity of his tone, that the fate of the whole world rested upon the question. He was exclusive in his admiration of the classics, and he would positively work himself up to the point of weeping over *Fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro*, while the beauties of Shakspeare and Schiller left him quite unmoved. Indeed, he hated innovators as much as he could hate anything, and would, I believe, willingly have seen them consigned to an *auto-da-fé.* Such was the man who had undertaken to make poets of us."

The Father Rettore.—"The Father Rettore was a little old man of about seventy years of age. His carroty wig, set awry, his high-boned rosy cheeks, a large vein, which marked a thick blue line upon his red nose always crammed with snuff, tended to render his appearance rather ridiculous than imposing. And yet, notwithstanding this somewhat grotesque exterior, never was monarch in all his mightiness more revered by his subjects than was the Father Rettore by the turbulent youth confided to his care; and this was not owing solely to the perfectly unlimited extent of his power. Other circumstances concurred to make him an object of profound respect, such as an illustrious name and exquisitely polished manners, for which he was indebted to a

highly aristocratical, nay, princely education, and a reputation for immense learning, and for an austerity of life worthy of the early ages of the Church. Wonderful tales of the penances and macerations he was said to impose upon himself circulated in the College, and were calculated to strike our young minds, open as they were to receive strong impressions from all that rose above ordinary life—and to inspire us with deep veneration for a head which we looked upon as already encircled with a halo of saintly glory. As just as it was possible to be in his situation, kind and humane, although frequently severe upon system, full to the brim of a conscientious sense of duty, this austere man, combined in himself, in the highest degree, the virtues and the defects of a fervent Catholic priest. Unbounded was his devotion to the young flock entrusted to him, for whose eternal weal he considered himself individually responsible to God; but this sense of responsibility caused him to carry intolerance to a pitch of cruelty worthy of a Torquemada, in all cases in which he thought—with or without reason—that he saw the slightest offence to religion. And such is the power of any faith deep and sincere, even when carried to excess, that in spite of its effects being often productive of serious evil to us, we looked with admiration on the bent priest, who at such times, drawing himself up, as if by miracle, to his full height, would stand majestic and inexorable, like Moses, when coming down from the mountain, he found the Israelites worshipping the golden calf. Besides, the Father Rettore, in order the better to maintain the manifold influence he possessed, did not disdain to have recourse to certain tactics, which proved his long and deep experience of children. A certain degree of mystery surrounded all his actions, especially the punishments he inflicted. It was not uncommon, for instance, that a summons to the presence of the Father Rettore should be followed by the disappearance of the individual thus summoned. What had become of him? Nothing transpired, and it was only on his being restored to his companions that it became known that he had been, perhaps, in prison. This was the system of Venice applied to a college. Like those of the oracles of old, so the awards of this dreaded monk came from an invisible source; for the Father Rettore lived far from the eyes of the profane, and in a mysterious sphere, from which, however, his influence penetrated everywhere, and at every moment. His very rare appearance in public became an event the more imposing from its always occurring unexpectedly. He spoke little, seldom smiled, was very sparing of praise, which he ever tempered with some slight reproof, and there was generally something of studied severity, I might say, of harshness, in his manner; but this rugged exterior concealed exquisite sensibility, which we had more than once discovered. At the bed-side of the sick his mask would fall off, and the natural man appear: there he let forth all the treasures of his gentle kindness. What care, what tender anxiety, what soft solicitude! He would become a child again himself, to bring a smile upon the lips of a sick child. With what affection he would make himself his nurse, watch and comfort him, and humour his little wishes or his whims!

It was affecting also to see the good old man on a sacrament day, his countenance radiant, and shedding tears of tenderness, as he prayed for his beloved children, whom he believed to be in a state of grace. These bursts of sensibility, which gave an insight into the depths of his soul, did not escape our sharp-sighted observation, and mingled with our awe of the Father Rettore the more tender sentiment of almost filial love."

Now, all these are thoroughly Italian portraits, that of the Father Rettore especially. And yet they are not strange to us. There is perhaps not one of these figures, and perhaps not one of all the pedagogic types introduced to us throughout the first half of the book, that has not its exact Scottish or English analogue. The contrast, for example, so admirably depicted, between the poor absurd Professor and his popular and efficient colleague, is one which reproduces itself, with little variation, in almost every college or grammar-school in our own country. Cannot the memory of every one of us furnish recollections of native pedagogues as absurd as the Genoese Spiderlegs, as worthy of undying respect as the Genoese Professor of Poetry? To our own memory as we write there rise the figures of three men, now dead, who, were there a record of such things, ought to be consigned to the order of academic infamy. There was Dr. A., a Professor of Natural History, a poor old man who gave us, instead of Natural History, a mere rubbish of scraps pertaining to no science in particular, who was a source of fun to us all, whom we pelted with snow regularly as the winter came, on whose black board we used to chalk ineffable figures, during whose lectures we sang songs, and whose dialect we used to mimic to his face. There was Dr. B., a Professor of Moral Philosophy, almost worse still, an old man who lectured trash to us out of manuscripts not his own, while some of us drank bottled porter under the seats, and whose wits, never bright, were all but absolutely gone, so that he used to be seized with mental obscurations and total loss of the power of utterance in the class-room. There was Dr. C., who ought to have taught us three or four languages, but in whose class-room we used to read novels, and write letters, from a perfectly sound conviction that this was the more judicious expenditure of the time we were obliged to be in his company. It makes us angry even now to think of how much these three holders of important Chairs defrauded ourselves and hundreds more, who are now scattered over the world, inferior to what they might have been by all that the hours thus wasted might have added to their culture. Probably the evil is one for which there can be no perfect remedy; and yet one cannot but think that there might be a provision for rooting out from our colleges all such very notorious incapables.

On the other hand, perhaps there is an educational value in the existence in our Universities and other public institutions, of a fair proportion of such pedagogic humbugs. They serve at least as sources of some of the most rich reminiscences in the after-lives of those whose youth they have professionally cheated. Happy, however, the educational institution that has not too many of them, and that can balance every Spiderlegs and Don Silvestro with at least one Signor Lanzi and one Father Rettore. Nor, fortunately, are such men more rare than their opposites. Side by side in our own memory with the very humbugs we have named stand men of a very different cast, every thought of whom, even yet, is a new sense of gratitude. One man, we remember, a colleague of the two incapables first mentioned, who was in all respects, save that of physical appearance, a very brother of the Signor Lanzi presented to us by our friend Benoni—a man whose head was itself a type of the true Roman strictness he loved to expound and inculcate, whose rendering of *O Fons Bandusiæ* would have been a treat to Horace himself, whose reproaches for a false construction or a false quantity made us feel like criminals for half a day, and to learn Latin from whom was to be taught accuracy and research for ever. Nor, when he is remembered, is it possible to forget others to whom, each after his own fashion, a similar tribute would be due—him, for example, who, while he taught us Euclid, reminded us, by figure and character, of Aristides; or him, whose warm heart and enthusiasm made us love Homer and Sophocles for his sake as well as for their own; or him, the weak-voiced, strong-armed eccentric, who led us so cursorily, but so beautifully, over the field of general physics, whose real opinions baffled all investigation, who called us blackguards to our faces, made sly hits at the *idola fori* of our neighbourhood, and so first taught us to doubt and to question. Of these, some were men hardly known, perhaps, beyond a local circle within which their useful lives had been spent; but they were men who, if a right note were taken of such things, should have been sought out for public and conspicuous honour. Whether in Italy or in Great Britain there is no more deserving functionary in a Commonwealth than a conscientious and able teacher; and it might be made a test of the social condition of states how many such functionaries they have, and what scope is given to them.

Piedmont, thirty years ago, if we may trust the representation of its educational institutions given in the pages before us, would have stood very ill the application of such a test. The Signor Lanzi, and the Father Rettore of the Royal College of Genoa were, it is clear, exceptional phenomena—instances rather of how good men may lurk as anomalies under any system, or even be

cast constitutionally in the mould of the worst system, than of the proper character and bearing of the system with which they were associated. And here we are reminded, in spite of such international resemblances as we have noted, that it is to school-life in a despotic country that we are introduced in the pages before us. Whoever wishes to obtain an idea of the difference between the system of education in a free and that in a despotic country, ought to read the account which our author gives of the management of the Royal College of Genoa under the rule of Somaschi Friars. The essence of the difference soon appears. In a free country, education, as we know too well, may be deficient enough in quantity, and bad enough in kind; but, such as it is, it is supplied to those who can procure it as something good and desirable in itself, and the end and direction of such education are determined no farther than they may happen to be by the general wants of the community, and the general ideas, be they truths or prejudices, which float in the whole social atmosphere. In a despotic country, on the other hand, education, where it is administered at all, is administered as something which is dangerous, but which cannot be withheld; and the end, amount, and direction of such education, are determined by the one blasting thought, of how it may be reconciled with the conservation of despotism itself, as represented in a set of arrangements not spontaneously adopted by the community, but let down into it, and tied over it, as an entirely separate interest. Such preeminently, is education in Italy. In every part of Italy, with some exception now in favour of Piedmont, what is called the government, is something extraneous to the people, something tied down over them as an entirely separate interest; and such education as cannot be withheld is ordered, stinted, corrupted, supervised to the one end of not loosening or of farther strengthening the wretched bonds by which this incubus holds itself from being flung off. Worst of all, it has been reserved for the Roman Catholic priesthood, herein untrue to that ancient ideal of Catholicism which was proclaimed by their own Hildebrand, and which, with all its faults, contemplated a very different function for the Church in the history of the world, than that of being the lackey of secular tyrants—it has been reserved for this priesthood to assume the office of the thus degraded schoolmaster. How are the mighty fallen! A priesthood teaching, as the theory is, that the great God of heaven and earth has left as a deposit of his past-presence and footing on our planet, an institution called the Papacy, and that it is for this institution to control the thoughts of men, and to issue from time to time, by virtue of its connexion with the unseen world of truth, new intellectual irradiations, and new moral decrees, till the

earth, swimming in factitious beauty, shall near the goal of the Eternal—this were a sight to awaken chivalrous respect even in those to whom the theory itself seemed but a fallacy and delusion. But where, save in the dreams of a few English neophytes, who are carrying more into Catholicism than they are deriving out of it, is such a priesthood now? The characteristic intellectual work of clerical Catholicism proper, at the present hour, is to write catechisms of despotism, such as the Austrians compel to be used in the schools of Italy, and otherwise to theorize everywhere for the conservation of a particular type of secular government. And this definition will hold good until Jesuitism shall show that it has a programme of its own, distinct from the mere design of converting the nations to the rule of the actual Papacy.

Even more striking than the author's picture of Italian school-life, as an illustration of the practice of despotic governments in the matter of education, is the account he gives of what may be termed the university portion of the career of his friend Benoni. At the time when Benoni is supposed to leave the Royal College and to enter on this portion of his career, the University of Genoa, which, with that of Turin, had been closed in consequence of the insurrectionary movement in Piedmont in 1821, had just been re-opened under a new code of regulations. In several chapters, accordingly, the author makes it his aim, partly by historical details as to the nature of these regulations, partly by humorous accounts of the shifts to which his hero and other young men were put in order to comply with these regulations, to present a vivid picture of the obstacles thrown in the way of the youth of Italy when they reach a period of life when they can think and judge for themselves. In these chapters we have some additional, and, we have no doubt, authentic portraits of Italian officials—in particular, a most graphic portrait of a Mr. Merlini, Acting Commissioner for the Board of Public Instruction, and a perfect lynx of despotism.

Referring to the story itself for the facts, let us only note the impressions they give us, as to the real effect on the young men themselves, of the system of education pursued in the schools and universities of Italy. In the first place, it is clear, Italians in good circumstances do, under all the disadvantages of the system, succeed in being educated, and even, in some respects, well educated. Perhaps it is in the article of science, and especially of science as either stimulating to intellectual generalisation, or trenching on social practice, that formal Italian education is most deficient. The priests do not seem to be jealous of geometry, nor would they repress a decided bent to anatomy, to optics, or to hydraulics; but they would rather not have a Liebig

among their pupils, much less a political economist. In the article of traditional literature, on the other hand, they seem to be less wary. Young men belonging to wealthy families may, it is probable, be as well grounded in the classics, and in all the learning of archæology, in Italy as anywhere else. Literary taste, skill in versification, and the like, seem to be even encouraged; and in the native country of modern art, it would be hard if there were not the means of sufficient culture both to practical excellence in music and painting, and to a wide-spread and genial dilettantism. In short, whether it is that, even where priests are the schoolmasters, there is a certain routine of valuable studies which custom and the prescription of ages make sacred and inevitable, or whether it is that there are always a sufficient number of men like the Signor Lanzi and the Father Rettore to keep young men hard at work within the permitted range, or whether it is that there are in Italy sufficient means of education supplementary to that of the schools, extending even to liberty of access for the few to prohibited books of foreign and native literature, it is certain, that if the young men of the wealthier classes in Italy consented to be mere book-worms or dilettanti, they might go on as comfortably as in any other country in Europe. But they will *not* consent to this; and here lies the difference. We wrong them in expecting that they should. It is all very well for us in a land like ours, where we may rave on platforms if we like, and plunge up to the neck in politics of any colour, to affect the philosophy of a Goethe, sneer at the life of platforms and politicians, and preach the calm and sober culture of the individual. The calm and sober culture of the individual! The luxury of ennui to a man fatigued with work, the post-prandial appetite for nothing but wine and walnuts! But a nation doomed to ennui as its one occupation, served with wine and walnuts as its only food! We have lost the right English spirit in contemplating such matters. There is a cant, it may be, in these everlasting disquisitions on freedom, with which the world resounds; but in our horror of such cant, and our speculative disgust with the platitudes of demagogy, are we not beginning to lose sight of the grand old truth which the word freedom does recognise, and to strike a note that is weak and false? O for one hour of a Milton to sound anew the trumpet-blast, to refresh an intellectual world sick with too much Goethe, and to teach how much better for the mind of man even the jars and broils of liberty, than the peace of priests, with pictures, dance, and song! Italy may come round at some time to the calm and sober culture of the individual; at present, what she craves is a little freedom to choose the opposite. Right or wrong, the youth of Italy are not content to be either mere book-worms or

mere dilettanti, even should the liberty of private religious scepticism be added in the most abundant measure. Hence a universal spirit of rebellion, such as no other country can parallel, against the entire system under which they are educated. With all that they do contrive to acquire by way of culture under that system, they feel that they are systematically wronged. With the instinct of many generations in them, they chafe and revolt under a system which seeks to train them up so that they shall be passive slaves of the governments that are tied down over them. Above all, they hate their schoolmasters. There is something terrible, something passing all that we in England know of hatred, in the hatred with which every educated young Italian regards a priest. A priest—only hear the tone of mingled contempt, loathing, and suspicion with which a young Italian pronounces the name! And hence in Italy it is the delight of young men to complete their own education by plunging into whatever regions of thought or investigation are under sacerdotal prohibition, and by running riot in all that can gratify their secret glee in doing spite to the priests. Thousands of Italians are freethinkers and blasphemers literally out of a spirit of revenge. That antagonism to what seems unworthy of belief which, in a free country, where it can have a natural outlet, assumes the mild form of speculative dissent tempered by social respect, assumes in Italy rather the form of secret orgies of sceptical conference, of bigotry against bigotry, of underground plot and organization to create, within a society all permeated by priests, another and esoteric society into which nothing priestly can penetrate. And so, on and on rolls life in Italy, one generation of young men succeeding another, each, while it is young, going through its course of hatred to the priests, and each, as age and respectability grow upon it, succumbing to these very priests, confessing to them, being married by them, and shrived by them, and carried by them to their duly consecrated graves. The women and the peasantry form in Italy, as in every other Catholic country, the permanent social menstruum in which the scepticism of the educated men is lost and dissolved as fast as it is formed. But already in Italy the entire social mass begins to be pervaded with what is virtually an anti-Papal feeling; and if the Pope wishes to live in a really Catholic country, he ought to leave Italy very soon, and take up his abode in Ireland.

It is a common observation of those who have opportunities of watching the youth of a country or of a district, in the aggregate, for any number of years, that talent and energy are not diffused in equal proportions over equal parts of a given period, but seem rather to come in irregular waves. Ask any

veteran teacher, and he will tell you that such has been his experience, and that, in looking back, he can fix on the precise year or years when his class contained a greater galaxy of talent than ever before or since. Whether it is that there is a kind of contagion operating among young men, so that, where there is one youth of any special bent, others are leavened all round him, or whether, as is more probable, the reason lies in a more general law, according to which, as the vegetable crops of certain physical years are unusually fine, so certain years, taken after a moral measure, are characterized by a better than average condition of human nerve, certain it is that this fact of undulation, of unequal concentration of talent and spirit in particular times and places, may be observed both on the large scale and on the small. Now, connecting the representations of the work before us, with what we chance to know of the real basis of fact in the history of Italy on which these representations rest, we have no hesitation in saying that the years 1830-33, about which time our friend Lorenzo Benoni, leaving his studies at the University behind him, is represented as beginning life in Genoa on his own account, as a young lawyer, must have been, if not for all Piedmont, at least for Genoa and its neighbourhood, precisely one of these epochs of unusual flower. It is a curious fact, indeed, already well known, that no city has contributed so many men conspicuous in recent Italian politics as Genoa. The fact might be susceptible of explanation were we to consider duly the peculiar relation of Genoa during the last forty years to the Sardinian kingdom, and again the peculiar relation of that kingdom to Italy in general. Suffice it here to remind our readers, that, until the year 1848, the Sardinian or Piedmontese kingdom was under a despotism both military and ecclesiastical, which gave its subjects ample opportunities of personally studying the common problem of the whole peninsula; that the natural subjects of this kingdom, the Piedmontese proper, have a peculiar and rather hard type of character, distinguishing them from the rest of the Italians; and again that the Genoese, politically compatriots of the Piedmontese since 1815, have elements in them, more especially the proud republican memories of a thousand years, distinguishing them from the Piedmontese, and qualifying them to think and act, under the conditions of their new combination, in an original and influential manner.

Leaving these hints to suggest what they may, let us fancy the one Genoese in whose fortunes we are at present interested, as he walked about his native city, laden with his last University honours, and with the poor prospects of a Genoese lawyer before him, in the year 1830. He has his office in his father's house, where he and his brothers live, petted by a mother whom

they all love, and enduring not a little from the tetchy temper of their father, who is secretly proud of them, but hardly sees what is to become of them all, and is in constant dread of their getting into scrapes with the authorities. The brothers, especially two of them, Cæsar and Lorenzo, who are nearly of the same age, are constant companions, and have much time on their hands—Cæsar having as little to do as a physician, as Lorenzo has as a lawyer. They read books, they walk out, they play billiards, they go to balls and theatres; they enjoy the moonlight and the lovely night-expanse of sea, smoking their cigars on the bridge of Carignano as long as the carabineers, the detested police of Genoa, will let them stay out of bed; they do all that honest youths can to reconcile the hopefulness and buoyant spirit of youth in general with the chronic ennui to which youth in Italy is subject. It is hard work. At every step they are dogged by a carabineer, or meet the sinister face of a Jesuit, or have to command the hot Italian pride rising in their hearts as they encounter the insulting glance of an Austrian officer, or are reminded in one of a thousand ways of the miserable meshes under which the society of which they are a part lies bound and enthralled. In these circumstances they find a resource in what in Italy exists in all the force of a real passion—friendship. Precisely as the state of society in Italy develops types of treachery, meanness, cowardliness, and cruelty, more pure and exaggerated than are found in most other countries, so, on the other hand, operating on natures of better material, it produces characters in which the virtues of honour, fidelity, courage, and gentleness, are pushed to the degree of romance. What we call friendship in England would hardly answer to the Italian definition of the word. When an Italian brings himself to say *Tu* to a man, thus acknowledging him as his friend, it is a kind of paction of life and death between the two—purse, thoughts, secrets are thenceforth in common between them. Such was the friendship formed between our two brothers and a young fellow-townsman with whom about this time they became acquainted, and who thenceforward figures in the history under the name of Fantasio. This remarkable person is thus described:—

"Fantasio was my elder by one year. He had a finely-shaped head, the forehead spacious and prominent, and eyes black as jet, at times darting lightning. His complexion was a pale olive, and his features, remarkably striking altogether, were set, so to speak, in a profusion of flowing black hair, which he wore rather long. The expression of his countenance, grave and almost severe, was softened by a smile of great sweetness, mingled with a certain shrewdness, betraying a rich comic vein. He spoke well and fluently, and when he warmed upon a sub-

ject, there was a fascinating power in his eyes, his gestures, his voice, his whole bearing, that was quite irresistible. His life was one of retirement and study; the amusements common with young men of his age had no attraction for him. His library, his cigar, his coffee; some occasional walks, rarely in the day time, and always in solitary places, more frequently in the evening and by moonlight,—such were his only pleasures. His morals were irreproachable, his conversation was always chaste. If any of the young companions he gathered round him occasionally indulged in some wanton jest, or expression of double meaning, Fantasio—God bless him!—would put an immediate stop to it by some one word, which never failed of its effect. Such was the influence that the purity of his life, and his incontestable superiority, gave to him. Fantasio was well versed in history, and in the literature not only of his own but of foreign countries. Shakspeare, Byron, Goethe, Schiller, were as familiar to him as Dante and Alfieri. Spare and thin in body, he had an indefatigably active mind; he wrote much and well both in prose and verse, and there was hardly a subject he had not attempted,—historical essays, literary criticisms, tragedies, &c. A passionate lover of liberty under every shape, there breathed in his fiery soul an indomitable spirit of revolt against tyranny and oppression of every sort. Kind, feeling, generous, never did he refuse advice or service, and his library, amply furnished, as well as his well-filled purse, were always at the command of his friends. Perhaps he was rather fond of displaying the brilliancy of his dialectic powers at the expense of good sense, by maintaining occasionally strange paradoxes. Perhaps there was a slight touch of affectation in his invariably black dress; and his horror of apparent shirt-collars was certainly somewhat exaggerated; but, take him all in all, he was a noble lad.—To him I owe having really read and enjoyed Dante. Many a time, before having made acquaintance with Fantasio, I had taken up the *Divina Commedia* with the firm determination of going through the whole of it; but soon recoiling from its difficulties I had given up the task, and contented myself with reading those portions of the great poem which are most famous, and the beauties of which are most popular. In a word, I had only sought amusement in Dante. Fantasio taught me to look there for instruction and the ennobling of my faculties. I drank deeply at this source of profound thought and generous emotion, and from that time the name of Italy, which recurs so often in the book, became sacred to me, and made my very heart beat."

Fantasio and the two brothers become from this time the principal figures in a group or clique of young men, including some of the most promising of the educated youth of Genoa. Lorenzo is about twenty-one years of age, tall, thin, dark, and with an expression of languor in his countenance, which easily brightens up, and changes for the better. Cæsar, a year older, and to whom Fantasio is more strongly attached than even to Lorenzo, is less tall, but stouter and better proportioned, with a healthy glow in his cheeks, and clustering chesnut hair. Other

figures in the group are—a youth named Alfred, Lorenzo's *fidus Achates* at school; and a youth named Sforza, a daring, strange, resolute being, who, even as a boy, had shewn himself a born leader when firm will and action were required, whose hopes in professional life had been blasted by his expulsion from school for a fray against the friars, and who, though poor as a rat, and living frugally by giving lessons in drawing, would never borrow money or confess the want of it. There is besides another youth, Vadoni, an unfortunate wretch, who had been compelled by a miserly uncle to embrace the priestly office against his will; and from time to time there appears also a youth, of high aristocratic birth, named "the Prince," who figures rather equivocally in the earlier part of the story, where he is already introduced to us as Lorenzo's enemy and rival at school. These, we believe, are not imaginary portraits, but all portraits from the life. It will not be difficult, at all events, for such as have the clue, to recognise the original of Fantasio in a man not unknown at the present day in the history of Europe. The portrait is not without a dash of criticism in it, as if years and events had made Lorenzo no longer exactly what he once was to Fantasio, nor Fantasio what he once was to Lorenzo; and yet, if our identification of the portrait with the original is correct, what a tribute is paid to a man now much maligned in Europe, in the fascinating picture given in these pages of the young Fantasio of Genoa, so pure, so good, so noble!

From walks and talks together, from readings of Dante, from discussions of the great question of Classicism or Romanticism then agitating the literary world, from projects of literary journals in the interest of the Romantic school, to be published at Florence, where the censorship was less strict than in Piedmont—little wonder if the thoughts of Fantasio and his friends turned at last most decisively to Italian politics. Indeed, of what else could an Italian think? His country, its wrongs, its hopes of emancipation—from generation to generation this had been the one thought of every honourable Italian breast, a thought to be quenched, perhaps, in some by the cares of life as they grew older, and to be drowned by others in the feeble pleasures of literary dilettantism, but ever ready to burst out afresh, and never, never to be extinct in all. Full of this chronic thought, and cherishing in a nobler form than usual that hatred of priesthood and tyranny into which all Italians are, as we have said, schooled and driven, it was reserved for our Genoese group of friends to feel called, by the circumstances of the time, to put their thoughts in practice. A glorious example was before them in the successful struggle by which the Greeks had won their freedom. Why should not Italy do what Greece had done?

What was wanting in Italy that Greece had possessed? One thing only—a *Hetaireia* like that which had done so much for Greece; a secret association of patriotic souls, bound by a common purpose, and connecting all parts of Italy with each other! Such was the first step of Fantasio and his friends in their progress towards the dangerous career of political conspiracy; and for months, both in Genoa, and in the quiet and beautiful valley of San Secondo, to which they often retire to be out of the bustle of town, the one subject of their conversations is the possibility of founding an Italian Hetaireia. Lorenzo and his brother are watched by a kind and eccentric uncle John, who holds a commercial situation in Genoa, and who, perceiving what is in the wind, takes every opportunity of lecturing his nephews on the folly of expecting to turn society like a pancake. Uncle John's maxim is that the only thing is for every individual in his own sphere to be as good and do as much good as he can; and he openly declares that if he were sure that, the first shop he entered, he should be asked only the correct price or thereabouts for any article he wanted to buy, he would think that moral change a more important conquest for the country than all the institutions of Sparta and of Athens to boot. But, after all, his heart goes with the boys; and, had he been Goethe himself instead of only uncle John, his preachings could have had little chance with Italian flesh and blood, daily revolted by the workings of a government characterized since, in the words of even so calm a man as Mr. Gladstone, as a systematic setting up of the negation of God.

We cannot here trace the successive steps of the friends, led and agitated by the burning enthusiasm of Fantasio, in their search after the Italian Hetaireia. Suffice it to say, that at first they fling themselves into the arms of Carbonarism, a system of secret association, dating its origin from the Neapolitan movements consequent on the restoration of the Bourbons, and which, at this time, after being dormant for some years, was again recruiting its ranks in all parts of Italy. This connexion with the Carbonari brings a new personage on the field—a Count Alberto; and, with him, his sister, and a long and trying love episode for poor Lorenzo. But our friends soon become disgusted with Carbonarism, which proves itself, in their experience of it, to be more a mummery than a reality; so that they have to look about among themselves for the elements of a better Hetaireia—all the more necessary at a moment when the French Revolution of July seemed to hold out once more to the nations the signal of emancipation. They are scheming and arranging such an association, when, O horror! Fantasio is arrested. It is a moment of intense anxiety, but at last, by an unexpected conjunction of circumstances which stopped the investigations

of the police at the very point when they might have led to death and ruin to all concerned, Fantasio is released, on the condition of his immediate exile to France. He leaves his little group of friends, and takes up his abode in Marseilles. And here for a little while the work of conspiracy is at an end; and in lieu of it love goes on. But soon there comes a messenger with a packet from Fantasio, announcing that as a refugee he has not been idle, that the rudiments of a new organization have been formed by him among his fellow-refugees, and that it depends on the friends he has left behind him in Genoa to give effect and body to this organization by spreading it throughout Piedmont and Italy. Here the memoir before us becomes actual and authentic history. After deliberation, the suggestion of Fantasio is taken up; Cæsar, his bosom-friend, becomes his substitute as the soul of the projected enterprise; and Lorenzo, Sforza, Alfred, Count Alberto, Vadoni, with two new associates—Adriano Stella, a merchant well known on the Genoese Exchange, and his brother Lazzarino, captain of a trading vessel,—are grouped around Cæsar as his coadjutors and ministers. To these is added, after a little while, a young cavalry officer named Vittorio. The work of organization now goes on in right earnest; it is no longer a set of youths dreaming and longing; it is a formidable conspiracy, amply provided with resources, and growing in dimensions every day. We here quote our author—

"In six months of incessant labour, we had obtained results at which we were ourselves astonished. Not a single town of any importance in the kingdom, but had its committee at work; not a considerable village that lacked its propagandist leader. We had succeeded in establishing regular and sure means of communication between the several committees in the interior, and we corresponded abroad, through affiliated travellers, with Tuscany and Rome, through Leghorn and Civita Vecchia, and so on to Naples. The number of adepts had multiplied to such an extent, that we soon felt the necessity of slackening the impulse. People of all classes joined us—nobles, commoners, lawyers, men employed under Government, merchant-captains, sailors, artisans, priests, and monks. Among these last named, my old friend Vadoni, now one of our sect, pushed on propagandism indefatigably, as did our colleagues Adriano Stella and the Prince, the first among the seafaring class, the second among the nobility. . . . . To render justice to every one, I must say that devotion and self-sacrifice were the order of the day in all ranks. Surely the hour appointed by Providence for the deliverance of Italy was not yet at hand, since such a combination of perseverance, self-denial, intelligence, and activity in its cause, were destined to fail in the attempt! It must also be allowed that the directing committee at Marseilles gave us good assistance. Thanks to their agency, the crews of our merchant-vessels which traded to Marseilles returned well indoctrinated and enthusiastic; and in almost all the steam-boats that plied along the coast of the Mediterranean we had confidential agents, charged to carry to the dif-

ferent ports along their line, not only letters, but bales of printed political papers, which were thus introduced to be afterwards distributed inland. . . . . . But it was specially in a line hitherto unexplored—I mean in the army—that the progress of the Association was most remarkable. Vittorio, the young artillery officer to whom Cæsar during my illness had presented the letter of introduction, had proved an inestimably precious acquisition. He was a young man of two and twenty, strikingly handsome. No man ever realized in my eyes, as he did, the type of a hero, both in body and in mind. He was taller by a head than the tallest of us, and erect as a tower, and though a youthful down barely shaded his lip, his broad chest and shoulders bespoke the full development of manhood; yet so finely and harmoniously was he proportioned that he did not strike you as being much above the ordinary size. The lines of his spacious forehead, and of his whole countenance, were of that pure cast that we so much admire in ancient Grecian statues; and his every motion and gesture bore that stamp of nobility and easy elegance with which nature endows her most favoured children. When looking at him in his simple but handsome uniform, leaning on his long sword, I could not help thinking of Achilles. The inward was in keeping with the outward man. Vittorio had an ardent spirit, enthusiastically devoted to all that is good and noble, a mild and affectionate disposition, and uncommon capacity and activity. Such a man, it will be readily conceived, could not do things by halves. He first of all secured the co-operation of two of his comrades and friends—his *staff* as he jocularly called them, and then went to work in right earnest. The success he met with exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and in a short time he was at the head of a respectable number of adepts. We were thus secure of access to the arsenal, and of finding there not only the arms which we wanted, but a body of men ready to join and march with us. From the artillery, to which it had been at first confined, the work of propagandism soon spread to the other military corps of the town. There could be no lack of elements of dissatisfaction in an army aristocratically constituted as ours was, (though by the law of conscription service was obligatory on all classes,) and in many corps of which merit was precluded from all advancement, if unaccompanied by pedigree or title. Now this was the case with nine-tenths of the numerous and well instructed class of non-commissioned officers. Let us add, with honest pride, the Piedmontese uniform covered many a brave heart, that beat high and fast at the words 'Italy' and 'National Independence.' •

"Such was the state of our affairs in the beginning of the month of February 1833—just fourteen months from the first establishment of the new association—a state full of hope, but also full of danger."

There is no difficulty in recognising in this passage a description of the association which has since become famous in Italian history as the association of "Young Italy." There are many reflections which the picture here given of this celebrated association might suggest to us—particularly the reflection what a state of society that must be, in which all that is noblest

and most generous in a people is driven to such a mode of working a way for itself; and what centuries of suffering, unheard of in our parts of the world, it must have taken to impart to the Italian character such an aptitude for conspiracy and secret organization as is here disclosed. Let us only, however, refer such of our readers as cannot shake off the bad associations legitimately connected with the word *conspiracy* in a country and language like ours, where conspiracy is happily not, as it is in Italy, the only synonym for political activity, to the more detailed representations in the pages of our author. Only by a fair reading of the whole book can the proper impression on this subject be produced.

We hurry to the catastrophe. At the very time when the conspiracy was ripe, and when every hour of delayed action increased the danger of discovery, a difference arose between the Genoese centre and the branch in Turin as to the precise moment for striking the blow. A correspondence is going on to adjust this matter; but the delay is fatal—the conspiracy is discovered. A quarrel between two soldiers is the cause of the discovery.* The police lose no time—Cæsar, Sforza, and others are arrested on the instant—Vittorio mysteriously disappears, and investigations begin which lead to wholesale arrests in all the towns of Piedmont. A warrant is out for the arrest of Lorenzo; but he contrives to avoid the carabineers in time, is hidden for some days in Genoa, escapes in a boat under the care of a smuggler who bargains to carry him to France, grows delirious on the way, and insists on being set on shore on the Sardinian coast, skulks about for a while in the neighbourhood of a country village where he runs great danger of being discovered, and at last by a miracle makes his way across the Var and is safe on French soil. He hastens to Marseilles, and there from the lips of Fantasio learns the fate of those he had left behind him. The book closes with these tidings conveyed in the form of a "Note by the Editor:"—

"Lorenzo's presentiment as to his brother's fate had proved but too true. Nor was Cæsar the only one among the reader's acquaintances—the single victim. Poor Sforza had been shot; the two associates of Vittorio, Miglio was one of them, were also shot. Vadoni was condemned to imprisonment for life; Lazzarino to ten years' solitary confinement in a fortress. The mystery that enveloped Vittorio's fate was not cleared till some months afterwards, when it was ascertained that he was at Bologna, a prisoner. To explain:—On the morning of the day previous to the capture of the chief conspirators, Vittorio was summoned before his Colonel, seized on while off his guard, thrown into a post-chaise, and conveyed under escort to the frontier of the Roman States, of which he was a native. By this summary, and ap-

parently rigorous proceeding, had the gallant officer contrived, without committing himself too far, to save at least the life of his young subordinate, for whom he was known to entertain a special regard. Count Alberto and Alfred were left unmolested. Adriano Stella, who was absent from home at the time when the arrests began, took good care to keep out of the way. Many a fine fellow, chiefly among the military, whose name has not appeared in the foregoing pages—Vochieri was one—was shot at Alexandria and Chambery; some were confined for life, or for periods varying from ten to twenty years; a still greater number succeeded in effecting their escape abroad."

And so, for the present, the veil is dropped over this interesting Italian history. Reader, we could raise that veil. We could cite, out of authentic and known record, extracts stating in exact detail the time and manner of the death of him who passes in these pages under the name of Cæsar Benoni. It is a tale tragic beyond the power to relate it, calling up, as we write, the image of a prison-wall, of words written on that wall in blood, of gaolers finding a dead body. We could tell of other victims named or not named in this history; and we could trace the farther fortunes both of Lorenzo and Fantasio. The custom of courtesy does not allow that we should do so; only, as this whole history has to us a warmer interest than that of mere literary appreciation, may we be permitted, in conclusion, to throw off for an instant, the critical guise, and consecrate a few lines to private feeling?

The first Italian that we ever knew was a Genoese exile, driven from his country by events connected with those narrated in the volume before us. He might have been a younger brother of Cæsar and Lorenzo. Where these pages shall first see the light, there are many who, with us, will remember Agostino. Memorable to many he was, indeed, fit to be—to old and to young, to rich and to poor, to wise men and to gentle women. Nature never made a man in a nobler, finer mould. He was sent among us to shew what manner of man an Italian might be. Wise, calm, fervid, honourable, proud; capable of being so stern, and withal so courteous! Ever open and considerate to the sorrows of others, ever secret and jealous of his own! To those who saw him but once, he was the type of a thoughtful and most gentle man; to those who saw him often, a fountain of the richest and the rarest pleasure. What he was to ourselves—ah! what was he *not*? Dear to us yet, Agostino, as nothing ever can be dearer, the memory of the hours spent with thee; of the upper-room where we so often sat together, we and our common friend; of thy dark kind face, with its soft and melancholy eyes; of thy deep delightful converse, now of books and old themes of thought or fancy, now of matters personal, now of lighter and more gamesome things. Through thee

it was that we first learned to love Italy—Italy which gave thee to us, and to which again we gave thee back, when duty and freedom called thee. Ah, it is years since then; and now, as from thy bed of sickness under thine own Italian skies, each passing month wafts us tidings of hope or sadness, how we think of thee and the old days which return no more! Over all the intervening space of sea and land, I stretch my hand to thee, O Agostino—a salutation back to life, if our prayers can avail; a farewell for this world, if such is the decree, my elder and wiser brother!

Yet another Italian it has been our lot to know, also a Genoese exile, and not a stranger to the events of this Piedmontese story. He might be Fantasio grown older. Of him and what he is, it is not for private regard to speak; he is a man of whom history takes charge. Long ago was his name known in Italy; and now, whether he walks modestly in the streets of London, or suddenly appears elsewhere to pursue, with no official pomp or circumstance, the business which Italy has devolved upon him, it is felt that in his hands lies a portion of the power of Europe. For it is not long since the world saw him in a position which it has been given to no other man of the present age to hold—with his foot on the neck of the secular Papacy. France, with Protestant England consenting and abetting, took him thence and raised the prostrate victim. Once more he came amongst us, again to bide his time. His work seems over; Pope and tyrants are at rest, and hope seems to have grown sick in the heart of a waiting world, when, lo! he again quits our shores, and fire bursts forth wherever he plants his footsteps. A whole continent is searched for him. He is not here, he is not there; he is sought for everywhere in vain; and yet he "may well be in the heart of every Italian who has been outraged, oppressed, and wronged, and there no doubt, Pope and Austrian will one day find him." Such is the prophecy, at least, of the *Times* newspaper.

Italia, O Italia, how long shall thy harp hang on the willows? How long, instead of retaining such men as these within thy bosom, to make thee what thou mightest become, shalt thou have to drive them forth as now to shew what that might be? Arise, thou noble land; arise in thy strength to right thine own wrongs, and, while righting these, to render at the same time that service to the world which the world expects from thee! Destroy that Nuisance crowned with a tiara which not thou alone, but a whole earth is tired of; crush, crush that Spider of the nations whose home-nest is in thee, but whose web overspreads the world! Arise, and take thy place among the nations, O fair Italy; do among them as thou hast capacity and will; and be estimated according to thy deserts!

ART. VIII.—1. *The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems.* By A. London, 1849.
2. *Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems.* By A. London, 1852.
3. *The Morlas. A Poem.* By V. London, 1853.

POETRY is scarce. Our age, famous as it is in many ways—abounding in great deeds, and far from being destitute of great men—seems unfavourable to the growth of the ever welcome flower. Many volumes of verses are published annually, evincing taste, feeling, and sometimes an artistic carefulness and finish. There is no indifference on the part of the public; on the contrary, we feel convinced that the "*Vates Sacer*," were he to come among us, could easily command an audience. The encouragement so freely afforded to anything which looks like promise, and the indulgence displayed to the poets of America, are the best proofs we could advance in favour of the existence of a genuine love of poetry.

It would be ungenerous to omit mention of an improvement which has taken place in the tone of many of our writers of verse. That there is often a delicacy and purity of feeling, a desire after noble objects of ambition, and what is better than either, an earnest and sometimes pathetic expression of sympathy for the wants of the poor, few of those who are in the habit of bestowing attention on the literature of the day will feel inclined to deny. For the higher attributes and mysterious qualities of song, we look in vain. But at least let us be grateful for the absence of misanthropical monodies, and voluptuous love songs. There is another peculiarity in many of the recently published volumes of verses, which can hardly fail to force itself on the notice of every reader. We mean the unmistakeable traces which they bear of the influence exercised on his age and contemporaries by Mr. Tennyson. When the earlier poems of Tennyson first made their appearance, the admirers and disciples of the sensational school claimed their author for themselves. In his more recent productions, however, the poet has shown himself in an entirely new light. The debateable land that lies between the regions of sensation and the regions of thought, Mr. Tennyson has fairly claimed to hold. Where a great genius walks securely, how few there be that can follow! In the efforts of the pupils there is a want of proportion, and an absence of harmony which render the varied ease and facile gracefulness of the master only more apparent. It is far from unnatural that the younger portion of

the community should fix their admiration on the poet who is nearest them. Grave seniors may hint at the propriety of rigid adherence to classic models, and point to "the pure well of English undefiled,"—but in spite of all that has been, or that can be said, the poet whose verse comes bounding over the soul, who is continually in the thoughts and language of youth, must be he who has felt the difficulties, and perhaps solved the problems of the present time. There is one, it is true, who is for all ages and for all times, but it is rare to discover that the first affections of male or female students of poetry centre in Shakspeare. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

But it is time to turn from our somewhat desultory reflections and introduce our readers to "A." and "V."

"The Strayed Reveller" has been before the world for some time, and was, we believe, favourably noticed by more than one journal, on its first appearance. It is in all respects a pleasing and interesting collection. The writer, evidently a man of high culture, gave in this volume a promise of excellence which, we regret to say, his last production, "Empedocles on Etna," has not fulfilled. The poems in the first volume, as regards smoothness of rhythm, and elaboration of style, are strikingly superior to those of the second. Nor is the philosophy and general tone of the "Reveller" improved in "Empedocles." An indolent, selfish quietism pervades everything that "A." has written, mars the pleasure of the reader, and provokes him into thinking severe thoughts about the poet. But "A." is a poet. He has held deep communion with nature. He has studied in a way that we wish was more common than it is. From the works of Sophocles, and Homer, Goethe, and Wordsworth, he has gathered fruits, and he has garnished his gains with fresh blooming flowers of his own. The "Strayed Reveller" is an imitation of the antique. Though containing some fine imagery, there is little which we care to extract. A "Fragment from an Antigone" is well executed, but hardly worth the trouble which must have been bestowed upon it. As a specimen of the graceful fashion in which "A." can write, we give the following poem, "To my friends, who ridiculed a tender leave-taking." It reminds us in many ways of Goethe :—

"Laugh, my Friends, and without blame,
Lightly quit what lightly came.
Rich to-morrow as to-day,
Spend as madly as you may.
I, with little land to stir,
Am the exacter labourer.
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

"But my Youth reminds me—'Thou
Hast lived light as these live now:
As these are, thou too wert such:
Much hast had, has squander'd much.'
Fortune's now less frequent heir,
Ah! I husband what's grown rare.
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

"Young, I said, 'A face is gone
If too hotly mus'd upon:
And our best impressions are
Those that do themselves repair.'
Many a face I then let by,
Ah! is faded utterly.
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

"Marguerite says: 'As last year went,
So the coming year'll be spent:
Some day next year, I shall be,
Entering heedless, kiss'd by thee.'
Ah! I hope—yet once away,
What may chain us, who can say?
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

"Paint that lilac kerchief, bound
Her soft face, her hair around:
Tied under the archest chin
Mockery ever ambush'd in.
Let the fluttering fringes streak
All her pale, sweet-rounded cheek.
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

"Paint that figure's pliant grace
As she towards me lean'd her face,
Half refus'd and half resign'd,
Murmuring, 'Art thou still unkind?'
Many a broken promise then
Was new made—to break again.
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

"Paint those eyes, so blue, so kind,
Eager tell-tales of her mind:
Paint with their impetuous stress
Of enquiring tenderness,
Those frank eyes, where deep doth lie
An angelic gravity.
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

"What, my Friends, these feeble lines
Shew, you say, my love declines?
To paint ill, as I have done,
Proves forgetfulness begun?
Time's gay minions, pleas'd you see,
Time, your master, governs me.
Pleas'd, you mock the fruitless cry,
'Quick, thy tablets, Memory!'

"Ah! too true. Time's current strong
Leaves us true to nothing long.
Yet, if little stays with man,
Ah! retain we all we can!
If the clear impression dies,
Ah! the dim remembrance prize!
Ere the parting kiss be dry,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!"

There is grace and pathos in the poem of "The forsaken Merman;" but it recalls certain poems of Tennyson rather too vividly. "The New Sirens" does more than recall Mrs. Browning, and that too by no means in her happiest mood. We advise our friends to avoid "The Sick King in Bokhara," and assure them that there is nothing to be gained from the mystical pieces addressed to Fausta.

"A." constantly disappoints us. We are in hopes all throughout his volumes that we are about to be delighted with a flow of melody, or a noble train of sentiment. He is often on the verge of excellence. He has been astride Pegasus. We can hardly venture to assert that he has ridden him.

"Empedocles on Etna" is an utter mistake. It fills seventy pages, and though the author calls it a drama, it hardly possesses one attribute of dramatic poetry. Every thing about it is modern. But the thoughts and images which the author has accumulated in this poem are often original. Callicles, a young harp-player, has followed the sage up the mountain side, and endeavours by snatches of song to soothe the sorrows of Empedocles. Here is an exquisite description of the scene:—

"The track winds down to the clear stream,
To cross the sparkling shallows: there
The cattle love to gather, on their way
To the high mountain pastures, and to stay
Till the rough cowherds drive them past,
Knee-deep in the cool ford: for 'tis the last
Of all the woody, high, well-water'd dells
On Etna; and the beam
Of noon is broken there by chestnut boughs
Down its steep verdant sides: the air

So freshen'd by the leaping stream, which throws
Eternal showers of spray on the moss'd roots
Of trees, and veins of turf, and long dark shoots
Of ivy-plants, and fragrant hanging bells
Of hyacinths, and on late anemones,
That muffle its wet banks: but glade,
And stream, and sward, and chestnut trees,
End here: Etna beyond, in the broad glare
Of the hot noon, without a shade,
Slope behind slope, up to the peak, lies bare;
The peak round which the white clouds play."—P. 17.

Oh *si sic omnia!* But alas, "A." has indulged to excess in poems of a meditative cast, reflecting, indeed, the culture and refinement of their author's mind, but failing to touch the reader. "Tristram and Iseult" display the author's characteristic power to great advantage. "The Memorial Verses" on Wordsworth's death, originally published in Fraser's Magazine, are really very memorable. Our readers will thank us for

"LONGING."

"Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again;
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

"Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to all the rest as me.

"Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say—my love! why sufferest thou?

"Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again;
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day."—P. 84.

There are indications throughout these volumes that the glorious scenery which surrounds the English lakes has especial attraction for "A." When we next meet with him, we trust that his poetry will exhibit more than it does at present of the severe manliness and exalted tone which must ever be associated in the minds of lovers of poetry with the hills and dales of Westmoreland. Less of aversion to action in all its forms,—greater

sympathy with the wants of the present generation, will endear him to many who would now turn away contemptuously from the self-complacent reverie, and refined indolence, which too often disfigure his pages. It is not merely as an artist that men love to regard a favourite poet. He must not only himself obey the dominion of moral and religious ideas, he must do more—he must teach others to go and do likewise. But, when all deductions have been made, and every critical objection has been stated, there still remains enough in the poetry of "A." to justify a warm eulogy, and to entitle us to hope that he may yet produce poems worthy of a higher praise.

There is much in the poetry of "V." to excuse the belief that the writer (who is really a lady) is a man. Vigour, firmness, and an almost philosophical acuteness, are its distinguishing characteristics. "V." is a lover of realities. She has no meaning to conceal. She hates enigma. The unassuming form—betokening an absolute indifference to fame—in which the writings of "V." have been issued, has, we are fully convinced, injured her reputation. Some years have passed since full justice was done in the pages of this Journal to the merits of her first publication, "IX Poems."*. In 1842 she published the first canto of a poem named, "I watched the Heavens," which, amidst much palpable imitation of Dante, disclosed a deep knowledge of the mysterious workings of the human heart. We venture, before introducing our readers to her last and best poem, "The Morlas," to give the following extract from the conclusion of "I watched the Heavens:"—

"For 'tis not only in the sun to bask,
Nor by bright hearths to shun the tempest's rage,
That man is summon'd to his earthly task,
And shewn afar his native heritage.
More glorious labours are assigned the race
Whose future home is all the breadth of space,
And who in many a fight must win the strength
Which nerves their spirits to that height at length;
E'en as the falcon, when the wind is fair,
Close to the earth on lagging pinions goes,
But when against her beats the adverse air,
She breasts the gale, and rises as it blows."—P. 58.

The concluding lines we think it would be difficult to excel. In the few words of preface to "The Morlas," the author says—"I feel justified in offering it to the world, as the best I can do, which, if it fails to please, fails through want of ability, not for

* *North British Review* No. xxi. p. 59.

want of pains." This is superior to the affectation which would have the public imagine that the novel or poem was the work of hours, not days. The poem opens with a description of a forest solitude, far from the track of men, which recalls the opening of Mr. Longfellow's "Evangeline," but, indeed, only to render the inferiority of the American poet's "forest primæval" very evident. The stranger, who narrates the poem, is led to moralize on the vicissitudes of humanity, the common lot, the ultimate destiny of man. A voice seems to reach the ear. The thoughts which fill the stranger's bosom have vibrated through many hearts in that still solitude. The spirit of the valley, who takes form and shape, appears before the eyes—

"A form which, how it met the sight
I knew not, save that it was there;
A quivering and a colour'd light,
That seem'd embodied but in air."—P. 13.

To trace the line of existence through various ages is the delight of the spirit. The savage and the sage are brethren. They have stood beside the flood, each with his own aspirations, his own hopes and fears. A stone, whereon a mother who had fled from terrors of war had laid her boy, suggests the recital of the mournful story.

"Then, as his eyelids closed at last,
And every sense in sleep was fast,
She rose to seek for needful food
Wherewith to greet his waking there;
And left him in the shelt'ring wood,
Spending her very soul in prayer.
Her sleeping boy partook the breeze
That stirr'd and freshen'd in the trees;
The same sun-ray that cheer'd the flower,
Sent to his frame its quick'ning power;
It roused his blood, it smooth'd his limb,
And dyed his cheek a brighter hue;
The cay that warm'd to life in him,
Enjoy'd, rejoic'd—ah, suffer'd too."—Pp. 22-23.

A sudden rising of the waters takes the life of the child. The mother returns—

"She came, and saw the waters wild
Rush where she left her helpless child,
And stared upon the madd'ning view,
And all her loss at once she knew,
While pain intolerable pressed
Shrieks from her over-master'd breast.—

And yet, in sooth, a mortal's grief
Has but a few brief years to run,
Time brought its winter of relief,
And she was ashes like her son."—P. 25.

This is finely and delicately touched. Our next extract describes the solitude in its early beauty :—

"A teeming solitude lay round;
A sea of forest was my bound;
Where winds alone would nobly sweep
As o'er the waters of the deep;
Or from his rock the eagle's cry
Resound across the morning sky;
While rustling in the covert's haunt
Stirr'd the unseen inhabitant.
All else was still; creation's hand
Impress'd the solitary land;
And many a wild's untrodden span
Still lay between my dell and man,
Who, new to earth, not yet could trace
Half of his mighty dwelling-place."—P. 32.

The descriptive parts of "The Morlas" remind us of Scott. The more serious portions of the poem combine much of the tenderness of Moore with the thoughtfulness of the later poems of Tennyson. We are, perhaps, inclined to desire some one exhaustive view of a single phase of human life, rather than the vivid but too brief sketches which the author has given us. But we must proceed in our analysis. A change comes over the peaceful solitude. The stag, as he seeks the margin of the water, bears a dart quivering in his side. "Long, red lines of blood" pass down the stream, and tell of distant strife and warfare. These tokens warn the narrating spirit of stirrings in the outer world—

"They told of far events to me
Which shook a land I could not see.
As when some troubled region rocks
Beneath an earthquake's 'whelming shocks,
A land at peace far off, will feel
A larger billow on its shore,
A cloud across its sky will steal,
And all grow quiet as before."—P. 34.

A fact in physical science is here rendered most forcibly. An exiled monarch seeks the wilderness. The fountain where he sought refreshment becomes the "Holy Well." Pilgrims repair to its welcome waters. The conscience-stricken find solace; the sick health—

"The hunter, when his way was lost,
His dog untrue, his purpose cross'd,
And swollen streams and darken'd skies
Show'd like offended deities,
Bethought him of the hallow'd soil,
And vow'd to leave upon its shore
A portion of his hard-won spoil,
If home might welcome him once more."—Pp. 38-39.

But superstition is doomed. The hour had arrived when "the oracles are dumb." The apostle of the true faith at last finds his way to this remote spot.

"The stars were forth, the worlds of light,
The brother-worlds we see by night;
And o'er them through the peopled sky
Wander'd his meditative eye.
In reverence by the stream he bow'd,
Where prayer from human lips had flow'd;
He also pray'd—but not as those
Who heretofore the temple chose
To adore an unknown God."—P. 41.

The signs of idolatry are removed, and the cross is reared above the fountain. We wish we had space for the beautiful narrative which follows. A pilgrim, weary of life, has come in desperate need to claim the succour of the holy well. His infirm feet can hardly advance up the glade. He envies the springing deer in its progress; and when at last the well is gained, and he has plunged in the wave, and felt no reanimating vigour pervade his frame, hope, which had sustained him hitherto, expires within his breast, and he sinks prostrate on the earth. But help is nigh at hand. He is bid, in the name of names, be free, and after he has indulged in the rapture of his new found strength, he returns to bend the knee before the Apostle, and to learn from his lips the glad tidings of truth. Night beholds the master and the disciple leave the valley together. The spirit, after telling the stranger that he has chosen him, from his air of thoughtfulness amidst the common throng, to hear the records of the dell, again becomes viewless, and the poem concludes.

We think that the extracts from "The Morlas" which we have given will justify the opinion that it is no ordinary production. The name is a puzzle. Some of the pains-taking contributors to "Notes and Queries," may, perhaps, be able to throw some light upon it. We hope and trust that the world has not heard the last of "V." Miss Mitford, in her agreeable volumes of personal reminiscences, informed her readers that "V." was

so richly endowed with all that is generally supposed to ensure happiness, as to render it matter of surprise that her poetry has so often spoken of sadness and death. She has some faults to cure. Her rhymes are often faulty, and there is an occasional harshness in her lines, which contrasts somewhat unfavourably with other more elaborate and smoothly polished passages. May she prosper and delight us again!

Let all readers of poetry purchase "The Morlas." We assure them that they will not regret it.

"The poet," said Goethe, shortly before his death, "as a man and citizen, will love his native land; but the native land of his poetic powers and poetic action is the good, noble, and beautiful, which is confined to no particular province or country, and which he seizes upon and forms wherever he finds it. . . . . . . If the poet has employed a life in battling with pernicious prejudices, in setting aside narrow views, in enlightening the minds, purifying the tastes, ennobling the feelings and thoughts of his countrymen, what better could he have done? How could he have acted more patriotically?"—(*Conversations of Goethe*, vol. ii. pp. 427-8.) These are truthful words, and we should be most unwilling to mar their force by any remarks of our own, were it not that we believe that it is often the tendency of youthful aspirants to obey them too implicitly. Topics derived, not from the storehouse of the individual consciousness, nor from the real aspects of humanity, but from the world of books and authors, seem to possess especial charms for young writers. It is almost needless to insist upon the fact that a studied neglect of "the common things that round us lie" is fatal to the ultimate popularity of the poet. Men arising from the toil and tumult of this busy time—redeeming its earthliness—elevating and purifying its weakness—singing not only for the studious and the refined, but also for the laborious and unlearned sons of toil, and bequeathing to generations yet unborn the goodly heritage of noble songs and stirring lyrics—such are the poets we desire to see amongst us, and we cannot believe that our hopes are in vain.

ART. IX.—1. *The Recommendations of the Oxford University Commissioners, &c.* By JAMES HEYWOOD, M.P., F.R.S., of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 1853.
2. *Suggestions for the Extension of Professorial Teaching in the University of Oxford.* By BONAMY PRICE. London, 1850.
3. *German University Education; or, Professors and Students of Germany, &c.* By WALTER C. PERRY, Phil. Dr. of the University of Göttingen.
4. *The Rationale of Discipline, as exemplified in the High School of Edinburgh.* By PROFESSOR PILLANS. Edinburgh, 1852.
5. *Regulations for Scholarships, Degrees, and the Courses of Instruction in the Faculties and Schools of the Queen's Colleges, Ireland.* Dublin, 1848.
6. *Introductory Lectures on the Opening of Owen's College, Manchester.* Manchester, 1852.

OUR function being to watch over the immaterial, even more directly than the material, interests of our countrymen, we have from the first establishment of the *North British Review*, regarded the higher educational institutions of Scotland, not only as a legitimate, but as a peculiar object of our care. With all the heartiness of the most genuine sympathy, we have seconded the healthy and hopeful tendencies which are at work in society in other directions. We have commended the activity which is manifested in behalf of what is humane and beneficent, of what is pure and blameless. We have lauded the disinterestedness with which whatever is calculated to refine or elevate the masses of a hitherto too much neglected population, is instantly brought to bear on their condition, by those who are themselves already in possession of comfort, and refinement, and leisure. From the noble strivings of Dr. Chalmers, and the benevolent speculations of Mr. Helps, to the more immediately practical efforts of those who have founded Ragged Schools, and built lodging-houses, and furnished reading-rooms for the working classes, we have withheld our word of encouragement from no rational scheme which had the good of our fellow-men for its object.

At the same time, however, we have not failed to point out, that more has been done, in these years, towards satisfying the *lower* than the *higher* intellectual and moral wants of our people. Whilst we have been striving to raise the labouring classes from degrading sensuality and gross vice, we have done, for centuries past, little to foster the institutions which profess to cultivate the higher intellectual powers, and to supply guidance and nourish-

ment to the more active moral life of the community. In neglecting these roots of our civilisation, we have not only failed to provide for the upward movement of society in its ultimate manifestations, but, however vigorous may be the signs of life which, for a time, our social development in its earlier stages puts forth, we have been endangering the permanence of those very individual and citizen virtues on the possession of which we have hitherto so justly congratulated ourselves. But in previous discussions of this great and urgent national question, we have perhaps taken these consequences of the neglect of the higher instruction for granted rather too hastily; and to this circumstance is probably to be attributed, in no small degree, the little practical activity which the repeated demonstrations which our pages have contained of the fact, that the provision for supporting a literary or intellectual life in Scotland is so scanty and ill organized, have hitherto called forth. In saying this, we would by no means be understood as insinuating, that either our conclusions, or the premises on which we founded them, were denied. On the contrary, they were admitted with a facility which a greater knowledge of mankind would have enabled us at once to set down as deceptive. It is not as regards religious doctrines alone that a distinction must be made between a ready acquiescence and a living faith; nor is it in these only that a nominal believer is a more dangerous enemy than an open infidel.

But though we may have erred in assuming that all who do not openly oppose, or who, from motives of convenience, even ostensibly second our views, are heartily on our side, we should interpret ill the character of our age in general, and do grievous injustice to our own country in particular, if we failed to recognise that now in Scotland we may confidently look, if not for an efficient support of learned institutions, at least for a wider popular sympathy with intellectual and moral activity, than we could previously have hoped for. Not only by the opinions which they express, but by the far surer test of the books which they read, we know that a very large and most influential portion of our countrymen are deeply and sincerely interested in whatever they consciously feel, or even conscientiously believe, will enlighten their understandings, refine their tastes, or purify their hearts. Though we have probably fewer leading individual thinkers, and literary guides, in Scotland at present than at any other period of our history since the early part of last century, there is a wide-spread seriousness of purpose, and a thoughtfulness in the lives of the whole intelligent community, which bids fair to produce an atmosphere out of which, if not a higher and more creative order of minds, at least many im-

portant improvements in our national institutions and social arrangements may be expected to arise. But we must remember, that neither in the State nor in the individual will spontaneous development, however vigorous, supply the place of conscious effort. It is true that, with little sacrifice or effort of any kind, the public have already become the most generous patrons of literature in its popular forms. As regards that superficial enlightenment, of which cheap books and lectures are the vehicles, there is no longer any want of sheltering institutions or artificial culture. But the grain which nourishes, and the herb which heals, most frequently do not grow spontaneously, even in a fruitful soil, and so it is with the most nutritious and indispensable products of mind. If we do not sow them, neither shall we reap them. If we do not bring within the reach of some considerable portion of the community the possibility at least of studious leisure, we cannot look for those results to individuals and society which nothing but leisure and study have ever afforded to mankind.

But we are gravely mistaken, if the wide-spread sympathy with popular education and popular literature, to which we have alluded, does not supply some guarantee for the future support of its systematic cultivation; and in the causes which have hitherto starved and crippled the learned institutions of this country, we think we can trace, even now, symptoms of a temporary character. The spirit of dissemination, for the present, has drawn off the sap from the higher studies, and the tendency of our civilisation is to spread its roots among the people, not to throw its branches boldly into the air. But we are persuaded that the principle of social life has lost nothing of its power, and when the process of growth recommences, when the public interest in the higher education revives, it will draw its nourishment from a far wider class than it ever before could appeal to. Our present institutions of learning were founded in a great measure by the munificence of an age in which cultivation was confined to the few. What might we not expect now if a similar sympathy could be evoked on their behalf from the vastly broader basis of the popular intelligence of our country in the 19th century? Besides, it is obvious that the Universities of Scotland labour, in the meantime, under a double disadvantage; for whilst they have scarcely yet become objects of interest to the whole community, they have already lost, to some extent, the protection of those classes by which the community in former times was led. To the clergy and nobility they stand in a relation far less intimate than that which they formerly occupied, and from the middle class of laymen, who now rule the destinies of the state, they have not yet received that en-

lightened sympathy which has already been extended to the more popular educational institutions. Even in their internal organization, the Universities have not been able wholly to resist the spirit of the age, which forces upon them that more liberal character which already belongs to our other institutions; and in proportion as they comply with it, they cut themselves loose from what remains of their mediæval sources of nourishment. That they have no choice in following the general line of march, must be clear to every one who is not blind to the character of the time; and in this case it is obvious that the question of whether or not they shall succeed in adapting themselves to modern requirements, depends entirely on their success in enlisting the sympathies of the general intelligent public in their favour. It is on the Scottish people, in this sense, that the Scottish Universities must throw themselves. If the general voice pronounces that an efficient instruction of the highest kind, and a strenuous cultivation of literature, science, and philosophy, is not less indispensable to national wellbeing than a widely diffused superficial intelligence, then our country is neither so poor as to be unable to supply the conditions of their existence, nor so weak as to be unable to make its claim heard by Parliament. But our first concern is with public opinion. Even before we attempt to make a case, we must if possible gather an audience, and it is with this view that we now address, not to the gifted few but to the earnest many, a few plain observations on the political, social, and religious influences of the higher instruction and its representatives.

Sir William Hamilton succeeded in making one hundred and six witnesses agree in pronouncing the intuitive beliefs of mankind to be the foundations of philosophy, and if he had inquired into their political creeds, they probably would have had as little hesitation in declaring the aggregate result of the convictions of the community to be the root of legislation in all states that are entitled to be denominated free. Whatever may be the form of government, if it is to fulfil the condition which Aristotle pointed out once for all* as the test of the legitimate, as opposed to the illegitimate or degenerate government; *i.e.*, if it is to be a government, not of a class, but of the whole, its acts must be in conformity with this common conviction. It is in this that the monarchy differs from the tyranny, the aristocracy from the oligarchy, the free state from that which is governed by and for the rabble. Now, this common conviction, or common-sense, is neither the highest and latest discovery of

* Politicor. lib. iii. cap. v. ὅταν μὲν ὁ εἷς, &c.

the most advanced individual members of the community on the one hand, nor is it the unaided and unguided opinion of the majority on the other. If it were the former it would be before the age, if society be progressive, and in any case would be above it; and, consequently, the institutions resulting from it would be suited to the requirements, not of the whole community, but of a very small portion of it. Again, if it were the latter, synonymous, that is, with the opinion of the majority, it would inevitably be behind the age, because the majority are not, and never can be, the true exponents of the enlightenment of which the age in which they live has taken secure and permanent possession. It is still but a minority who see even what has been fairly and conspicuously brought to light. Wherever this common sense has been attempted to be discovered by the mechanical process of counting voices, the real centre of gravity has not been found, and the consequence has been the instability of the social edifice. The moral influences, which in society carry in the end even physical force along with them, are all above this supposed centre; and to exclude their operation is impossible. In the legitimate state, which takes cognizance of them, they are elements of advance; in the illegitimate state, which ignores them, they are elements of disorganization. In either case they determine the current of events, and it is these influences, and this intelligence, taken along with the opinion of the majority *as modified by their action*, which form the common sense, the popular spirit, in its widest acceptation, which not occasionally or accidentally, but universally and necessarily, and this whether speaking through the mouth of a Parliament or a king, is the source of all genuine law-giving. Now, the question which is important for our present subject is this.—can you supply these influences, and adequately deal with the common conviction, as thus explained, by anything short of *the highest instruction which the age is in a condition to communicate to its children?* Do you make the most of the present, or do justice to the future, by disseminating, even if such were possible, to the whole community, an amount of insight short of that which belongs not only to the learned, but which, by adequate institutions for the purpose, may be made the common property of all whose necessities do not withdraw them from mental pursuits? Whatever may be our activity in directly checking vice, or preventing degradation, do we not, so long as we fail to communicate, to the greatest number who can receive it, the greatest amount of the highest instruction, lose the most powerful means which we possess of acting on the guiding spirits of society, of whose views its laws and institutions are, and ought to be, in a great measure the expression. Nay more, when we

turn from the political to the social side of the question, do we not, by lowering the whole tone of society, both intellectual and moral, cut off, even from the humbler classes, whose friends we profess to be, the source from which the benefits, which at present they are enjoying, flowed originally? To our mind nothing can be clearer, than that on the completeness of the higher instruction, and consequently of the institutions by which it is communicated, our general civilisation, of which popular improvement is only one of many consequences, is dependent, not only for its progress but its permanence.

But again, the popular thought of one age is dependent on the scientific thinking of the age which preceded it—the lower is nourished by the higher instruction. In each individual generation it is to those who have received the *complete* training of their time, that those who have received it *partially* owe the accuracy and precision of their knowledge, so far as it goes. Were it not that the information communicated to the people is continually referable to its source, and is exposed to the constant criticism of the class of persons from whose labours it was borrowed, it is manifest that in these respects it would degenerate in every hand through which it passed. That the fullest man is not always the readiest and clearest instructor, is so true as to be a truism; but it is not less true, though apparently not so well remembered in our day, that unless the full man were alternately behind the scenes as a coadjutor, and before them as a censor, the audience in all likelihood could receive from the ready man only a superficial and slovenly account of the subject-matter of discourse. Nor can it be doubted, that where the more ordinary gifts of clear statement, and ready and apt illustration, chance to fall together, as they often do, with depth and originality, a far greater impetus, and a much more serious character will be communicated to the thinking of an audience than can be given to it by an inferior man, however dexterous. A speaker of this character, along with the knowledge which he communicates, will impart something of his own mode of viewing it, and the better part of his audience will be participators, not only in the results of his thinking and of his learning, but of the habits of mind and methods of working by which these results were arrived at. Nor is it only from the professor's chair or the pulpit, from the platform, the bench, the bar, the senate, or through the press, that such instruction may be communicated. Though the person whom we have supposed should be denied each and all of these public channels, if you prepare him thoroughly, launch him into the community, and support him in it, he must and will do it this inestimable service. Even if his instructions should not pass beyond the circle of his

family and his friends, it is impossible to estimate the services which he may render in training others for wider spheres of activity. We believe there never was a deeply learned and thoughtful man, who did not create around him, and leave after him, his school of disciples.

But farther, we must remember that however we may estimate the advantages or disadvantages of the higher instruction, our having it and its representatives, in some shape, is not an optional matter. Wherever active minds are born into the world there must be those who acquire and communicate, who think and teach, beyond the mere rudiments of knowledge.

"Gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche,"

is a characteristic happily not peculiar to the "Clerke of Oxenforde," either of the fourteenth or the nineteenth century. Speculation is inseparable from intelligent existence, involuntary in the individual, irrepressible in the community. "Man philosophizes as he lives; he may philosophize much or little, well or ill, but philosophize he must." When we keep this fact in view, we have no difficulty in seeing that it is an error to suppose that the only impracticable schemers are those who propose to themselves an aim too high for humanity. We may reach the impossible by descending as well as by ascending; by taking too humble as well as too lofty a view of our common nature. Those who tell us that they wish all men could be persuaded simply to read their Bibles and attend to their business, utter a wish as chimerical as ever proceeded from the wildest believer in human perfectibility. No utopian ever proposed to himself a task more hopeless than that which the realization of their views would impose. The only choice that is left to man is between "philosophizing well" and "philosophizing ill," and all that that public sense, which rules the destinies of free states, can do, is to make its election between encountering the consequences of the one, or reaping the fruits of the other. Where the bane is inevitable, can there be hesitation in the mind of any reasonable man, or community of men, in seeking for the antidote? If you cannot have the lower instruction, in the sense of an acquaintance merely with the indispensable elements of knowledge, but, wherever you come upon a mind more active than the rest, *must* have an attempt at applying this knowledge to speculative purposes, can you innocently or safely leave this speculation to wander into regions where error is found by the wayside, but where truth, if gained at all, must be gained at the expense of long and patient and skilled husbandry. In this view the necessity of a Learned Class, for the mere *safety* of the community, comes out almost as clearly as that of a police or a magistracy.

They are the great moral "detectives," and unless provision is made by society for their vigilance, it is very possible that those whose boast it is that they "mind their own matters," may not be permitted for ever to do so in security. Let us remember what the consequences were of Rousseau and his followers being left to labour, with no monitors more adequate to the task of superintending them, than the obsolete and dogmatic priesthood of last century! If France had possessed a class of active men of letters, dealing with subjects of modern interest, ready to apply the tests of history to every crude political rhapsody, to subject every pretended theory to the *experimentum crucis* of an unsparing criticism, who can say that the Revolution would have taken the shape which it assumed? There was knowledge enough in the world to meet the emergency, if it could have been brought to bear upon it, for we are greatly mistaken if a single erroneous political doctrine was propounded by these writers which Aristotle had not already anticipated and refuted.*

But if the present and the future do not greatly differ from the past, the purity of our religious faith and practice is not less intimately bound up with the higher instruction, than the rectitude of our political opinions, and the stability and progress of our institutions. In former times, the necessity of this connexion was never doubted. When the sacred functions, which the first-born of all Israel had performed, were transferred to the tribe of Levi, to them also was entrusted the care of the secular-spiritual interests of the people. The priests of Egypt, from the earliest times to the latest, were the representatives of secular learning. Manetho, the historian, is said to have been high-priest at Heliopolis, and certainly belonged to the order of the priesthood. The Persian, Assyrian, and Babylonian Magi, the Hindoo Brahmins, the Chinese Confuciants, regarded the cultivation of the learning of their respective countries as inseparable from their sacred functions. The companions of Odin were the Levites of the Scandinavians, and the twelve pontiffs who were chosen from among them, were the interpreters of the law, and the masters of the lay. The Druids preserved to the unprogressive Celts the little that they had reclaimed from the realms of the unseen. In the classical nations of antiquity, the connexion between secular and sacred learning was less than was

* For further illustration of these remarks we may refer to the paragraphs in the admirable pamphlet by Mr. Bonamy Price, placed at the head of this article, in which are so ably indicated the ill consequences of the conversion of the English Universities into Public Schools, and of their having failed to retain within their pale a class of persons who should be "held by public opinion to be the highest English authorities in the special branches of learning taught there"

ever elsewhere known, and there also the influence of the latter was at its minimum. In cultivated Greece, indeed, the philosophers were the true priesthood of the nation; and we may say of the secular, that it absorbed the religious element, rather than that it was separated from it. When in the Middle Ages the clergy assumed the guidance of the entire spiritual interests of the people, the assumption was acquiesced in, rather as a declaration of a connexion which mankind instinctively recognised, than as the proclamation of a new relation; and when in the end Protestantism established the right of private judgment and individual responsibility, in matters sacred as well as civil, the union was recognised, not in a tribe or an order, but in every individual member of Christ's body. "Ye are all priests," far from removing from the priesthood the responsibility of developing, in a secular sense, the highest nature of man, imposed it as a part of his religious duties on every responsible being. The privileges, and the corresponding responsibilities of the sacerdotal tribe, were, by the abolition of the Mosaic arrangements, extended by Christ himself to the universal Church. We are thus all Levites at our peril. The religion which we profess is not an exceptional law, a *jus singulare*, a rule for Sundays more than for Saturdays, for sickness more than for health, for our preparation for another world more than for our guidance in this. It is the constant rule of our secular as well as of our religious life, for the two indeed are one.

But when the priesthood was in a tribe, that tribe enjoyed, both amongst the Jews, and in the heathen nations which we have mentioned, such a portion of the fruits of the soil as was requisite for their support, not only as the ministers of religion, but also as the secular teachers of the people.* The sacerdotal *family* had but a "tenth of the tithe"† which the children of Israel paid to the sacerdotal *tribe*. Now, if the duties of the Levites, secular and sacred, instead of being abolished by Christianity, have only been transferred to the whole community of the faithful, is it not obvious that, since from their very nature these duties must be the task of individuals, the obligation of making provision for their performance by the support of these individuals, has been transferred along with them. If the community is bound to perform them, it is bound to employ the means that are necessary for their performance. If, even on his own chosen people, in whose affairs God so often interfered by special providences, he imposed the duty of supporting, by the surrender of a tithe of their earnings, the class whose concern

* *Vide* Coleridge on the "Nationality," Church and State, *passim*.
† Numbers xviii. 26.

was with their immaterial interests, can we suppose that it will be different in a condition of affairs in which direct interpositions have ceased, and in which ends are more constantly and manifestly the results of human means.

But even when we are agreed as to the necessity of secular pastors, and are willing to admit that somehow they must participate in the national wealth, the question remains as to the manner in which it must be given and secured to them. This brings us nearer to the practical part of our present subject.

By many persons who admit the inevitable connexion between the higher instruction and the progress of civilisation, it is contended that society has already so changed in its character, as to render it unnecessary that provision should be made for a learned class by direct endowment. If we can carry the lower instruction far enough, and make it sufficiently general, it will bear up the higher instruction and support its ministers by means of its own inherent strength. The principles of free trade, they tell us, are applicable here as elsewhere, and if we create the market, we need not fear that the commodity will be wanting. To this view we answer, that *it is of the essence of the higher instruction to be unpopular to the extent of being an unmarketable commodity;* and this opinion we found on a consideration of the relation which it holds and must continue to hold to the general intelligence of the community. Whilst man is a progressive and imperfect being there must be an unattained goal in knowledge and in virtue, and whilst men are unequal there must be those who have advanced on the onward march farther than others. However high you raise the general instruction and thinking of a people, therefore, you must still have a higher instruction, which, though absolutely differing from what we now call by the name, will hold to the general intelligence of the age to which it belongs the same relative position which the higher does to the lower instruction at present. The distance between the two may, without injury to society, be diminished for a time by the successful cultivation of the lower instruction, and the activity of popular literature; but it can disappear, if at all, only by a cessation of progress on the part of the higher instruction which would ultimately check the march of social development. Now that the lower instruction, and the general intelligence which it generates, do not at present sympathize with the higher instruction, *to the extent of supporting it indirectly*, will, we imagine, be admitted; and if we are right in asserting that the cause of this effect is likely to be permanent, can we hope that the effect will pass away? Can we, for example, look for a condition of general intelligence, in which the public will buy books, or hear lectures, or otherwise avail itself of a teaching,

in which the highest thinking of the time is embodied, to the extent of remunerating, or even in any way, however humble, of supporting those of whose labour it is the result? Nor is it the want of that amount of interest which is extended to popular teaching alone which prevents the higher instruction from being self-supporting. Take the case of books;—and even suppose, (what every bookseller can tell is far from being the case,) that those which possess a strictly scientific or profoundly speculative character, could be sold as readily as popular treatises or lighter literary productions, can they be produced with the same facility or in the same quantity? One single volume of no great dimensions, and which, if it is to be sold at all, must be sold at a moderate price, is probably the result of a life, or of several lives, devoted to the subject of which it treats. Even after its publication, whatever fame it may bestow on its author, it will bring him the means of living to no greater extent than any other successful volume of equal size, and up to that period to what have he and his fellow-labourers trusted? In the most favourable circumstances they have been exercising uncongenial professions, which stood continually in the way of the discharge of their natural duties to society, or they have been holding public situations, which, to the public loss, they found it necessary to convert into sinecures. Such are the fortunate exceptional cases in which perseverance in learned pursuits has been rendered possible; the rule is, that such men, after an unavailing struggle to serve two masters, abandon the one whom, if he had had the means of retaining them, they would have served with zeal; and the public, in place of the lay-pastors of whom they stood in need, have a very unnecessary and not very efficient accession to the already over-crowded ranks of the professions.

But even this is not the worst of possible evils. So long as such men are abundantly produced, they will contrive to give such a tone to the existing professions and to the public service as will enable them to draw a scanty tithe from their connexion with them, and the public will still have the benefit of their services, though probably at a greater cost than would have been required for their direct support. The state of matters which we have most to apprehend is that in which, wearied with the discouragements incident to their condition as irregular professional practitioners, they threaten to disappear from the community altogether. It is against this occurrence that we must guard, as we should against an influx of barbarism itself, and it is when its approach becomes imminent, that direct endowments for a learned class, which before would have been wise, become indispensable.

It is extremely difficult to assign a cause for the existence of that spirit of immediate utilitarianism which has brought the

higher forms of professional accomplishment into disfavour in our day. Perhaps it is to be attributed to the fact that the professions, like the Universities themselves, have passed from the patronage of the few to the patronage of the many; and that the many are scarcely yet enlightened enough to perform to them the offices which the few are no longer in a condition to render. Even in former times, it is true, those who exercised a profession were not dependent on monarchical or oligarchical patronage to the extent to which the professors of learning, both sacred and secular, were; but still, in accordance with the whole genius of society, the law by which they were ranked came *de haut en bas*, and though far less liberal, and far less impartial, this law was probably a more discriminating one than that which is furnished by popular favour alone. The multiplication of affairs, incident to a growing external prosperity, has also unquestionably had the effect of rendering men less fastidious about the means by which each individual affair is despatched. They have no longer time or patience for the luxury of a learned treatment of their interests; and a learned lawyer or statesman, instead of being eagerly sought after, is shunned as an impediment to public business. But whatever the cause may be, the fact, we have good reason to think, is beyond dispute, and the manner in which it is at present making itself felt in the highest department of the legal profession, both in this country and in England, has been so recently examined in our pages, that for the present we must be contented to make a reference serve in place of a demonstration.* We are far, however, from regarding this tendency, unfavourable as we think it to present progress, as a sign of social retrogression. On the contrary, we believe that in every state in which society is highly organized, and which enjoys great external prosperity, reference to general principles for rules of immediate action, on the part of those who are actually engaged in the despatch of business, must, from the delay which it necessarily occasions, come to be regarded as a worse evil than action which is at variance with principle altogether. In such circumstances, however, we are convinced that our safety does not consist in clinging, without farther investigation, to principles which have been established in more leisurely times. If our action in the senate and on the judgment-seat is to be in accordance with the requirements of our existing society, it must be founded not on principles which we have inherited, but on such as, *by the constant labours of a living portion of our living community*, are evolved for our present guidance. It is thus alone that the

* Article in last Number on Sheriff-Court Reform.

"occasion sudden" can be encountered with a rational confidence, that the experience of the past can be made truly available to the present, and that the spirit of innovation, which, without such guidance, the judicious tremble to see at work, will serve effectually to strengthen the hands of those who are entitled to be original. If we cannot afford to allow our men of action to retire into the closet, as their ancestors did, to question the rules of their own conduct, we must not neglect to supply others* for the duty which we refuse to them the opportunity of performing. We must submit to this additional division of labour, as a new consequence of a civilisation which, if it is to be progressive, must become daily more artificial, and we must furnish society with a class of persons who can charge themselves directly with duties which can no longer be combined with other occupations. Scotland has furnished perhaps the most memorable instance known to history of the benefits which, even as regards their external prosperity, one single theoretical labourer may bestow on whole generations of practical men. It is to an old Glasgow Professor of Logic, whose own business transactions, for purposes of experiment, must have been pretty much on a par with those of Diogenes, that Europe is indebted for that science, the direct object of which was the supply of our physical wants, and for those principles of trade, by the practical application of which, in our own day, second-rate economists have gained reputations scarcely inferior to that of their great discoverer. If Adam Smith had been a merchant or a banker, it is scarcely probable that even he would have been able to view economics sufficiently in the abstract to enable him to raise them to the dignity of a science. In admitting, however, the necessity, and recognising the benefits of a separate cultivation of theory and practice in advanced societies, we must guard ourselves against the imputation of supposing that they can possibly exist independently of each other, or that their mutual dependence can be diminished without injury to both. On the contrary, it is precisely for the purpose of preserving their connexion, and preventing practice from being guided either by antiquated dogmas or by narrow empiricism, that we have dwelt on the necessity of a non-practical or rather a non-practising class. The function of these individuals will not be, by laying down lifeless rules for his guidance, to relieve the practitioner from the necessity of being

* If you will have sciences flourish, you must observe David's military law, which was, "That those who staid with the carriage should have equal part with those which were in the action," else will the carriages be ill attended. So Readers in sciences are the guardians of the stores and provisions of sciences, wherever men in active causes are furnished, and therefore right to have equal entertainment with them.—*Bacon, Advancement of Learning,* vol. ii. p. 94, ed. Montagu.

acquainted with the living and generative principles of his art, but, on the contrary, to bring these principles home to his consciousness, to keep them constantly before his mind, and thus, in the midst of his pressing affairs, to enable him to act in novel circumstances with the security which the complete possession of principle alone can give him.

The observations which we have hitherto made, from the inter-dependence of all the branches of our subject, have necessarily assumed something of an unsystematic character; but if we have succeeded in carrying the convictions of our readers along with us, we are now in a condition to derive from them the following conclusions:—

1st. That the highest instruction is indispensable to the political, social, and religious wellbeing of the community.

2d. That in no community, however enlightened, can the higher instruction, or the class which represents it, be self-supporting. And,

3d. That the tendencies of the present time in this country are unfavourable to their indirect support, in connexion with the professions, or the public service.

It is properly as a consequence of these conclusions which, whilst they pronounce the higher instruction to be indispensable, cut it off from all other means of support, that our former remarks on the inadequacy of the direct provision which is made for it in Scotland assume their true importance; and though we have no present intention of deluging our readers with statistics, we must take the liberty of reminding them of a few of the facts which we have brought under their notice in former articles, and of adding to them such as occur to us on the present occasion.

In our August Number of 1850,* we stated the historical grounds which had led us, most unwillingly, to the opinion that the provision which existed for the secular-spiritual wants of our people after the foundation of our Metropolitan University in 1582, far exceeded that of which, considering the increase of our population and our resources, the present times can boast. According to the calculation which we then made, Scotland in the sixteenth century did not possess a fourth of the population, or a tenth of the wealth which now belong to her, and before its termination she had her four Universities in a state of equal efficiency, and possessing endowments little if at all inferior to those which belong to them now. Even after the abolition of the monastic and cathedral schools, the ancient burgh schools re-

* The Scottish Universities.

mained, and were frequently taught by persons who, in the days of Erasmus and Turnebus,* enjoyed a continental reputation for scholarship. In addition to these provisions within the country itself, there was an organized system for the training of our youth abroad.† Balliol College, Oxford, and the Scotch College in the University of Paris, were founded expressly for this purpose; and even where no such positive institution existed, there was scarcely a foreign university to which a Scottish youth of the sixteenth century could repair, at which he was not certain of receiving the assistance of his own countrymen, in the character not only of fellow-students, but of university teachers. The fact, that there is now scarcely an instance of a Scotchman holding a learned position in any other country, and the small number of names of living Scotchmen known throughout Europe for eminence in literature and science, is of itself sufficient to shew to how great an extent the present race of Scotchmen have lost the position which their ancestors held in the commonwealth of European letters.

When we search into the causes of the present condition of Scottish learning, we are struck with the fact, that whereas other countries have vastly increased their provision for their learned class, Scotland has remained nearly stationary. Since the date of the foundation of the University of Edinburgh, no less than six Universities have sprung up in the North of Germany, and there are nine which date from the Reformation. We subjoin in a note their names, with the dates of their foundation.‡

In the number immediately preceding that to which we have referred,§ we contrasted the staff of the University of Berlin with that of Edinburgh; but, as in applying to the latter the subdivisions of the former, we may seem to have committed an inaccuracy, we may mention again, that whilst the whole number of professors in Berlin averages about 150 or 152,‖ that in Edin-

* "Nunquam satis laudatus vir Andreanus Turnebus."—*Jos. Scaliger.* "Sol ille Galliæ Turnebus."—*Lipsius, &c. v. Tytler's Life of Craig.* The grandfather of this "totius Europæ ornamentum" was a Scotchman, and his own name, being interpreted, was Andrew Turnbull.

† "As the proficience of learning consisteth much," says Bacon, "in the orders and institutions of universities in the same states and kingdoms, so it would be yet more advanced, if there were more intelligence mutual between the Universities of Europe than now there is."—*Advancement of Learning, ed. Montagu*, p. 103.

‡ Dates of German Universities,—

1. Marburg, .	1527.	6. Breslau, .	1702.
2. Königsberg, .	1543.	7. Göttingen, .	1737.
3. Jena, . .	1558.	8. Berlin, .	1809.
4. Kiel, . .	1665.	9. Bonn, . .	1818.
5. Halle, . .	1694.		

The two latter were established and endowed by Frederic William III., father of the present King of Prussia.

§ Lord Cockburn's Letter to the Lord Provost, February 1850.

‖ The precise number varies from year to year, because the *privatim docentes*,

burgh is 31. But it may be said that Berlin is the metropolitan university of a country, vastly greater in extent and population than Scotland. Let us take then the smallest of the Prussian universities—Greifswalde—and we shall find that even there the number (which is 34) exceeds that to be found in the largest of ours. The other Universities are on a similar scale. Bonn has somewhere about 70 professors, Halle 60, Breslau 80, Königsberg 53; even quitting Prussia, in the smaller German States we find a corresponding state of matters. Tübingen in Wirtemberg has 62 professors, Leipsic has 97, Munich (which ranks very low among the German Universities) 66, Göttingen 88, Heidelberg 62, Jena 60, Erlangen 47, Würzburg 39, Giessen 47, Marburg 50, Freiburg 39; every one of them thus surpassing in numbers the largest University in Scotland.

Nor are the ideas prevalent in this country as to the extreme poverty of these institutions altogether well founded. In Prussia, where, in the hands of a native, money goes at least one-third farther than it does in this country, we find that, apart altogether from their other sources of revenue, (which in the case of such small Universities as Halle and Greifswalde, are stated at £4400 a-year for the first, £7528 for the second, exclusive of fees), the government grant amounts to the sum of £53,440,* a sum exceeding by several thousands a year the whole revenues of the Scotch Universities from all sources whatsoever.

But sincerely as we admire the learned institutions of Germany, and much as we love a people whose true vocation seems to be the search after abstract truth, it is impossible that the political results which their intellectual life has brought forth during the last four years, should not, for the present at all events, prejudice us even against that side of their activity to which we ourselves are so deeply indebted, and we therefore turn our eyes in a direction where no such objection meets us.

In a little work before us,† there is a table from which, as it seems to correspond with the more recent information of the University Commissioners, we extract the following facts:—In Oxford there are 593 professorships, lectureships, and fellowships; in Cambridge 482; in Durham 34; and in London there are 52 professors. From other sources we learn that, in

being candidates for extraordinary or ordinary professorships, are continually changing from one University to another; and their places are frequently not filled for some time after their departure.

* There is, for the Gymnasia and Progymnasia, another grant of £127,648, making in all £181,088, which is voted annually for the *higher* instruction in Prussia. —*Perry*, p. 143.

† *The Statistical Companion*, by T. C. Banfield, Esq., Statistical Clerk to the Council of Education, and C. R. Weld, Esq., Assistant Secretary to the Royal Society. 1848.

Queen's College, Birmingham, there are 16; in New College, Manchester, 9; and in St. David's, Lampeter, 4 professorships, or similar positions—making in all 1190 persons in England who live, or may live, as men of letters, without being dependent on the exercise of a profession for their subsistence. To this number falls to be added not only the temporary scholarships and bursarships, but the College and University offices; and if we wish to exhaust the resources of England for learned purposes, we must farther take into account the stalls in cathedrals, and other livings in the Church to which active ministerial duties are not attached, as well as a considerable number of positions connected with the richly endowed public schools,* *e.g.*, the Professorship of Law at Haileybury, lately held by the lamented Professor Empson. In Scotland, when we have said that there are 105 professors and lecturers in our four Universities, we have mentioned every learned position within the land.

But let us consider these 1190 literary positions of England. From the occupancy of these, Scotchmen have hitherto been all but excluded. To far the greater number of the fellowships, especially in Oxford, conditions of local birth, descent, &c. are attached, which amount to a total exclusion of all but Englishmen; and in the cases where such restrictions do not occur, an English education and English degrees, which, from the expense which attends them, are at present within the reach of only a very limited number of Scotchmen, are still requisite. Both of these causes of exclusion, however, we are probably destined to see removed in a very few years. Of the changes recommended in the statutes of the Universities both of Oxford and Cambridge, that which the Commissioners urge with greatest earnestness is the throwing open of the fellowships.

"Of the changes required," say the Oxford University Commissioners, p. 149, "perhaps the most important is that of removing restrictions on the elections to fellowships. These restrictions are of various kinds. The most injurious are those which confine the fellowships to natives of particular localities, to members of particular families, and to those who are, or have been scholars in the College. The result of these various limitations, whether imposed by statutes or the practice of Colleges, is, that of 540 fellowships, there are scarcely 20 which are open to general competition, and of these, few, if any, can be considered as absolutely free from statutable restrictions. Every other recommendation we propose depends, in a greater or less degree, on the removal of these restrictions."

* In speaking of Germany, we also excluded from our computations the Gymnasial professorships, though these are often held by persons of the highest accomplishments, and do not always imply that amount of drudgery which is laid upon every one in Scotland who embraces the occupation of a teacher. Some of the greatest scholars of Germany, Matthiæ, Butmann, Meinicke, Nægilsbach, Carl Passow, &c., have found their positions in the Gymnasia so congenial to their tastes, that they have manifested no desire to go over to the Universities.

The Cambridge Report contains similar recommendations, though, comparatively speaking, the fellowships in Cambridge are open.

Then, as to the expense of University education. In speaking of the present state of matters in this respect, the Commissioners say:—"On the whole, we believe that a parent who, after supplying his son with clothes, and supporting him at home during the vacation, has paid for him during his University course not more than £600, and is not called upon to discharge debts at its close, has reason to congratulate himself." At p. 41, the usual cost of graduation at Oxford is stated at "£800 at least," and we believe those of our readers who know the subject best will agree with us in raising this sum to £1000. By adopting a system of residence without the Colleges, and other changes, the Commissioners tell us (p. 50) that they "see no reason why the degree should not be taken for £200, even if the student resided for 84 weeks during the four years. This estimate includes all that would be necessary for his support, except board during the vacations, with clothes and pocket-money for the whole year." Now, to make all possible allowance for those financial frailties by which the generous natures of ingenuous youths are so frequently beset, let us double the sum of the Commissioners. £400 is probably about the sum which a gentleman's son spends during his four years' course at a Scotch University, and if travelling expenses and other extras are taken into account, we do not see how a three years' residence at Oxford could cost him less.

Let us take the sum then of £400, as that which a Scottish father will in future have to set apart for the education of his son at Oxford. Greatly under this sum he certainly cannot procure him an university education, and indeed cannot support him anywhere, except perhaps in his own family. Now, if he sends him to Oxford, it is not unlikely that, immediately on his arrival, he may gain an open scholarship, which will go far towards defraying his whole expenses; and even if he should fail in this, at the termination of three years he will be entitled to compete in one university for any one of the 540 fellowships which may fall vacant, every one of which greatly exceeds in value the expense to which he has hitherto been subjected. As to his chances the following paragraph from the Oxford Report is instructive:—

"It is calculated that the present length of the tenure of a Fellowship is about ten years. Supposing that such changes in the distribution of the incomes of the Colleges as we shall presently recommend should take place, it is probable that even then not fewer than 35 will become vacant, and be thrown open to competition every year. . . . The University would thus be enabled to offer a sufficient provision to

one-eighth of its graduates, in case their present number should not increase; and, even if the increase should be as great as can reasonably be expected, it may be calculated that still a large proportion of those who graduated would, at the close of their career, be placed in a position of present and prospective honour and emolument. No other place of education in the world can offer such incentives to industry."

Suppose our Scottish youth, at the age of twenty-two, to gain a fellowship of £300 a-year, there can be no difficulty, in case of necessity, of his paying back to his father, in the course of four years, the whole sum which he expended on his university education. Now as the chance of this occurrence can be raised by previous preparation almost to a certainty, and as parental partiality is likely to view it at all times as quite as great as it is, it is impossible to conceal from ourselves the fact, that as soon as the Oxford and Cambridge fellowships are thrown open, a migration of our most hopeful students to the South, by which our Scottish Universities and our Scottish nationality must suffer a heavy loss, is likely to be the consequence.

We are perhaps freer from anti-English prejudices than some of the more patriotic of our countrymen might think desirable; but we do confess that we could not see without regret the whole youth of Scotland cast in the mould of the English Universities. We are persuaded that these institutions, from their very completeness, exercise on second-rate minds an influence unfavourable to originality and freedom of thought.* Such, as it seems to us, is peculiarly the case with Oxford. Her pupils are struck, as it were, with one mental die, and on every subject which is presented to them, the opinions to which they give utterance, in place of being the results of their own individual thinking, are too frequently nothing more than an expression of Oxford views. But if there be one peculiarity in the intellectual character of our countrymen, as developed in their native academical institutions, that we specially prize, it is that openness and freshness of mind which is ready to receive new truth whencesoever it may come. Of this, many instances, past and present, might be mentioned. The philosophy of Newton was taught in the Universities of Scotland, long before it was substituted for the Cartesian hypotheses, in Newton's own University of Cambridge. In the present century, the modern philosophical opinions which originated with Kant, Coleridge endeavoured to introduce into England in vain; but even at his hands they were received without prejudice in a country, the national peculiarities

* See Macaulay's observations on the effect which the elaborate drill of the Jesuit Colleges had in suffocating original genius."—*History of England*, vol. ii. p. 60.

of which, during his whole life, had been the favourite subject of his ridicule; and through Scottish channels they are now daily influencing English thought. We have already mentioned the claim which Scotland has to the origin of those economical doctrines which, during the last fifty years, have been slowly working their way into England, and to the same source is to be attributed, not only the mechanical inventions which signalized the commencement of the present century, but the medical, and even the legal reforms, which are now running riot among our English neighbours. How greatly, too, is the systematic and scientific agriculture of the age indebted to the free experimental research of Scotland during the present century.

In proposing that something should be done, not only for the preservation, but for the development of an intellectual nationality which has been so fruitful in results in the past, we propose only what has already been, or is about to be, effected in other parts of the empire. Any one who will look at the dates of foundation of the chairs and lectureships in the two ancient seats of English learning, will be convinced that even there, (before the days of the Commissioners, in whose report University extension holds so prominent a place,) more has been done towards meeting the increased requirements of modern society than in all our Scottish colleges. At Oxford, eight professorships and one readership have been founded during the present century;* and at Cambridge, in the same time, six University teachers have been added. The London University, with its Colleges, the University of Durham, and the smaller establishments at Birmingham, Manchester, Lampeter, and St. Bees, all fall within the same period. According to the numbers which we have given above, somewhere about 130 *new* learned positions have been created in England during the last fifty years. In Scotland, during the same period, great additions have no doubt been made to the medical faculties in the three Universities which possess them; but as regards the faculties of Arts, the additions have been few; and even where new foundations are mentioned, they will be found on inquiry generally to be adaptations (sometimes very unwise ones) of formerly existing chairs. Where, for example, is our equivalent for the chair of public law in the University of Edinburgh, which was abolished at the suggestion of that sagacious body the Scottish University Commissioners? †

It is with reference to Ireland, however, that statesmen in re-

* By the new buildings which have been erected since 1812, one hundred and seventy new rooms have been obtained.—Appendix E, p. 56.

† In the preceding and following calculations, we leave out of account the Nonconformist Colleges and Academies of England and Scotland.

cent times have most unequivocally expressed their sense of the importance of a learned class, by providing new means for its support. By the Act passed in 1845,* for establishing new Colleges in Ireland, the Lords of the Treasury were authorized to issue the sum of £100,000 for purchasing land, and an annual sum of £7000 to any one College, but not to exceed £21,000 in all, for salaries of professors, and for premiums and exhibitions. In pursuance of this Act, as is well known, charters have been granted to three Colleges, called the Queen's College of Belfast, Cork, and Galway. The buildings were completed in 1848, and the Colleges were opened in November 1849. In connexion with these Colleges, the Queen's University in Ireland, for conducting examinations and granting degrees, was established. By another Act of the same Session of Parliament, (c. 25,) the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, which had already for fifty years drawn liberally on imperial resources, was placed on a new footing, and permanently endowed for the maintenance of 500 junior and 20 senior students; the Act vesting besides £30,000 in the Commissioners of Public Works for the erection of new buildings. By the institution of the Queen's Colleges alone upwards of seventy *new* positions for learned men were erected in Ireland at one "coup." Of the increase in this respect which took place at Maynooth we cannot speak with accuracy, nor is it important otherwise than as shewing the liberality with which the Legislature sometimes makes use of the public purse, for the advancement even of a very questionable form of the higher instruction.

Will it not be a want of all true patriotism if Scottish members of Parliament fail to urge the claims of Scotland for a liberality corresponding to that which has thus been already extended to the other portions of the empire? That provisions for a learned class are wanting in Scotland, we have greatly deceived ourselves if we have not already abundantly shewn. Before finally taking leave of the statistical portion of our article, however, there is one consideration to which we must call attention. In stating the whole number of professorships in Scotland at 105, we left out of view that this number includes the professional Chairs, and that those in the Faculty of Medicine are very numerous. We must take the Faculties of Arts alone if we wish to judge of what can properly be called learned positions in Scotland, and by this means the number is at once reduced to somewhere between 35 and 40.† When we put this number against those of the other

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* 8 & 9 Vic., c. 66.

† There are several chairs of a general scientific, and general theological character, which we scarcely know whether to regard as belonging to the Faculty of Arts, or as referable to their professional departments of medicine and theology.

Universities, English, Irish, and foreign, where the medical Chairs are not at all more numerous than with us, our deficiency comes out in its true light. Often in a single College at Oxford, the Fellowships alone greatly exceed in number the whole learned positions in Scotland; and we have already called attention to the statement of the Commissioners, that even should their recommendations be adopted, "it is probable that not fewer than 35 Fellowships will become vacant and be thrown open to competition every year." We shall thus, not in England, but in Oxford alone, have nearly as great a number of learned positions open to competition every year as exist in Scotland altogether!

But what is to be done? By what means, and in what manner are we, in our poor and barren north, so to increase the efficiency of our Universities as to enable them to rival institutions which for ages have been gathering around them the riches of England, and which are now on the eve of a great renovation. The difficulty, we admit, is a grave one, but our present business is not with practical suggestions. Let the existence of these defects be once fairly recognised* by the public, and the determination to supply them honestly and resolutely embraced, and the first great vantage-ground will have been gained.

In the few hints with which we shall conclude our present article, we are far from wishing to assume the confident tone which a strong conviction has forced upon us in the preceding part of it, and our object in throwing them out is rather to commence than to end discussion.

The defects of our Scottish Universities ought to be supplied in a manner consistent with their existing spirit and genius. Bacon tells us that in such cases the first consideration is "direction;" and though we have neither the "amplitude of reward," nor the "conjunction of labours" of which he speaks, there are two reasons which induce us to think that the cardinal point of direction has been correctly fixed. Of these the first is the results which, with means so inadequate, these institutions have already produced; and the second is, that one of the most prominent recommendations of the Oxford Commissioners is the introduction of the professorial system to a greater extent in that University. It is by a combination of the system which has hitherto prevailed in England, with that of the Scottish and Foreign Universities, unquestionably, that a complete academical system can alone be attained; but we believe that, to the people of Scotland, in the meantime, the institution of new Chairs, and the better endowment of old ones, will be more acceptable than the introduction of fellowships, scholarships, or

* "The opinion of plenty, is amongst the causes of want."—*Bacon.*

even tutorships, to any very great extent. Fifty new chairs, with half a dozen tutors to each University, would place the Scottish Universities in a tolerably efficient state on the present system; but fifty fellowships would, we fear, by no means produce all the benefits which the public would conceive itself entitled to demand.* As to the extent of endowment requisite for a Chair, Bacon has fixed its measure once for all. "It must have a proportion answerable to that mediocrity or competency of advancement which may be expected from a profession."

The commendable attempt of the Senatus Academicus of Edinburgh to procure Parliamentary representation for the Universities of Scotland, if successful, will unquestionably have the effect of raising the character of their Degrees, and of answering in some measure the *cui bono* with which students have hitherto met those who urged on them the propriety of submitting to the examination. In their present state, however, we question whether the Universities of Scotland are really of sufficient national importance to merit a separate representation. As regards University Degrees, which in Scotland have never been productive of the benefits which have been derived from them elsewhere, one method of introducing uniformity and giving value to them, would be to combine the Colleges of Scotland into one University, resembling the Queen's University in Ireland, or the University of London, with a General Board of Examiners.

But our first object must be to increase the efficiency of our academical establishments, to widen their range, and render them more and more the nucleus of a learned class. Why should not their teaching, like that of the German Universities, be made to include History, in its various departments, and in separate courses, and the History of Philosophy, an-

* For the improvements which we propose we conceive that an addition of from £10,000 to £15,000 a year to the present revenues of the Universities would suffice. On grounds of common justice it seems to us that no very unreasonable demand would be made, even if the whole of this sum were to be claimed by our Scottish Members from the Imperial Exchequer. We learn from the newspapers that, in the estimates for the civil service of the year ending March 1851, which were recently laid on the table of the House of Commons, for purposes of education, science, and art, an increase is asked of no less than £127,661. Of this sum £100,000 are for the New Education Scheme for England, £17,496 for the National Education system in Ireland, £11,636 for the Board of Trade Department of Science and Art, £4847 for the British Museum, and £1768 for the National Gallery. The sum doled out to the Scottish Universities, including the Observatory, Museum, and Botanic Gardens at Edinburgh, is £7010, 3s. 4d.; and this poor pittance is this year shorn of £150, the amount of a special grant enjoyed by the late Dr. Mearns, as Professor of Divinity in King's College, Aberdeen. Against this reduction all that we have to set is a vote of £616, to buy up the feu-duty of the official residence of the Astronomer Royal at Edinburgh. Surely there is a Scottish grievance here of a more serious kind than one which has recently been running the round of the press.

cient and modern? In accordance with the often expressed opinion of Sir William Hamilton, we might have a class of Metaphysics, apart from Logic and Ethics; a Chair of Political Economy, which Lord Jeffrey was willing to have endowed at his own expense, should now be endowed from other sources; the Chair of Public Law, which the wisdom of our ancestors founded, might be revived; the Philosophy of Government might be taught; we might have a Chair for Ethnology, for the English Language and Literature, for Modern Continental Literature, Teutonic and Romanic; for Esthetics, and such other subjects, both literary and scientific, as are represented in the Universities of other countries.

But the root of the whole matter is to increase and multiply our provisions for a learned class. If this can be effected, ulterior arrangements for enabling us to avail ourselves of their labours* will not be wanting. If our richer neighbours will not help us, our poverty will be indeed a reproach to us, if we cannot, in some measure, help ourselves. That the adequate supply of the requirements of the higher educational institutions of our country, must ultimately depend, to a large extent, on the liberality of individuals within the country itself, is an opinion which we ourselves have long held and expressed. There are no *opera basilica* in our day, except in Ireland, and we cannot better express our own convictions, or say a word more in season on this subject, than by quoting a single sentence from a speech which the Earl of Carlisle recently delivered to an Edinburgh audience. "Of one thing we may be sure, that whatever the government may consent or undertake to do, it will only be in aid and furtherance of individual exertion and liberality, and farther, that whatever government may have done, there will still be a great deal that will be left undone unless individuals take it up." It is to the growth of an enlightened public opinion, and to the formation of streams of private munificence, directed towards our national foundations of learning, guided and, when needful, increased by a patriotic government, that we look for that instauration of these noble institutions which the necessities of modern civilisation,—the social and religious interests of the nation, so urgently demand. We do not know any Scottish question of the day more fitted to call forth the efforts of the best, most patriotic, and most enlightened members of the community, than the one which has suggested the present article.

* Though not bearing directly on our present subject, we cannot refrain from expressing the gratification which we have felt in perusing "The Rationale of Discipline, as exemplified in the High School of Edinburgh," by Professor Pillans. From the same veteran hand, a similar work on University Discipline would be invaluable.

ART. X.—*The Private Journal of F. S. Larpent, Esq., Judge-Advocate-General of the British Forces in the Peninsula. Attached to the Head Quarters of Lord Wellington during the Peninsular War, from* 1812 *to its close.* Edited by SIR GEORGE LARPENT, Bart. 3 vols. London, 1853.

THIS is not merely a very amusing book, it is also a very suggestive one. It has the peculiar merit, too, of having been written by the only person who could have written it, or anything nearly resembling it. It is the private journal of an English lawyer, suddenly transplanted from the Inns of Court to the theatre of war, and brought, in his professional capacity of Judge-Advocate-General, into close connexion with the great Captain of the age, who was then fast rising to the zenith of his reputation. No other man saw Wellington as Mr. Larpent saw him. We have had many pictures of the chief, hastily sketched or elaborately executed, by soldiers who served under him; but Mr. Larpent approached him as a civilian, and his communications with the leader of that great and varied army related chiefly to a subject on which greater reserve would have been maintained before any other officer—the *morale* of his force.

It must be admitted that in one respect a Judge-Advocate stands in an unfortunate and invidious position as a narrator. He sees the worst side of the army; and the experiences of no man, except the Provost-Marshal, contain so many painful and humiliating pictures of war. He sees all the criminality without the excitement and without the glory. He sees the soldier out of the battle—not as a hero, but as a ruffian and a depredator. He has to tell not how gallantly the regiments bore themselves in action, but how pitifully they behaved in the stagnant camp, or on the line of march. These are things of which home-staying people, who only look at the national results of a successful campaign, do not care to take any account. They are hidden behind the spangled curtain, and few men will intentionally draw it aside. But it is well that we should see both sides of the great picture of "glorious war," and we cannot help thinking that, in some respects, this, the most unattractive point of view in which Mr. Larpent's journal can be regarded, is that which best develops its importance. In this point of view it is as suggestive and improving, as, in others, it is interesting and amusing.

Mr. Larpent was an English barrister, going the Western Circuit, who, "in 1812, was tempted by the Right-Hon. C. Manners Sutton, then Judge-Advocate-General, to leave his profession, and to accept the situation of Judge-Advocate-General

to the armies in Spain under the command of the late Duke of Wellington, to remain at head-quarters with his Grace, and to manage the Courts-martial throughout the army." In September he sailed from Portsmouth, and early in November reached the head-quarters of the army at Rueda, where he presented his credentials to Lord Wellington. "I was introduced to Lord Wellington this morning," writes Mr. Larpent, on the 5th of November, "and delivered my letters. He was very courteous. We conversed for half-an-hour, and I am to dine there to-day, in full uniform. He is to send me fifty cases against officers to examine, in order to see if any can be made out on evidence, which is the great difficulty."

"Fifty cases against officers!" This was a pleasant beginning,—not likely to impress the new Judge-Advocate with a very favourable opinion of the discipline of the troops, or of the leisure that he was likely to enjoy. If there were fifty cases against officers, how many, on a moderate computation, were there likely to be against the rank and file of the army,—cases to be tried, for the most part, by inferior military tribunals, and not within the immediate cognizance of the Judge-Advocate-General?

At Frenada, Mr. Larpent for the first time transacted business with the General. The result of the inquiry into the fifty cases was beginning slowly to appear. All that the Judge-Advocate says on this occasion is, "The next person I met was Lord Wellington, and I asked him whether he wished to see me, and whether he had any objection to my moving here. He said I might choose, and take the best of the bad quarters. He then asked if I had my papers about me. I said 'All.' He then said, 'Come up;' and in ten minutes he looked over my papers, *four sets of charges* against officers, and they were all settled, with a few judicious alterations, in which I entirely agreed. I then came out and wrote them fair in the Adjutant-General's office, and two went to Lisbon that day." At this rate it would have taken nearly a year to get through the fifty cases if they had all been valid.

But it would seem that Mr. Larpent spoke in "round numbers," and that the stock with which he was set up in business at starting was in reality only thirty-two, and that these he was able to dismiss after two months of unceasing exertion. On the last day of the year he wrote:—

"I really for the last month have been too busy to write. During the last week, before Lord Wellington went away, he kept me hard at work, and left directions to try and clear off and get rid of all the cases pending for Courts-martial. About *thirty-two cases* were made over to me, some of two years' standing. We have now a Court sitting

at Lisbon, one in the second division at Coria, one in the seventh at Govea, and one here, which I attend myself, four miles off at Fuentes d'Onore. I have sent six to Lisbon, five to the seventh division, five to the second, and intended taking seven myself to Fuentes d'Onore; the rest have in some way been arranged."—Vol. i. p. 52.

We shall not follow Mr. Larpent into the details of his business, which he appends upon this occasion, though some of them are very suggestive. The great difficulty was the supply of evidence. The witnesses were continually falling sick, and the prisoners were following their example. Some indeed of the latter were summarily putting an end to all proceedings against them, and slipping through the Judge-Advocate's hands. "I have nine here," wrote Mr. Larpent, "in the Provost's hands for trial, and five are in the hospital—one just dead."

These repeated Courts-martial brought Mr. Larpent into frequent communication with Wellington. He speaks highly of the prompt and decisive manner in which the chief transacted business with him:—

"Lord Wellington, whom I saw every day for the last three or four days before he went, I like much in business affairs. He is very ready and decisive, and civil, though some complain a little of him at times, and are much afraid of him. Going up with my charges and papers for instructions, I feel something like a boy going to school. I expect to have a long report to make on his return."—Vol. i. p. 56.

After a little time, during which the pressure of business continued to increase, something of this awe on the one side, and reserve on the other, began to wear away; and Mr. Larpent writes that he felt more at home:—

"There never were known so many Courts-martial in this army as at this moment; and as I have the whole direction of them all, I really scarcely know where to turn, and my fingers are quite fatigued, as well as my brains, with the arrangements and difficulties as to witnesses, &c. I sent out seventeen letters yesterday; and to-day I have one case of thirteen prisoners, who have been committing every sort of outrage on their march here. Lord Wellington is now much more easy with me, and seems to trust to me more; and yesterday I was pleased when he said, 'If your friends knew what was going on here, they would think you had no sinecure. And how do you suppose I was plagued when I had to do it nearly all myself?' He seemed to feel relieved, and of course I could not but feel gratified."—Vol. i. p. 84.

The General soon began to feel confidence in the Judge-Advocate-General, who seems to have been a man of unpretending manners, and sound good sense; for a little way further on we find this entry in his journal:—

"Two or three days ago I was somewhat puzzled, when upon my

pointing out the sentence of a Court-martial as illegal, Lord Wellington said, 'Well, do write a letter for me to the President, and I will sign it, and it shall be sent back for revision.' I did not know his style, but the letter was fortunately approved of. I had yesterday a visit from Colonel —— of the Engineers, begging for a favourable report upon the case of a complaint against a captain of artillery; I suppose people think that I have some weight in Lord Wellington's decisions, but that is by no means the case. He thinks and acts quite for himself; *with* me if he thinks I am right, but not otherwise. I have not, however, found what Captain —— told me I should—that Lord Wellington immediately determines against anything that is suggested to him. On the contrary, I think he is reasonable enough, only often a little hasty in ordering trials when an acquittal must be the consequence. This, I think, does harm, as I would have the law punish almost always when it is put in force."—Vol. i. pp. 91, 92.

Here Mr. Larpent was right, beyond question. The unsuccessful attempts to bring offenders to justice always weaken the authority of the law. It would seem that the result of the haste with which trials were ordered, bore the expected fruit. There were frequent acquittals and recommendations to mercy. These exasperated the Duke:—

"I now see Lord Wellington almost daily on business; he one day fell into a passion about the Courts-martial for not doing their duty, by acquitting, and recommending to mercy, &c. He has always been civil to me, though at times quick and hasty in business; I nearly got into a scrape by saying a good word for Captain ——, merely from his good character, as I did not personally know him. However, Lord Wellington so far acquiesced, that he said I need not draw the charge as yet."—Vol. i. p. 93.

A little further on, Mr. Larpent says:—

"The Courts will not do their duty; Lord Wellington was quite angry. He swore, and said his whole table was covered with details of robbery and mutiny, and complaints from all quarters, in all languages, and that he should be nothing but a General of Courts-martial. He has given some broad hints to the Courts in general orders."—Vol. i. p. 101.

We cannot say that we are surprised at the unwillingness of the members of the Courts-martial to pass sentence upon their comrades. That sentence being, in most instances, ignominious hanging, or the cruel torture of the lash. There are at all times great temptation to excess on the line of march. Brave soldiers, ay, and good soldiers, may step aside from the plain path of duty to help themselves in a strange country to the necessaries of life, which the commissariat so scantily bestows upon them. The army was at this time insufficiently fed; and there was a good

deal of plunder. The necessity of suppressing it is not to be denied, but we hardly think that the natural leniency of the Courts ought to have evoked the bursts of passion of which Mr. Larpent speaks. Anger is not the feeling that it should have elicited. We admit the force of all that Sir Digby Neave says upon this subject:—"For the salvation of the army—for the lives' sake of an innocent unarmed population; and last not least, to keep the veterans' consciences in their well-earned retirement free from the memory of brutal excesses, such examples were made; but it is not less painful to think, that the flush of the morning's victory on the cheek of the bravest of the brave, has been changed at even by the gripe of the provost-marshal into the paleness of death, contrasted with the black smear of the cartridge still round his mouth, evidence of that good service that had called forth the admiration of his officer;" and it is not less natural that the officer should shrink from the duty of doing the enemy's part by depriving the brave soldier of life, or fearfully wounding him with the terrible cat—it is not less natural that, sometimes bearing in mind the truth,—

> "What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's resisted;"—

they should be willing to acquit or to pass light sentence on men who have yielded, perhaps under the pressure of sore temptation, to the temptations which beset them on the march.

The story to which Sir Digby Neave alludes is so much to the purpose, that we must lay aside Mr. Larpent's volume for a moment, whilst we extract this very striking anecdote:—

> "This horror, incident to glorious war, took place after the battle of Orthez. Early the next morning, Colonel Weldman of the 7th Hussars, marching out with his regiment and a large part of the army, *saw a man hanging by the road-side, his mouth black with cartridges.* He was recognised as a private of the line who had done good duty during the action. The poor fellow was carrying a sack out of a deserted mill, when the Duke rode by. 'Provost, do your duty,' was the order passed, and the soldier suffered for the good of his comrades; for it was owing to the repression of pillage, and payment for provisions in an enemy's country, that our camp was supplied when the French troops were in want."*

But the question that naturally suggests itself is, "Did these summary punishments repress pillage?" At a subsequent period of the war, as we see, the soldiery were plundering as recklessly as ever. It was found necessary, therefore, to give increased

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* *Four Days in Connemara*, by Sir Digby Neave. London, 1852.

powers to the lower military tribunals. It required at first thirteen officers to hang a man; afterwards, seven sufficed. A police corps was also established; and Mr. Larpent, thinking prevention better than cure, exhorted the chief to introduce some cautionary passages into the general orders. He tells us that offenders were sometimes sentenced to receive 2000 lashes, but that 700 were considered the maximum of endurance.

It would appear that, in those days, a man sentenced to 1200 lashes was supposed almost to escape:—

"I have now got a Court-martial in the fourth division, the only one which has been hitherto free, to try three fellows for going out at night and stealing seven sheep, keeping sentry as a guard over the two shepherds, whilst they skinned the sheep and divided the meat. Two other men were with them, of better characters, and they are therefore to be admitted as witnesses against the three. The Court at Coimbra has let my two worst fellows *almost escape with twelve hundred lashes.* They ought to have been hung, as they are desperate fellows—both Irishmen. They have been most mutinous and insolent whilst under trial, and one of them, a few days since, said he did not know whether he was to be hung or flogged this time; but if the latter, he would take care *next time there should be no witnesses to tell of what he had done.*"—Vol. i. pp. 143-144.

There is something painfully suggestive in this. It would seem that, if a man "almost escaped" with 1200 lashes for sheep-stealing, instead of determining to steal no more, he determined, on the next occasion, to murder as well as rob. Such declarations do not go far to prove the virtue of the severe discipline which it was thought necessary to enforce. Yet a little way further on, we find Mr. Larpent saying, "We have flogged and hung men into a little better order;" and again—"The statement of Courts-martial, which I shall present to Lord Wellington to-morrow, satisfies me that we are mending, and that we have not tried fifty cases, hung eight, transported eight or ten, flogged about sixty severely, and broken several officers, for nothing." It is to be hoped that such discipline was not "for nothing," though the effects are not very apparent; for we do not proceed very much further into the heart of Mr. Larpent's narrative, before we find that the men were plundering and deserting as recklessly as ever. Sir Digby Neave says, in the passage which we have quoted above, that if it had not been for Wellington's severe discipline, the conduct of our army on the march would have been as bad as that of the French. Mr. Larpent in one passage says that it was worse.

It appears, however, that other measures than the lash and the platoon were sometimes tried. Here is a cheering proof of

the good effects of moral influence. It may have been, as Mr. Larpent says, "an odd thing," but it seems to have been successful:—

"We are as quiet here as at Frenada. Desertion is terrible. I think, however, Lord Wellington must stop it. We have only as yet tried five out of sixteen on trial. They are all sentenced to death, and all shot! This will, I think, at least have a good effect on our new reinforcements. One of our officers did an odd thing to stop it, and it answered, or has so hitherto. He called his men together, and addressing them, said,—'I want no men who wish to go to the French, and if any now will say they wish to go, I promise to send them in with a flag of truce.' No one stirred, nor has any one stirred since."—Vol. ii. p. 74.

The severer remedies, it seems, were not always successful. The Provost was sometimes outwitted, and criminals escaped after conviction.

"Here we are still quiet and very busy; Courts-martial all at work, &c. In these hills, however, our Provosts are not the most secure; and common precautions will not do against men who know they are probably to be shot in a day or two. I told you previously of a man who was to have been hung the next day, but escaped overnight. Another Court is just cut short for the same cause. They adjourned till yesterday morning for a witness for the prisoner, and in the night he was off. Another man under sentence of death near Maya, and three other deserters just taken as they were going over to the French, were put foolishly under the care of a man and a lad armed to convoy them a little way. They rose on them, took away their arms, and went over with them to the French post. I am sorry to say, however, that we have still enough to hang."—Vol. ii. p. 75.

Still the old story,—"we have enough to hang!"

These are very painful matters to write of, and we shall be glad to quit the subject. Such things may be inseparable from war under the best of circumstances. They were certainly inseparable from the military system which obtained forty years ago. The *morale* of the British army was very low, and pains were not taken to improve it. The old system of enlistment for life had a tendency to draw into the ranks only the scum and refuse of English society. Few men took the shilling in those days except under the influence of liquor, or desperation, or both. Military service was not looked to as an honourable profession. It was deemed by the outside world not ennobling, but degrading. It was a service into which men were to be deluded and betrayed; for no one would voluntarily seek it who could follow the plough, or tend the loom, or earn ten shillings a week after any other fashion, in shirt sleeves and a round hat. It was altogether a reprobate profession. The stamp of the outcast

was upon it. The soldier quitted his home—enlisted, perhaps under a false name. His friends seldom heard of him again. Perhaps they did not wish to hear. He had "gone for a soldier." It was enough. Honest men looked upon it as a sort of moral death, and shrunk from all allusion to the subject, as though the erring son or brother had utterly disgraced his name.

It is true that at this time men, who lived at home and looked eagerly for the Gazette, were stirred ever and anon into a great enthusiasm when glad tidings came from the seat of war, and they heard how victory dogged the heels of victory, until England was well-nigh drunk with fame. They had a keen sense of military glory in the abstract, and a true appreciation, perhaps, of the army in the concrete; but there always was, and there still is, a remarkable disproportion between the public estimate of the British army and of the British soldier. The British army is something which wins great battles and raises the national renown and the national prosperity to the highest pitch attainable by any nation under heaven; but the British soldier is something to be hanged, to be shot, to be flogged, under the remorseless hand of the Provost, if he escapes the bullets and the sabres of the enemy. It must be admitted that we have never sufficiently considered the individual manhood of the British soldier. In Mr. Larpent's time, we fear, it was not considered at all. Army reform has recently made considerable strides; and under the present Commander-in-Chief, who was always highly esteemed as a military reformer, we doubt not it will make still more satisfactory progress. But within a very recent period all the environments of military life have been only such as fatally tended to brutalize the common soldier. The system of enlistment—the want of sufficient barrack accommodation—the absence of schools and soldiers' libraries—of the means of healthful recreation and innocent amusement—the frequency of corporal punishment—the apathy and exclusiveness of the officer, all tended to keep the soldier down in the scale of manhood. And then there was often, on service, a total want of religious instruction—a general desecration of Sabbath. Hear what Mr. Larpent says of this:—

"There has been no chaplain here for these last eight or nine months, or any notice taken in any manner of Sunday. It used to be, I hear, a very regular and imposing thing to attend divine service performed out of doors—hats off—but the people must now think we have no religion at all, as every business almost (public at least) goes on nearly as usual. The English soldiers, however, keep it as a holiday, though the Portuguese will many of them work."—Vol. i. p. 75.

One would have thought, that in that immense camp a Chap-

lain would have been as useful an officer as a Judge-Advocate. But in those days, in civil no less than in military life, the system was rather to punish than to prevent crime. We thought little of prophylactic measures. Perhaps a few ministers of the gospel might have diminished the work of Mr. Larpent and the Provost.

There is some consolation, however, in the thought that such are the progressive tendencies of the age towards good, that the state of things here represented could hardly exist in the present day. There is infinitely more morality and religion in the army than there was fifty years ago. Indeed, we are inclined to think, that among the officers of the British army, under which designation we include Queen's and Company's officers alike, there are as many really religious men as in any other class of English gentlemen. In these days, if there were no chaplains with the army, many an officer's quarters would be thrown open for domestic worship on the Sabbath. We remember with what pleasure we read in Major Edwards' "Two Years on the Punjaubee Frontier," how, far beyond the outskirts of civilisation, among a savage people in a dreary country, a young English officer, Lieutenant Taylor, exhorted his comrade to join with him in divine worship on the Sabbath, though the congregation was only to consist of those two young officers, one of whom was to officiate, and a third of doubtful Christianity. We do not believe that in the present time, any number of British officers, thrown together on service, would fail to preserve, except in a critical conjunction necessitating action, the solemnity of the Christian's day of rest.

We turn now to the more agreeable part of our duty. We have seen what were the materials of that army with which Wellington achieved his great victories on the Peninsula. We have seen the worst side of the British soldier—the worst side of war. It is to be remembered that the work is the journal of a Judge-Advocate, or rather, a series of letters written to a near relation, never intended for publication, and not published until forty years after they were written. It was not that Mr. Larpent turned aside to speak of such things, but that it was his business to contemplate them, and that such records naturally belonged to the annals of his daily life. A Judge-Advocate's view of an army is not the pleasantest that can be taken—but it is one of the most instructive. What the lessons to be learnt from it are we have cursorily indicated. But what we now wish to say is, that this picture of the British army enhances the extraordinary merit of the commander who led it on to victory. To the general reader the interest of Mr. Larpent's book will centre in "Lord Wellington." These volumes overflow with

anecdotes of the great Duke. There is a genuineness about them beyond all suspicion. The letters have been published as they were written; and there is in every page a Boswellian minuteness of detail more valuable than bolder writing. The future historian will find in them much to illustrate both the character of the man and the annals of the war; and the most careless reader will find in them more amusing matter than in any work the "season" has put forth up to the present time.

We have not as yet fairly represented the characters of the book before us. We believe that this can best be done by taking at random a few brief passages containing traits of individual portraiture—principally the portraiture of Wellington himself. It is probable that some who do not take just account of the qualities which go to make up the military character, may think that Mr. Larpent's picture of the Duke is not a very flattering one—that its tendency is less to elevate than to degrade. But this is altogether a mistake, as we hope presently to shew. Here are some illustrations of the *activity* of the man—a fête is given at Ciudad Rodrigo, "of which he is Duke." "A grand dinner, ball, and supper."

"Lord Wellington was the most active man of the party; he prides himself on this; but yet I hear from those about him that he is a little broken down by it. He stayed at business at Frenada until half-past three, and then rode full seventeen miles to Rodrigo in two hours, to dinner, dressed in all his orders, &c., was in high glee, danced himself, stayed supper, and at half-past three in the morning went back to Frenada by moonlight, and arrived here before day-break at six, so that by twelve he was ready again for business, and I saw him amongst others, about a Court-martial, when I returned at two the next day." —Vol. i. p. 114.

Here is another example of the same quality:—

"Not to lose a day, Lord Wellington, the first day he was here, rode all about St. Sebastian, to see it in all directions, examine, &c., and was provoked at the Spaniards parading for him, when his object was to be incog. The second day he went to Irun, on the frontier, on the Bidassoa, to see how things were going on there. The day before yesterday, having waited till eight o'clock (morning), just to receive the *Gazette*, with his battle despatches, and his appointment of Field-Marshal, away he went nine leagues over the mountains for St. Estevan. He is going to see more of the mountain passes that way, and says he shall be back the fourth day, if possible, though many think it impossible. We have heard of him eating some trout at Gaysueta at twelve, and arriving at St. Estevan at five, the day he left here."—Vol. i. p. 289.

But with all this activity, it would seem, that at this period

he was not habitually an early riser. According to Mr. Larpent's account, he did not like to take time by the forelock:—

"Lord Wellington and all his party went off at eight this morning for St. Sebastian to see how things are going on. He intends returning to dinner—a late one, I think it will be, though they all have fresh horses on the road. . . . . . Lord Wellington is not as easily roused from his bed as he used to be. This is the only change in him; and it is said he has been in part encouraged to this by having such confidence in General Murray. I understand he was always naturally fond of his pillow. He had rather ride like an express for ten or fifteen leagues, than be early and take time to his work. On the whole, this may fatigue him less as being a less time on horseback."—Vol. ii. p. 7.

We are inclined to think that this was rather an accident than a propensity. The following seems to be more characteristic of the man as he is now known to us:—

"You ask if Lord Wellington has recollected ——— with regard. He seems to have had a great opinion of him, but has scarcely ever named him to me. In truth, I think Lord Wellington has an active, busy mind, always looking to the future, and is so used to lose a useful man, that as soon as gone he seldom thinks more of him. . . . He has too much of everything and everybody always in his way to think much of the absent."—Vol. ii. pp. 48-49.

This we can readily believe. People who are very full of business, in war or in peace, have little time to think of the absent or the dead.

Mr. Larpent speaks with becoming praise of Wellington's simplicity of character. He says:—

"I have no doubt that ——— plays the great man very well, and puts on all the dignity of a Jack in office. He likes the thing and has a turn for humbug, of which there is so much all over the world in every line, and which is often of such infinite use to those who can adopt it. I think it very tiresome, and I only rejoice that it is not the fashion here at head-quarters. From Lord Wellington, downwards, there is mighty little. Every one works hard, and does his business. The substance and not the form is attended to; in dress, and many other respects, I think, almost too little so. The maxim of our chief is, 'Let every one do his duty well, and never let me hear of any difficulties about anything;' and that is all he cares about."—Vol. ii. p. 212.

One or two more personal anecdotes and we have done. We learn from the following, that at the battle of Fuentes d'Onore Wellington narrowly escaped with his life:—

"Lord Wellington, the other day, was again talking of the battle at Fuentes d'Onore; he said he was obliged to ride hard to escape; and

thought at one time, as he was on a slow horse, he should have been taken. The whole of head-quarters, general and all, he said, English dragoons and French dragoons, were all galloping away together across the plains; and he more than once saw a French dragoon in a green coat, within twenty yards of him. One Frenchman got quite past them all, and they could not knock him off his horse. At last they caught his bridle and stopped him."—Vol. i. p. 145.

At Orthes he was wounded slightly. How it happened is not generally known. Mr. Larpent says:—

"I walked down to the bridge with Lord Wellington yesterday, and found him limp a little, and he said he was rather more pained than usual, but it was nothing. At dinner, yesterday, he said he was laughing at General Alava having had a knock, and telling him it was all nonsense, and that he was not hurt, when he received this blow and a worse one on the same place himself. Alava said it was to punish him for laughing at him."—Vol. iii. p 41.

The next and last scrap which we have marked, contains an anecdote illustrative of the characters both of Wellington and Crawford:—

"I have heard a number of anecdotes of General Crawford. He was very clever and knowing in his profession all admit, and led on his division on the day of his death in the most gallant style; but Lord Wellington never knew what he would do. He constantly acted in his own way contrary to orders; and as he commanded the advanced division, at times perplexed Lord Wellington considerably, who never could be sure where he was. On one occasion, near Guinaldo, he remained across a river by himself, that is, only with his own division, nearly a whole day after he was called in by Wellington. He said he knew he could defend his position. Lord Wellington, when he came back only said, 'I am glad to see you safe, Crawford.' The latter said, 'Oh! I was in no danger, I assure you.' 'But I was, from your conduct,' said Wellington. Upon which Crawford observed, 'He is —— crusty to-day."—Vol. i. p. 133.

We think that these passages will exhibit both sides of those interesting volumes, and show how varied are their contents. There is much grave and suggestive matter in them; much that is light and anecdotical. The book is a contribution to the genuine history of the Peninsular War, as welcome as it is unexpected. We have laid it down with a feeling of gratitude for hours of pleasant reading, and placed the volumes on our shelves with a certainty that we shall often refer to them again for the materials of authentic history which they so abundantly contain.

ART. XI.—*Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. With Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert, being the Result of a recent Expedition undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum.* By AUSTEN H. LAYARD, M.P., Author of "*Nineveh and its Remains.*" 8vo, pp. 700. London, 1853.

IN our former review of Mr. Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains,"* we looked forward with eager anticipation to a more careful and extended scrutiny of the mounds of Assyria and Mesopotamia, but without any ground of hope that these anticipations would be so quickly and amply realized. Sanguine, however, as we were, we were not prepared to expect that while Mr. Layard was disinterring the slabs, and obelisks, and antiquities of the East, instinct with the history and customs of the countries that produced them, Providence should be raising up learned and sagacious interpreters to decypher the handwriting of the ancient sculptors, and read to us the history of sovereigns and rulers that were chiefly known from the pages of holy writ. These individuals were Colonel Rawlinson and the Rev. Dr. Hincks, whose discoveries resemble more the results of inspiration than of research, and hold out to us the gratifying hope that we shall soon know more of the heathen nations contemporary with the people of Israel, than we do of less ancient communities, and of races more closely connected with our own. In attaching so peculiar an interest to researches relating to the localities of Scripture history, we do not mean to insinuate that their religious bearing is the only measure of their value. To the Christian, indeed, this must ever be the principal source of his gratification; but he shares also in the pleasure with which the philosopher and the antiquary study the records of the past, and trace the history of their species through its recurring cycles of barbarism and civilisation. With them he ponders over the monuments of ancient life which preceded the creation of man. With them he lingers over the experiences of the past as a guide to the ameliorations of the future, and even in the blackest records of ignorance, and cruelty, and ambition, he sees the dawn of a better age, rejoices in the advancement of civilisation, and pants for the final emancipation of his race.

But while the volume of Mr. Layard must be thus interesting to various classes of its readers,—now casting a light on the scenes of Old Testament history—now adding a fresh buttress to our faith—now displaying to us the rude grandeur of prim-

* *North British Review*, vol. xi. p. 209.

eval civilisation, and reading aloud to the Western world the earliest histories of the East,—it is, at the same time, a book of travels, in which the author describes his journies in Armenia, Kurdistan, and various parts of Assyria, with that copiousness and accuracy which could be expected only from a traveller familiar with the language and customs of the people, and admitted to the closest intimacy with the semi-barbarous natives, and the rulers that oppress them. In this respect Mr. Layard enjoyed privileges which had never before been conceded to travellers in the East. His reputation preceded him in all his journies, and he was everywhere received as a friend and benefactor. The information, therefore, which he acquired, whether domestic, social, or political, was of the most authentic character, and relating as it does to the most interesting regions of the globe, it possesses a value of no ordinary kind. The vast territory of Asiatic Turkey, bordering on the birth-place of man,—basking under a temperate sun and an azure sky,—the seat of early civilisation and of glorious enterprise, is at this moment arresting the attention of the Christian, the statesman, and the philanthropist. Lying between the civilisation of the Western world and the dawning intelligence of the East,—between the Christian influences of Free America, and Europe about to be free, and the Anglo-Saxon sympathies of our Indian Empire, the vast continent which has Babylon and Nineveh in its centre will doubtless be the theatre of those great events which prophesy foreshadows, and whose mirage the statesman now descries in the distance. Already has the schoolmaster begun to ply his preliminary labours—the first and the surest steps of civilisation. Already does the missionary diffuse the aroma of his heavenly message, and already have justice and mercy been wrested from the oppressor by the benign influence of the traveller and the diplomatist. The schools and churches of the Armenian people are now laying the foundations of a vast Protestant community, which alone can regenerate the benighted nations of the East. These high expectations will, we trust, be justified by a careful perusal of Mr. Layard's volume, and we shall be glad if, in our brief analysis of it, the reader shall find some evidence of the great truths which we have ventured to enunciate.

After a few months' residence in England in 1848, for the recovery of his health, Mr. Layard returned to his post at the British Embassy in Turkey. The great interest which was felt and expressed in England respecting the important discoveries which he had made, induced the Trustees of the British Museum to propose to him the superintendence of a second expedition into Assyria. In reply to this invitation Mr. Layard drew up a plan of operations, which he considered best fitted to obtain interesting and

important information. The plan, as he himself observes, "was perhaps too vast and general to admit of performance or warrant adoption," and he was therefore "merely directed to return to the site of Nineveh, and continue the researches commenced among its ruins." With this view, "arrangements, hasty and inadequate, were made in England." Mr. F. Cooper was selected as the artist, and Mr. Layard was joined at Constantinople by Dr. Sandwith, an English Physician on a visit to the East, and by Hormuzd Rassam, who had aided him in his first discoveries. On the 28th August 1849, Mr. Layard and his party left the Bosphorus by an English steamer, bound for Trebizond, accompanied by Cawal Yusuf, the head of the preachers of the Yezidis, and four chiefs of the districts in the neighbourhood of Diarbekir, who had been sent to Constantinople, as a deputation to Mr. Layard, to obtain his assistance in the redress of grievances which had been recently imposed upon them by the Turkish Government.

After Mr. Layard's departure from Mosul in 1847, the military conscription was, in defiance of the general law in the Koran, extended to the Yezidis, and to the Christian inhabitants of the Pashalic. The duties of a soldier were incompatible with the rites and observances of the faith of the Yezidis, to whom the customs and the very food of the Turkish soldier were an abomination. Their children, too, were still lawful objects of public sale, and their parents were subject to persecution, and even to death on account of their religion. Under these circumstances, the chiefs of the Yezidi nation having learned that Mr. Layard was at Constantinople, requested his influence in obtaining access for the deputation to the Minister of State. Mr. Layard introduced them to Sir Stratford Canning, now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who obtained from the Porte an imperial order freeing the Yezidis from all illegal impositions, forbidding the sale of their children as slaves, securing to them the full enjoyment of their religion, and placing them on the same footing as the other sects of the empire.

Having reached Trebizond on the 31st August, the party commenced their land journey to Erzeroom on the following day; and by one of the caravan routes which connect Persia with the Black Sea, they reached Erzeroom on the 8th September. Accompanied by Mr. Brant the British Consul, Mr. Layard visited the Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Forces in Anatolia, Reshid Pasha, known as the "*Guzlu*," or "Wearer of Spectacles," who had just returned from the subjugation of the wild mountain tribes of Central Armenia. These tribes had been in open rebellion against the Sultan, and, according to the Pasha, who united to a knowledge of the French language a taste for Euro-

pean literature, they were idolaters, worshipping venerable oaks, great trees, huge solitary rocks, and other grand features of nature. The chief priest and political head of the sect had been recently taken prisoner, and sent to Constantinople. The direct road between Trebizond and Mesopotamia once passed through their district, but from a remote period no traveller durst venture among tribes so notorious for their lawlessness and cruelty. The Pasha spoke of re-opening the road, and Mr. Layard thinks it probable that the district may contain the remains of ancient races, monuments of antiquity, and natural productions of sufficient importance to merit the attention of the traveller in Asia Minor.

In his journey from Erzeroom to Mosul Mr. Layard's caravan, furnished with seventeen horses and mules, took the direct route but recently opened to caravans, which passes by the lake of Wan, Bitlis, and Jezireh. He rested the first night at Guli, whose owner was Shahan Bey, a descendant of one of the Dereh-Beys, or "Lords of the valley," who resided in their fortified castles or villages, and who, though yielding only a nominal allegiance to the Sultan, generally accompanied him in a great national war against the Infidels. Having been apprized of Mr. Layard's visit, Shahan Bey received him with the warmest hospitality, which was extended to the whole of his large company. The race of military chieftains who were extirpated under the centralizing system of Sultan Mahmoud, and of whom Shan Bey was at once the descendant and the representative, are thus described by Mr. Layard :—

"It is customary to regard these old Turkish lords as inexorable tyrants—robber chiefs who lived on the plunder of travellers and of their subjects. That there were many who answered to this description cannot be denied; but they were, I believe, exceptions. Amongst them, were some rich in virtues and high and noble feeling. It has been frequently my lot to find a representative of this nearly extinct class in Asia Minor or Albania. I have been received with affectionate warmth, at the end of a day's journey, by a venerable Bey or Agha, in his spacious mansion, now fast crumbling to ruin, but still bright with the remains of rich yet tasteful oriental decoration; his long beard, white as snow, falling low on his breast; his many-folded turban shadowing his benevolent yet manly countenance, and his limbs enveloped in the noble garments rejected by the new generation; his hall open to all comers, the guest neither asked from whence he came nor whither he was going, dipping his hands with him in the same dish; his servants standing with reverence before him, rather his children than his servants; his revenues spent in raising fountains on the wayside for the weary traveller, or in building caravanserais on the dreary plain; not only professing but practising all the duties and virtues enjoined by the Koran, which are Christian duties and virtues too; in his man-

ners, his appearance, his hospitality, and his faithfulness, a perfect model for a Christian gentleman. The race is fast wearing away, and I feel grateful in being able to testify, with a few others, to its existence once, against prejudice, intolerance, and so-called reform."—*Discoveries*, pp. 12, 13.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to follow Mr. Layard in his journey to Mosul—to describe the threshing-floors which he met with in every village, "the threshing-sledges* armed with teeth," mentioned by Isaiah, and the "unmuzzled" oxen and horses, driven over the scattered sheaves by the boys and girls to whom the duty is assigned, and to accompany him in his ride through the vast Tartar limits of the ancient city of Akhlat, a perfect forest of upright stones seven or eight feet high, of the richest red colour, delicately and tastefully carved, with arabesque ornaments and inscriptions. In the midst of these rise, here and there, a conical *turbeh*, or mausoleum of beautiful shape, covered with exquisite tracery, carved in relief in the red stone. "These ornaments of the dead still stand, and have become the monuments of a city long crumbled into dust." One of these *turbehs*, surpassing the rest in beauty, with its fine conical roof resting on columns and arches, contained in its basement chamber the dust of the Sultan Baiandour. In the vicinity was a deep ravine flanked with lofty perpendicular rocks, literally honeycombed with entrances to artificial caves, ancient tombs, or dwelling-places. These tombs are frequently approached by flights of steps cut in the rock, and a square entrance generally leads to a spacious chamber. Mr. Layard observed no traces of the method of closing these entrances, but he believed that, as in other parts of the East, it was by stones turning on a rude hinge, or "rolling on rollers," as when the "stone was rolled away from the sepulchre in which Christ was laid." The forest of tombs which we have already mentioned surrounds Akhlat like a broad belt, containing the accumulated remains of successive generations. "The triumph of the dead over the living," as Mr. Layard says, "is, perhaps, only thus seen in the East. In England, where we grudge our dead their last resting-place, the habitations of the living encroach on the burial-ground; as in the East it is the grave-yard which drives before it the cottage and the mansion. The massive head-stones still stand erect long after the dwelling-places of even the descendants of those who placed them there have passed away."

At the long, straggling town of Bitlis, Mr. Layard's party were seized with fever and ague, "that curse of eastern travel," and he availed himself of the day's rest to assist Cawal Yusuf

* Sledges stuck full of sharp flints in the under part, and drawn by oxen.

in obtaining out of the property of the late Sheriff Bey the restoration of the personal effects of two Cawals of the Yezidis who had been murdered at his instigation. Mr. Layard had received from Reshid Pasha an official order for this purpose, and was assisted by the Mudir or governor in accomplishing his object.

Of the three roads which lead from Bitlis to Jezireh, Mr. Layard chose the circuitous one which winds through the valley of the eastern branch of the Tigris, as it enabled him to visit the Yezidi villages of the district of Kherzan. Passing through a tunnel about 20 feet long, cut through a mass of calcareous rock, they reached, at sunset, the Yezidi village of Namki. Returning from their threshing-floor, the peasants were alarmed at the large company of horsemen whom they saw in the distance, whom "they took for irregular troops, the terror of an eastern village." Cawal Yusuf, concealing all but his eyes with the Arab kerchief which he then wore, rode into the midst of them, demanding peremptorily quarters and provisions for the night. The alarm thus given was instantly removed. The Cawal and his party were welcomed with the warmest affection. A report, which his long silence had confirmed, had gone abroad that he had been put to death by the Sultan. He was received with general rejoicing as the "dead who was alive again," and as "the lost who was found."

"Yusuf," says Mr. Layard, "was soon seated in the midst of a circle of the elders. He told his whole story with such details and illustrations as an Eastern alone can introduce, to bring every fact vividly before his listeners. Nothing was omitted; his arrival at Constantinople, his reception by me, his introduction to the ambassador, his interview with the great ministers of state, the firman of future protection for the Yezidis, prospects of peace and happiness for the tribe, our departure from the capital, the nature of steamboats, the tossing of the waves, the pains of sea-sickness, and our journey to Kherzan. Not the smallest particular was forgotten; every person and event were described with equal minuteness; almost the very number of pipes he had smoked, and coffees he had drunk, was given. He was continually interrupted by exclamations of gratitude and wonder, and when he had finished, it was my turn to be the object of unbounded welcomes and salutations.

"As the Cawal sat on the ground, with his noble features and flowing robes, surrounded by the elders of the village, eager listeners to every word which dropped from their priest, and looking towards him with looks of profound veneration, the picture brought vividly to my mind many scenes described in the sacred volumes. Let the painter who would throw off the conventionalities of the age, who would feel as well as portray the incidents of holy writ, wander in the East, and mix, not as the ordinary traveller, but as a student of men and of nature, with its people. He will daily meet with customs which he

will otherwise be at a loss to understand, and be brought face to face with those who have retained, with little change, the manners, language, and dress of a patriarchal race."—*Discoveries, &c.*, pp. 40, 41.

This interesting scene, so well described by Mr. Layard, was only the commencement of a series of ovations presented to him on passing through the Yezidi territory on his way to Mosul. Messengers on foot and on horseback announced to the surrounding villages the arrival of their benefactor, and the grateful inhabitants flocked to his tent to offer their congratulations. The joyous throng accompanied him from village to village. Their drums and their bells announced his arrival, and sheep were slain, and libations of raki poured out in his honour. Never were the conquerors of Assyria, or the Assyrian conquerors, received with such heartfelt rejoicing, as was the English traveller, who had conquered from their oppressors the inestimable boons of justice and of mercy. There is no part of Mr. Layard's successful labours that the reader will envy more than the triumph which he achieved for the grateful Yezidis. Let future travellers learn, that while they are exploring the territory, and studying the manners of semi-barbarous and oppressed communities, they may be able to lighten the yoke which they bear, without offending the power that imposed it. Lord Stratford and Mr. Layard are, we venture to say, not less esteemed by the Sultan and his government, that they have successfully interposed in the cause of humanity.

Before leaving the house of Nazi, the chief of the whole Yezidi district, Mr. Layard availed himself of the occasion to obtain a sight of the Melek Taous,* or copper bird, which he ascertained to be a symbol or banner of the house of Hussein Bey. It was placed in a dark room, under a red coverlet. "The cawals drew near with every sign of respect, bowing and kissing the corner of the cloths upon which it was placed. A stand of bright copper or brass, in shape like the candlesticks generally used in Mosul and Baghdad, was surmounted by the rude image of a bird in the same metal, and more like an Indian or Mexican idol than a cock or peacock."

Leaving Nazi's house, followed by a large company of Yezidis, with a party of Christians with the Kiayah at their head, Mr. Layard reached Tilleh, where he crossed the united streams of the Bitlis and Sert, which join the western branch of the Tigris. It was at this spot that the 10,000 Greeks forded these united streams, called by Xenophon the Centritis. The deep ford was disputed by the enemy on the opposite eminence. Xenophon dreamed that he was in chains, and that his fetters

* See this Review, vol. xi. p. 235.

burst suddenly and spontaneously. His dream was fulfilled when two youths pointed out to him a better ford, across which he led his army in safety.

At the Yezidi village of Semil, Mr. Layard found the Yezidi chieftain, Abde Agha, seated "in the gate"* of his mud-built castle, where business is generally transacted during the day. His reception was most hospitable; the lamb was slain, and the feast prepared; but, in the very midst of their mutual greetings, a messenger, in breathless haste, announced an attack of the Bedouins upon the village of Pashai, belonging to Abde Agha's tribe. The chieftain instantly mounted his high-bred mare, galloped off in the direction of the enemy, and left the hospitalities of his castle to be performed by his wife. On his return from the fight, in which he slew five Arâbs with his own hand, he advised his guests to make the best of their way to Tel Eskeff, and apologized for not giving them an escort, as he was obliged to return to the battle with every man that could bear arms. They had scarcely got three miles from Semil, when a large body of horsemen appeared on a rising ground to the east. The momentary fear that they might be the victorious Bedouins was quickly dissipated by the appearance of Hussein Bey and Sheik Nasi, who, with the cawals and Yezidi elders, had ridden nearly 40 miles through the night, to escort them, if needful, to Mosul. They rode with Mr. Layard as far as Tel Eskoff, where there was no longer any danger to be apprehended from the Arabs. Here he met with many old friends, and with crowds of Jebours, who were anxious to be again employed at the excavations. At Tel Kef, his old superintendants of workmen met him at the roadside. Mr. Rassam, the vice-consul; Mr. Layard's old groom, with his horse ready to be mounted, and even the greyhounds that had been brought up under his roof, were all assembled to grace his entrance into Mosul. "Hastening over the creaking bridge of boats, we force our way through the crowded bazaars, and alight at the house I had left two years ago. Old servants take their places as a matter of course, and, uninvited, pursue their regular occupations as if they had never been interrupted."

Upon Mr. Layard's return to Europe in 1847, Mr. Ross had continued the researches in the mound at Kouyunjik, and had discovered several interesting bas-reliefs, but as he had left Mosul the excavations had been carried on by Mr. Rassam, whom the Trustees of the British Museum had authorized to employ a small number of men, rather with the view of keeping possession of the spot, than of carrying on extensive operations. The sculptures hitherto discovered in the mound had been

* See 2 Samuel xix. 8; 2 Chron. xviii. 9; Dan. ii. 49; 2 Kings vii. 1, and 18.

reached by digging down from the surface, but the earth having accumulated to such a degree, frequently to the height of thirty feet, the workmen now tunnelled along the wall, sinking shafts for light and air, and propping up the narrow subterranean passage, either by leaving columns of earth, or by wooden beams. "These long galleries, dimly lighted, lined with the remains of ancient art, broken urns projecting from the crumbling sides, and the wild Arab and the hardy Nestorian wandering through their intricacies, or working in their dark recesses, were singularly picturesque."

After examining the sculptures discovered in his absence,—namely, a series of bas-reliefs, recording the subjection by the Assyrians of a people inhabiting the banks of a river, probably in Southern Mesopotamia;—a pair of gigantic human-headed bulls, forming the portal to the hall containing the bas-reliefs; and a well cut through the large pavement slab between the bulls, and containing the remains of bas-reliefs,—Mr. Layard made arrangements for continuing the excavations, and after propitiating with a little civility the new Pasha, the sixth occupant of the office since he left, his workmen entered upon the task of making fresh excavations by the tunnelling process.

Mr. Layard was scarcely settled in Mosul when a deputation of the Yezidi Cawals, on the part of Hussein Bey and Sheikh Nasr, came to invite him to their annual festival. He found it difficult to refuse so earnest an invitation, and accompanied by Mr. Ross, one of his own party, he set off for Baadri, and was entertained for the night by the young chief who came to meet him with a large company of Yezidi horsemen. At the tomb of Sheikh Adi various ceremonies were performed,* in honour, or in propitiation of the evil spirit. Sheikh Jindi, who had never been known to smile, was the *Peesh-namaz*, or "Leader of prayer" in these ceremonies, where hymns, with music and the *Tahleel*,† in favour of the evil deity, were followed by others in honour of Melek Isa and Sheikh Adi.* The public, private, and domestic affairs of the sect were then discussed, and various reforms proposed: One of these, chiefly in reference to the mode of contracting marriage, was adopted, and in conformity with it several betrothals, in the midst of great mirth and applause, were made on the spot. At this festival the following ancient and curious ceremony was witnessed by Mr. Layard, and performed by the Kaidi, a powerful Yezidi tribe, who alone used to send 600 matchlock men to the festival:—

"In company with all those that have fire-arms they ascend the rocks overhanging the temple, and placing small oak twigs in the

* See this *Review*, vol. xi, p. 231. † *Ib.*, p. 234.

muzzle of their guns, discharge them into the air. After having kept up a running fire for nearly half an hour, they descend into the outer court, and again let off their pieces. When entering the inner court, they go through a martial dance before Hussein Bey, who stands on the steps of the sanctuary, amidst the assembled priests and elders. The dance being ended, a bull, presented by the Yezidi chief, is led out from the temple. The Kaidi rush upon the animal with shouts, and, seizing it, lead it off in triumph to Sheikh Mirza, one of the heads of the sect, from whom they also receive a present yearly consisting of sheep. During these ceremonies the assembled crowd of men, women, and children form groups on the steep sides of the ravine, some standing on the well-wooded terrace, others on projecting rocks and ledges, whilst the boys clamber into the high trees, from which they can obtain a view of the proceedings. The women make the *tahleel* without ceasing, and the valley resounds with the deafening noise. The long white garments fluttering amongst the trees, and the gay costumes of some of the groups, produce a very beautiful and novel effect."—*Discoveries, &c.*, pp. 88, 89.

Mr. Layard had obtained a promise from Cawal Yusuf that he would shew him on the occasion of the festival the sacred book of the Yezidis. It consisted of a few tattered leaves, containing a poetical rhapsody on Sheikh Adi, who is identified with the Deity. The following are the last ten lines of the eighty of which it consists:—

"70. I create and make rich those whom I will.
71. Praise be to myself, and all things are by my will.
72. And the universe is lighted by some of my gifts.
73. I am the King who magnifies himself;
74. And all the riches of creation are at my bidding.
75. I have made known to you, O people, some of my ways.
76. Who desireth me must forsake the world.
77. And I can also speak the true saying.
78. And the garden on high is for those who do my pleasure.
79. I sought the truth, and became a confirming truth;
80. And by the like truth shall they possess the highest place like me."

The Yezidis believe that Christ will come to govern the world; that punishments are not eternal; and that all who go to heaven must pass an expiatory period in hell. Circumcision is optional; infant baptism the custom. One person in a family may fast for the rest. Polygamy is unlawful; and Hussein Bey is the religious as well as the political head of all Yezidis wherever they reside. Nadir Shah is only the chief of the Sheikhs of the district of Sheikhan.

The excavations at Kouyunjik having been commenced, Mr. Layard went to Nimroud on the 18th October. He resumed his work there at the singular ruin called the Pyramid, a

high conical mound, forming the north-west corner of Nimroud, and into the base of it, in the western face, he ordered a tunnel to be cut. On ascending the mound next morning, he saw a group of travellers on its summit, and found in an excavated chamber Colonel Rawlinson, "deep in sleep, wearied by a long and harassing night's ride." For the first time, says Mr. Layard; we met in the Assyrian ruins, and besides the greeting of old friendship, there was much to be seen together, and much to be talked over. The fatigues of the journey, however, had brought on fever, and we were soon compelled, after visiting the principal excavations, to take refuge from the heat of the sun in the mud huts of the village. The attack increasing in the evening, it was deemed prudent to ride into Mosul at once, and we mounted our horses in the middle of the night. During two days Colonel Rawlinson was too ill to visit the excavations at Kouyunjik. On the third we rode together to the mound. After a hasty survey of the ruins we parted, and he continued his journey to Constantinople, and England, to reap the laurels of a well earned fame."

By the end of November they had explored the magnificent halls, no less than 124 feet long, by 90 wide. In the centre of each side was a grand entrance, guarded by colossal human-headed bulls. The walls had been completely covered with the most elaborate and highly finished sculpture, but these, as well as the gigantic bulls, had suffered from the fire which had destroyed the edifice. The long gallery to the west of the great hall had been occupied by a continuous series of bas-reliefs, "representing the different processes adopted by the Assyrians in moving and placing various objects used in their buildings, and especially the human-headed bulls, from the first transport of the huge stone, in the rough from the quarry, to the raising of these gigantic sculptures in the gateways of the palace temples." It would appear, from the minute description of the process given by our author, that cables, ropes, levers, and rollers, were the instruments by which these enormous masses were transported. An officer appears to be clapping his hands, "probably beating time," that the workmen may apply their strength at one and the same moment; another officer holds to his mouth what "resembles the modern speaking trumpet." In raising the massive sculptures, sometimes 20 feet square, and therefore weighing 40 or 50 tons, no other auxiliary to manual strength seems to have been used than the levers and rollers, and wedges for varying the height of the fulcrum. Mr. Layard used "almost the same means" for moving from the ruins to the banks of the Tigris the winged bulls and lions now in the British Museum. Great as these weights are, they are even far exceeded by those

moved by the Egyptians. According to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the granite colossus of Rameses II. at the Memnonium, weighed 887 tons when entire; and the stupendous monolith in the temple of Latona at Buto, must have weighed upwards of 5000 tons.*

The king who is represented in these bas-reliefs, as superintending the placing of the bulls, is Sennacherib himself, as appears from the short epigraph upon the bas-reliefs describing the subject. One of these, according to Dr. Hincks, runs thus, —"Sennacherib, king of Assyria, the great figures of bulls, which in the land of Belad were made for his royal palace at Nineveh, he transported *thither?*" In a fragment of another epigraph, mention is made of objects of wood "brought from Mount Lebanon and taken up (to the top of the mound) from the Tigris." Mr. Layard supposes that these may have been beams of cedar which were extensively used in the Assyrian palaces; and he adds, that "it is highly interesting thus to find the inhabitants of Nineveh fetching these rare and precious woods from the same spot whence king Solomon had brought the choicest wood-work of the temple of the Lord, and of his own palaces."

The excavations at the great pyramid of Nimroud, which we have already mentioned, were most successful. The edifice covered by this high mound, was originally built upon the natural rock, and had been a square tower, and not a pyramid, probably terminating in a series of three or more gradines. As the ruin is 140 feet high, the building must have been 200 at least. Mr. Layard supposes that it was the tomb of Sardanapalus, which stood at the entrance of the city; but he failed in his attempts to discover any trace of the royal remains.

In the month of December, discoveries of great interest and importance were made, both at Kouyunjik and Nimroud. At Kouyunjik the façade of the south-east side of the palace, apparently the grand entrance, had been discovered. Ten colossal bulls, with six human figures of gigantic proportions, were here grouped together, and the length of the whole was 180 feet. Mr. Layard ascribes to some convulsion of nature the overthrow and injury of the bulls, and the scattering of their fragments among the ruins. Notwithstanding, however, this misfortune, the lower parts of the statues, and consequently the inscriptions, have been more or less preserved; and to this fact, says Mr. Layard, "we owe the recovery of some of the most precious records with which the monuments of the ancient world have rewarded the labours of the antiquary." These records

* Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians, vol. iii. p. 331. According to Herodotus, this stone required 2000 men during three years to move it to its place.

contain *the annals of six years of the reign of Sennacherib*, besides many particulars respecting the religion, the temples, and the gods of the Assyrians. Mr. Layard had identified the builder of this palace with Sennacherib; but Dr. Hincks, in June 1849, was the first to detect the name of the king in the arrow-headed character of the inscriptions. This identification was subsequently confirmed; but it was not till August 1851, "that the mention of any actual event recorded in the Bible, and in ancient profane history, was detected on the monuments." Colonel Rawlinson, who had seen Mr. Layard's copies of these inscriptions, announced* "that he had found in them notices of the reign of Sennacherib, which placed beyond the reach of dispute his historic identity;" and he gave a recapitulation of the principal events, of which we know the greater part either from sacred or profane history. Dr. Hincks has more recently examined these inscriptions, which he has translated independently of Colonel Rawlinson; and it was by his assistance that Mr. Layard has been able to give an abridgment of their contents. We, of course, cannot find room for even an epitome of this most interesting abridgment; but we cannot resist giving a single specimen of it, referring to Hezekiah, king of Judah; and we shall add Colonel Rawlinson's version of the same portion of the inscription, in order to shew the confidence which may be placed in the two processes of interpretation.

"*Dr. Hincks' Version.*

"'Hezekiah, King of Judah,' says the Assyrian king, 'who had submitted to my authority forty-six of his principal cities, and fortresses and villages depending upon them, of which I took no account, I captured, and carried away their spoil. I *shut up* (?) himself within Jerusalem, his capital city. The fortified towns, and the rest of his towns which I spoiled, I severed from his country, and gave to the kings of Ascalon, Ekron, and Gaza, so as to make his country small. In addition to the former tribute imposed upon their countries, I added a tribute, the nature of which I fixed.' The next passage is somewhat defaced, but the substance of it seems to be, that he took from Hezekiah the treasure he had collected in Jerusalem, '30 talents of gold, and 800 talents of silver,' the treasures of his palace, besides his sons and his daughters, and his male and female servants, and slaves, and brought them to Nineveh."

"*Colonel Rawlinson's Version.*

"'Because Hezekiah, King of Judah, did not submit to my yoke, forty-six of his strong-fenced cities, and innumerable smaller towns which depended upon them, I took and plundered; but I left to him Jerusalem, his capital city, and some of the inferior towns around it.

* *Athenæum.* August 23, 1851.

. . . And because Hezekiah still continued to refuse to pay me homage, I attacked and carried off the whole population, fixed and nomade, which dwelled around Jerusalem, with 30 talents of gold, and 800 talents of silver, the accumulated wealth of the nobles of Hezekiah's Court, and of their daughters, with the officers of his palace, men slaves and women slaves. I returned to Nineveh, and I accounted their spoil for the tribute which he refused to pay me.'"

"*Scripture Statement.*

"'Now, in the fourteenth year of King Hezekiah, did Sennacherib King of Assyria come up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them. And Hezekiah King of Judah sent to the King of Assyria to Lachish,* saying, I have offended; return from me: that which thou puttest on me will I bear. And the King of Assyria appointed unto Hezekiah King of Judah 300 talents of silver, and 30 talents of gold."—2 Kings xviii. 13, 14.

The difference of 500 talents in the amount of silver, between the statements in the inscription and in Scripture, is satisfactorily explained by Mr. Layard. The silver was taken in fragments from "the house of the Lord, and it is probable that the 300 talents was the amount paid *in money* to Sennacherib, while the whole amount, as estimated by the Assyrian king, was 800. Although it can scarcely admit of a doubt that the palace of Kouyunjik was built by the Sennacherib of Scripture, yet Mr. Layard has thought it right to adduce, in the conclusion of his Sixth Chapter, all the corroborative evidence in his possession,—evidence derived chiefly from a fine series of bas-reliefs representing the siege and capture of a city of great extent and importance. That the besieged were Jews is evident from their physiognomy, and that the city was Lachish is proved by the following inscription over the head of the king, seated on his throne:—

"Sennacherib the mighty King, King of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment, before (or at the entrance of) Lachish, (Lakhisha.) I give permission for its slaughter."

While the Jebour workmen were engaged in their excavations at Nimroud, they were suddenly attacked by the Arab tribe of Tai, from whom some Jebours had carried off a number of camels. Disturbed by the reports of firearms, and the shouts and shrieks of the people, Mr. Layard rushed from his house, and found the Tai horsemen driving off the cattle and sheep of the villagers, while the men were firing at the invaders, and the women, with poles and pitchforks, trying to rescue their cattle. Mount-

* Colonel Rawlinson identifies Al...ku, which he reads Alakis, with Lachish the city besieged by Sennacherib when he sent Rabshakeh to Hezekiah.

ing his horse, Mr. Layard rode to the chief, who turned out to be Saleh, the brother of Howar, the Sheikh of the Tai tribe, and having learned the cause of the attack, he promised to do his best to rescue the camels, and thus induced Saleh to restore the property of the villagers. Having concluded a truce with the Tai, Mr. Layard paid a visit to their chief, Sheikh Howar, the head of one of the most ancient and renowned tribes of Arabia, though now reduced to two small branches. During his absence a new chamber was discovered in the north-west palace of Nimroud, and in one corner of it was a well, the mouth of which was inclosed by brickwork about 3 feet high. In the chamber there were discovered a great variety of the most interesting relics which have been recovered from the ruins of Assyria. The description of them occupies a whole chapter. They consist of large copper cauldrons, containing bronze bells, cups, dishes and other objects in metal, and several hundred studs and buttons in mother-of-pearl and ivory. Beneath the cauldrons were heaped lions' and bulls' feet of bronze, and near them two circular flat vessels, about 6 feet in diameter and 2 feet deep, which Mr. Layard likens to the brazen sea that stood in the temple of Solomon. There were also bronze bowls, cups, and dishes curiously embossed, large bronze shields, arms and armour, saws and iron picks, part of an ivory sceptre, bronze cubes inlaid with gold, glass and alabaster vases bearing the name of Sargon. Along with the glass bowls a round disc of rock crystal, which Sir David Brewster, upon examining it, considered to have been a magnifying and burning-glass, and therefore the earliest specimen of such an article. The following is his account of it:—

"This lens is plano convex, and of a slightly oval form, its length being $1\frac{6}{10}$ of an inch, and its breadth $1\frac{4}{10}$ inch. It is about *two-tenths* of an inch thick, and a little thicker at one side than the other. Its plane surface is pretty even, though ill polished and scratched. Its convex surface has not been ground or polished on a spherical concave disc, but has been fashioned on a lapidary's wheel, or by some method equally rude. The convex side is tolerably well polished; and though uneven from the mode in which it has been ground, it gives a pretty distinct focus at the distance of about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the plane side. There are about twelve cavities in the lens that have been opened during the process of grinding it. These cavities doubtless contained either naphtha, or the fluids which I discovered in topaz or other minerals. As the lens does not shew the polarized rings at great obliquities, its plane surface must be greatly inclined to the axis of the hexagonal prism of quartz, from which it must have been taken. It is obvious from the shape and rude cutting of the lens that it could not have been intended as an ornament. We are entitled therefore to consider it as intended for a lens, to be used either for magnifying,

or concentrating the rays of the sun, which it does, however, very imperfectly."—*Discoveries*, &c., Note on p. 197.

Sir David Brewster examined also some of the interesting specimens of decomposed glass found along with the preceding article, and has given an account of them in the Appendix, pp. 674-676, to which we must refer the reader.

The gigantic human-headed lions which Mr. Layard had discovered in the north-west palace of Nimroud, had been chiefly covered up with earth previous to his departure in 1848, and were still standing in their original position, having been carefully protected both from the weather and the Arabs. The Trustees of the British Museum, desirous of adding these magnificent sculptures to the national collection, directed Mr. Layard to have them removed *entire*. The operation of cutting a path for them through the mass of earth and rubbish, sometimes to the depth of 15 or 20 feet, occupied the workmen from the beginning of December till the end of January, when "by still simpler and ruder means than those adopted in Mr. Layard's first expedition," though with very great difficulty, they were conveyed to the banks of the Tigris, and now stand universally admired in the British Museum.

Having been invited to the marriage of the niece of Cawal Yusuf at Baashiekhah, Mr. Layard availed himself of the occasion to visit the rock tablets at Bavian, a small Kurdish hamlet, which lay in the same direction. These sculptures he regards as the most important that have yet been discovered in Assyria.* They are engraven in relief in the limestone face of a narrow rocky ravine on the right bank of the Gomel, near the supposed scene of the great battle of Arbela. The principal tablet contains four figures in relief on the smoothed face of the limestone cliff. They are inclosed by a kind of frame, 28 feet high by 30 wide. Two of the figures are gods, standing on mythic animals like dogs; and the other two are kings,—the king doubly pourtrayed being in the act of adoration. The dress of the king resembles that of Sennacherib, with whom the inscriptions identify him. In this immense tablet there are four sepulchral chambers, round the walls of which are the usual troughs for the bodies of the dead. To the left of this great bas-relief, and nearer the mouth of the ravine, is a second tablet, containing a fine bas-relief of a horseman at full speed. On each side of these two tablets are eleven smaller ones, each arched recess containing a figure of

* They were first visited by M. Rouet, French Consul at Mosul, and afterwards briefly described by Mr. Ross. "They are the rock tablets which have been recently described in the French papers as a new discovery by M. Place, and as containing a series of portraits of the Assyrian kings."

the king, 5 feet 6 inches high, across three of these tablets are inscriptions, which Mr. Layard copied, lowered by ropes and standing on a ledge 6 inches wide, overlooking a giddy depth. These inscriptions, occupying sixty-three lines, have been partly translated by Dr. Hincks. They contain the name and titles of Sennacherib, and describe various great works for irrigation which he undertook, no fewer than eighteen canals to Nerissur, and a canal from Kisri to Nineveh, called the canal of Sennacherib. The army which defended the workmen are said to have been attacked by the king of Babylon, who was defeated in the neighbourhood of Khalul. Sennacherib then mentions his advance to Babylon, which he plundered, "bringing back from that city the images of the gods which had been taken by *Merodach-adakhe*(?), the king of Mesopotamia, from Assyria 418 years before, and put them in their places. The inhabitants of Babylon appear to have been transported to Arakhti (? the river Araxes.) A name imperfectly decyphered is given as that of the king of Assyria of that day, (that is, of 703 B.C. + 418 = 1121 B.C.,) Dr. Hincks reads this name *Shimishti-Pal-Bithkira*, admitting the last element to be very doubtful. Colonel Rawlinson makes it *Anakbar-beth-hira*, agreeing nearly in the last element with Dr. Hincks. The same name is figured on the slabs from the temple in the north of the mound at Nimroud as that of a predecessor of the builder of the north-west palace, as also in an inscription of the time of Tiglath-Pileser or Pul, but Mr. Layard thinks that the earlier king is probably intended, and he accordingly places it in his chronological table with the approximate date of 1130 B.C., there being in that table only two earlier kings, namely, *Divanuke** 1200 B.C., and *Derceto* 1250 B.C. After his return from this expedition, at the *mouth* (?) of the river he had dug, he set up six tablets, and beside them he put up the full length images of the great gods."

This inscription is considered by Mr. Layard as very important, for, if rightly interpreted, it proves that at that remote period the Assyrians kept an exact computation of time. He therefore expects that chronological tables may be discovered, which will prove the precise epoch of important events in Assyrian history, and he anticipates also important details from the restoration of the whole of the Bavian inscriptions.

Beneath these tablets are two enormous fragments of rock torn from the cliff above, and hurled by some mighty convulsion

* According to Dr. Hincks *Divanurish*, who is mentioned in the standard inscription from Nimroud; *Derceto* occurs on the pavement slab in the British Museum.

of nature into the torrent below, where the pent up stream forms dangerous whirlpools, in which Mr. Bell, the young artist sent out by the British Museum, was drowned while bathing in 1851. They still bear the remains of sculpture: One, which is broken in two pieces, represents the Assyrian Hercules strangling the lion, between two winged human-headed bulls back to back. Above this is the king worshipping between two deities. The height of the whole sculpture is 24 feet, that of the bulls 8 feet 6 inches.

After remaining two days at Bavian copying the inscriptions, Mr. Layard paid a visit to the Yezidi chiefs on his return to Mosul. "We passed the night," he says, "in the village of Esseeayah, where Sheikh Nasr had recently built a dwelling-house. I occupied the same room with the Sheikh, Hussein Bey, and a large body of Yezidi Cawals, and was lulled to sleep by an interminable tale about the prophet Mohammed and a stork, which, when we had all lain down to rest, a Yezidi priest related with the same soporific effect upon the whole party."

Having failed to induce his Jebour Sheikh to accompany him to a re-examination of the mound of Kala Shergat, owing to the Bedouins being in the neighbourhood, Mr. Layard visited the ruins of Mokhamour and Shamamoh in the country of the Tai. At Mokhamour the principal mound is of considerable height ending in a cone. It stands in the centre of a quadrangle of lower mounds about 480 paces square, but he found no remains of masonry or sculpture. One of the principal artificial mounds at Shamamoh, called the Kasra Palace, is large and lofty, bisected by a ravine, and containing chambers lined with bricks and limestone slabs. The inscriptions on some of the bricks stated that Sennacherib had here built a palace, the name of which Mr. Layard could not read. From the summit of this mound he took bearings of twenty-five considerable mounds, the remains of ancient Assyrian population. At one of these, Abd-ul-Azeez, he found sepulchral urns and pottery apparently not Assyrian, and at Gla, or the "Castle," a natural stronghold 100 feet high, he found inscribed bricks, with the name of Sennacherib, and a castle or palace which he could not interpret. Crossing the plain to the mound of Abou Sheetha, Mr. Layard found himself near the very spot where, after the treacherous seizure of Clearchus, Proxenus, Menon, Agias, and Socrates, Xenophon was elected commander of the Greek auxiliaries, and commenced the celebrated retreat of the 10,000. Here, too, Darius, a fugitive, urged his flying horse through the Zab, pursued by the Macedonian monarch, who, a few hours afterwards, crossed the stream at the head of those warrior legions which he was leading in triumph to the banks of the Indus.

After describing some interesting bas-reliefs, found in several new chambers that had been opened at Kouyunjik, Mr. Layard set out on a journey to the banks of the Khabour, (the Chaboras of the Greeks, a river which, rising in the north of Mesopotamia, falls into the Euphrates near the site of the ancient city of Carchemish,* or Circesium,) under the protection of Sheikh Suttum of the Boraij tribe, with fifty Arab workmen, and twelve Nestorians, and supplies for two months. He left Mosul on the 19th March. The Sheikh Suttum, who knew every spring and pasture of the Mesopotamian desert, superintended and directed the march, and, with the exception of a violent hurricane and thunder-storm which disturbed their tents, the journey to the Khabour was an interesting and successful one, occupying in its description five chapters of Mr. Layard's volume. In these chapters we have full details respecting the manners and customs of the Arab tribes with whom he associated, and of the various chiefs by whom he was hospitably entertained. Upon reaching Arban, the principal object of his journey, Mr. Layard found that the ruins consisted of a large artificial mound of an irregular shape, washed, and, indeed, partly carried away by the river, which was gradually undermining the perpendicular cliff left by the falling earth. He pitched his tents in a recess like an amphitheatre, facing the stream. In the centre of his encampment facing the river was pitched a tent large enough to hold 200 persons, and intended as a *museef*, or place of reception where the wayfarer and the Arab visitor might receive that hospitality which it is the first duty of a traveller in that country to exercise. To the right were the tents of the Cawals and servants—to the left those of his fellow-travellers, and about 200 yards beyond, and near the excavations, his own private tent, to which he retired during the day, and to which the Arabs were not admitted. The following account of the two chiefs who usually ate with Mr. Layard's party will interest the reader, namely, of Suttum, already mentioned, and of Mohammed Emir, the Jebour sheikh, whose tents were pitched under the ruins of Arban:—

"Suttum and Mohammed Emir usually eat with us, and soon became reconciled to knives and forks, and the other restraints of civilized life. Suttum's tact and intelligence were, indeed, remarkable. Nothing escaped his hawk-like eye. A few hours had enabled him to form a correct estimate of the character of every one of the party, and he had detected peculiarities which might have escaped the notice of the most observant European. The most polished Turk would have been far less at home in the society of ladies, and during the whole of our

* 2 Chron. xxxv. 20.

journey he never committed a breach of manners, only acquired after a few hours' residence with us. As a companion he was delightful—full of anecdote, of unclouded spirits, acquainted with the history of every Bedouin tribe, their politics and their wars, and intimate with every part of the desert, its productions and its inhabitants. Many happy hours I spent with him, seated, after the sun went down, on a mound overlooking the great plain and the winding river, listening to the rich flow of his graceful Bedouin dialect, to his eloquent stories of Arab life, and to his animated descriptions of forays, wars, and single-combats. Mohammed Emir, the Sheikh of the Jebours was a good-natured portly Arab, in intelligence greatly inferior to Suttum, and wanting many of the qualities of the pure Bedouins. During our intercourse I had every reason to be satisfied with his hospitality, and the cordial aid he afforded me. Always willing to give, he was equally ready to receive. In this respect, however, all Arabs are alike, and when the habit is understood, it is no longer a source of inconvenience, as in a refusal no offence is taken. The Jebour chief was a complete patriarch in his tribe, having no fewer than sixteen children, of whom six sons were horsemen, and the owners of mares."—*Discoveries*, &c. pp. 274-5.

Mr. Layard now proceeded to examine the sculptures. The recent floods having worn away the mound, left uncovered a pair of winged human-headed bulls, about six feet above the water's edge, and fifty beneath the level of the river. The fore-feet of these figures only were exposed to view, and Mohammed Emir would not allow any of the soil to be removed till Mr. Layard's arrival. Upon clearing away the earth they were found to be of coarse limestone, not exceeding 5½ feet high, by 4½ in length. There was a pavement slab of the same material between them, and though they resembled the well known winged bulls of Nineveh, there was a considerable difference in the style of art. In their outline and treatment they were bold and angular, conveying the impression of great antiquity. Above the figures was an inscription, from which it would appear that the sculptures belonged to the palace of a king, whose name has been found on no other monument. The title of "king" is not attached to it, nor the name of any country over which he reigned.

Tunnels and trenches having been cut behind the bulls, and on the surface of the mound, various Assyrian relics were found, a copper bell, bricks, with arrow-headed characters, glass, and pottery. After five days' digging, a similar pair of winged bulls, having the same size, and the same inscription as the first pair, was discovered. In a few days, a lion with extended jaws, cut in the same antique style, out of the same limestone, was excavated. It had five legs, and a claw at the end of its tail, as in the Nineveh bas-relief. Among the other articles discovered at Arban was half of a human figure in relief, grasping a sword,

a bottle with Chinese characters, a large copper ring, a bull's head in terra cotta, and several Egyptian scarabæi. Several tombs were also disinterred, consisting of boxes of sarcophagi, of terra cotta, similar to those found in Mesopotamia.

Mr. Layard is of opinion, that the monuments on the Khabour, the Chebar of Scripture, convey the impression of greater antiquity than any hitherto discovered in Assyria. "A deep interest," he adds, "attaches to these remains from the site they occupy. To the Chebar were transported by the Assyrian king, after the destruction of Samaria, the captive children of Israel, and on its banks 'the heavens were opened' to Ezekiel,* and 'he saw visions of God,' and spake his prophecies to his brother exiles. Around Arban may have been pitched the tents of the sorrowing Jews, as those of the Arabs were during my visit. To the same pastures they led their sheep, and they drank of the same waters."

Through his three chapters containing sketches of Arab life, and descriptions of a region which had not previously been visited by European travellers, the reader will follow Mr. Layard with much interest. He will be instructed and amused with the spirited description of the domestic economy, the pasturages, the horses, the diseases, the legislature, the warfare, the amusements, and the traditions of that remarkable nation—a nation which the late Mr. Burckhardt regards as one of the noblest with which he ever had an opportunity of being acquainted, distinguished above all others by cheerfulness, wit, softness of temper, good-nature, and sagacity, and, in short, as truly amiable, when there was no question of profit or interest. Mr. Layard confirms this view of the social character of the Arabs, but regrets that, since Mr. Burckhardt's time, "a closer intercourse with the Turks and Europeans has much tended to destroy many good features in the Arab character."

It is with great reluctance that we are obliged to leave our author without following him through these important chapters. We shall, therefore, confine our notice to a few of the most interesting topics which he discusses, to the remarkable custom of the Thar or Blood-Revenge, and the laws of Dakheel, which regulate the relation between the protector and the protected :—

"One of the most remarkable laws in force amongst the wandering Arabs, and one, probably, of the highest antiquity, is the law of blood, called the Thar, prescribing the degrees of consanguinity within which it is lawful to revenge a homicide. Although a law, rendering a man responsible for blood shed by any one related to him within the fifth

* 2 Kings xvii. 6 ; Ezek. i. 1. In Kings the river is called Khabour, in Ezekiel Kebar.

degree, may appear to members of a civilized community one of extraordinary rigour, and involving almost manifest injustice, it must nevertheless be admitted, that no power vested in any one individual, and no punishment however severe, could tend more to the maintenance of order and the prevention of bloodshed amongst the wild tribes of the Desert. As Burckhardt has justly remarked, 'this salutary institution has contributed in a greater degree than any other circumstance to prevent the warlike tribes of Arabia from exterminating one another.'

"If a man commit a homicide, the Cadi endeavours to prevail upon the family of the victim to accept a compensation for the blood, in money or in kind, the amount being regulated according to custom in different tribes. Should this offer of 'blood-money' be refused, the 'Thar' comes into operation, and any person within the 'Khomse,' or the fifth degree of blood of the homicide, may be legally killed by any one within the same degree of consanguinity to the victim.

"This law is enforced between tribes remote from one another, as well as between families, and to the blood-revenge may be attributed many of the bitter feuds which exist amongst the Arab clans. It affects, in many respects, their social condition, and has a marked influence upon their habits, and even upon their manners. Thus, an Arab will never tell his name, especially if it be an uncommon one, to a stranger, nor mention that of his father or of his tribe, if his own name be ascertained, lest there should be Thar between them. Even children are taught to observe this custom, that they may not fall victims to the blood-revenge. Hence the extreme suspicion with which a Bedouin regards a stranger in the open country, or in a tent, and his caution in disclosing anything relating to the movements or dwelling place of his friends. In most encampments are found refugees, sometimes whole families, who have left their tribe on account of a homicide for which they are answerable. In case, after a murder, persons within the 'Thar' take to flight, three days and four hours are by immemorial custom allowed to the fugitives before they can be pursued. Frequently they never return to their friends, but remain with those who give them protection, and become incorporated into the tribe by which they are adopted. Thus, there are families of the Harb, Aneyza, Dhofyr, and other great clans, who for this cause have joined the Shammar, and are now considered part of them. Frequently the homicide himself will wander from tent to tent over the desert, or even ride through the towns and villages on its borders, with a chain round his neck and in rags, begging contributions from the charitable, to enable him to pay the apportioned blood-money. I have frequently met such unfortunate persons, who have spent years in collecting a small sum."—*Discoveries, &c.*, pp. 305-307.

In strange yet agreeable contrast with this unchristian law of blood-revenge is the peaceful and humane legislation of the Dakheel, which regulates the mutual relation of the protector and the protected. While an Arab is authorized by law to take with impunity the life of his fellow-countryman, whom he never even saw, and who never injured him, he is on other occasions

restrained in the exercise of his power, and in the indulgence of his passions, by certain privileges of humanity and mercy, which are conceded to an enemy, and even to a criminal. If in a civilized age we shudder at the inheritance of revenge, and at the right over human life which is bequeathed to a wide circle of heirs, we may learn a lesson of humanity from those merciful provisions of the Dakheel, in which new ties are created by the exercise of hospitality, and in which a stranger, or a woman, can arrest the avenging arm of a friend.

"No customs," says Mr. Layard, "are more religiously respected than those of the Dakheel, which regulate the mutual relations of the protector and protected. A violation of this law would be considered a disgrace, not only upon the individual but upon his family, and even upon his tribe, which never could be wiped out. No greater insult can be offered to a man, or to his clan, than to say that he has broken the Dakheel. A disregard of this sacred obligation is the first symptom of degeneracy in an Arab tribe; and when once it exists the treachery and vices of the Turk rapidly succeed to the honesty and fidelity of the true Arab character. The relations between the Dakheel and the Dakhal (or the protector and protected), arise from a variety of circumstances, the principal of which are, eating a man's salt and bread, and claiming his protection by doing certain acts, or repeating a certain formula of words. Amongst the Shammar, if a man can seize the end of a string or thread, the other end of which is held by his enemy, he immediately becomes his Dakheel. If he touches the canvas of a tent, or can even throw his mace towards it, he is the Dakheel of its owner. If he can spit upon a man, or touch any article belonging to him with his teeth, he is Dakheel, unless, of course, in case of theft, it be the person who caught him. A woman can protect any number of persons, or even of tents. If a horseman ride into a tent he and his horse are Dakhal. A stranger who has eaten with a Shammar can give Dakheel to his enemy; for instance, I could protect an Aneyza, though there is blood between his tribe and the Shammar.

"The Shammar never plunder a caravan within sight of their encampment, for as long as a stranger can see their tents, they consider him their Dakheel. If a man who has eaten bread and slept in a tent steal his host's horse, he is dishonoured, and his tribe also, unless they send back the stolen animal. Should the horse die, the thief himself should be delivered up, to be treated as the owner of the stolen property thinks fit. If two enemies meet and exchange the '*Salam Aleikum*,' even by mistake, there is peace between them, and they will not fight. It is disgraceful to rob a woman of her clothes, and if a female be found amongst a party of plundered Arabs, even the enemy of her tribe will give her a horse to ride back to her tents. If a man be pursued by an enemy, or even be on the ground, he can save his life by calling out 'Dakheel,' unless there be blood between them. It would be considered cowardly, and unworthy of a Shammar, to deprive an enemy of his camel or horse when he could neither reach

water or an encampment. When Bedouins meet persons in the midst of the desert, they will frequently take them within a certain distance of tents, and, first pointing out their site, then deprive them of their property.

"An Arab who has given his protection to another, whether formally, or by an act which confers the privilege of Dakheel, is bound to protect his Dakhal under all circumstances, even to the risk of his own property and life. I could relate many instances of the greatest sacrifices having been made by individuals, and even of whole tribes having been involved in war with powerful enemies, by whom they have been almost utterly destroyed, in defence of this most sacred obligation. Even the Turkish rulers respect a law to which they may one day owe their safety, and more than one haughty Pasha of Baghdad has found refuge and protection in the tent of a poor Arab Sheikh, whom, during the days of his prosperity, he had subjected to every insult and wrong, and yet who would thus defy the Government itself, and risk his very life, rather than surrender his guest. The essence of Arab virtue is a respect for the laws of hospitality, of which the Dakheel, in all its various forms, is but a part."—*Discoveries*, &c., pp. 317-319.

Mr. Layard has devoted some very interesting pages to the subject of Arab horses and their breeds. The Arab horse is not so much distinguished for its extraordinary speed, as for its exquisite symmetry and fine proportions, joined to wonderful powers of endurance. Their average height is from 14 to 14¾ hands. Their colour is generally white, light or dark grey, light chesnut, and bay, with white or black feet. Black is exceedingly rare, and Mr. Layard never saw one either dun, sorrel, or dapple. Notwithstanding their small size, they often possess great strength and courage, and he heard that a celebrated mare had carried two men in chain armour beyond the reach of their Aneyza pursuers. Their great quality, however, is their power of performing long and arduous marches on the smallest possible allowance of food, and water. Even the mare of the wealthy Bedouin subsists on 12 handfuls of barley once in 24 hours. The saddle is rarely taken from their backs, and they are never cleaned or groomed. Though docile as a lamb, and requiring no guide but a halter, the Arab mare is roused at the sound of the war-cry, and the sight of its rider's spear. "Her eyes glitter with fire, her blood-red nostrils open wide, her neck is nobly arched, and her tail and mane are raised and spread out to the wind." According to the Bedouin proverb, a high-bred mare at full speed should hide her rider between her neck and her tail. The Arab horses sometimes get large quantities of camels' milk, and they are said sometimes to eat raw flesh.

There are five breeds called the *Kamse*, from which alone entire horses are chosen to propagate the race. The Saklawi

breed, not derived from the Kamse, is considered the noblest of all. It is divided into three branches, of which the Suklawi Jedran, now almost extinct, is said to be the most valued. The Viceroy of Egypt was particularly anxious to purchase mares of this breed. A Sheikh was offered £1200 for a mare, and refused it, and £1000 has been given to the Sheikhs of the Aneyza for well-known mares. Such sums as these are often refused by an Arab who has not even bread to feed himself and his children. The Bedouin, indeed, as Mr. Layard informs us, is entirely dependent on his mare for his happiness, his glory, and indeed, his very existence. With a horse of unrivalled speed, an Arab is his own master; no one can catch him. He may rob and plunder at his will. Without his mare, he could only keep his gold by burying it, and thus it would be of no value to one who is never two days in the same spot. The Bedouins attach a high value to the pure blood of their horses. The descent of a horse is preserved by tradition, and the birth of a colt is a public event. Written evidence of their descent is given before "the cadi of the horses," and implicit confidence is, in these matters, placed on the word of a true Bedouin.

During Mr. Layard's absence, important discoveries were made at Kouyunjik. On the south side of one of the chambers already mentioned, there were two doorways leading into separate apartments, and each of the entrances was formed by two colossal bas-reliefs of Dagon, or the Fish-god. The head of the fish formed a mitre above that of the man, while its scaly back and expanded tail fell as a cloak behind, leaving the human limbs and feet exposed. Mr. Layard identifies this mythic form with the Oannes, or sacred man-fish, which, according to the traditions preserved by Berosus, issued from the Erythræan Sea, instructed the Chaldæans in science, and was afterwards worshipped as a god in the temples of Babylonia. The Dagon of the Philistines was worshipped under the same form. In his Commentary on Samuel, Abarbanel informs us that Dagon had the form of a fish from the middle downwards, with the feet and hands of a *man.** When the ark was brought into the great temple of the idol at Ashdod, and the statue fell a second time upon its face before the ark of the Lord, "the head of Dagon, and both the palms of his hands, were cut off upon the threshold, only the *stump*" (the *fishy* part in the margin) "of Dagon was left to him."† Colonel Rawlinson has found the name of Dagon among the gods of the Assyrians in the cuneiform inscriptions.

* Mr. Layard does not mention that Diodorus Siculus describes Dagon "as having the head of a *woman* united to the body of a fish."

† 1 Samuel v. 4.

The first doorway guarded by the fish-gods led into two small chambers opening into each other, and pannelled with bas-reliefs, the greater part of which was destroyed. Mr. Layard calls these apartments "the chambers of records;" for like "the house of rolls," which Darius ordered to be searched for the decree of Cyrus respecting the building of the temple,* they appear to have contained the decrees of the Assyrian kings, as well as the archives of the empire. The floor of these chambers seems to have been covered to the height of a foot or more with tablets and cylinders of baked clay, which contain in a small compass an epitome of the great inscriptions, exhibiting the events of each reign chronologically. Some of these were entire, the largest being about 9 by 6½ inches, and the smaller, which were slightly convex, not above an inch long, and containing but one or two lines of writing. Dr. Hincks has detected on one of them "a table of the value of certain cuneiform letters, expressed by different alphabetical signs, according to various modes of using them,"—a discovery that Mr. Layard thinks a most important one. He has found on another "apparently a list of the sacred days in each month," and on a third "what seems to be a calendar." A large collection of these tablets and cylinders has been deposited in the British Museum, and are considered by Mr. Layard as of high value "for the complete decypherment of the cuneiform character, for restoring the language and history of Assyria, and for inquiry into the customs, sciences, and literature of its people." "These documents," he adds, "probably exceed all that have yet been afforded by the monuments of Egypt. But years must elapse before the innumerable fragments can be put together, and the inscriptions transcribed for the use of those who in England and elsewhere may engage in the study of the cuneiform character."

About 30 feet to the north of the lion gallery there was found a second entrance, flanked by two singular figures, one a monster with a hideous head, long pointed ears, and extended jaws armed with huge teeth. It was covered with feathers, had the fore-feet of a lion, the talons of an eagle, the tail of a bird, and spreading wings. Behind the monster was a winged man, with a garment of fur, an under robe with tassels, and the sacred horned hat. He was in the attitude of hurling a double trident, the thunderbolt of the Greek Jupiter, against the monster, who turned furiously towards him. Mr. Layard considers this as the representation of the bad spirit driven out by the good deity. To the right of the same entrance there was discovered, outside of the temple, and isolated from the building, an entire slab,

* Ezra vi. 1.

8 feet 8 inches high, 4 feet 6 inches broad, and 1 foot 3 inches thick. It was fixed on a square pedestal, with a stone altar in front, supported on lions' feet. This slab is one of the finest specimens of Assyrian sculpture brought to this country. It represents the early Nimroud king in high relief, and is covered with an inscription in arrow-headed characters, which, when entire, must have contained several hundred lines. After an invocation to the god Ashur, there occur the names of the twelve great gods. Then comes the name of the founder of the north-west palace, which Dr. Hincks reads Assuracbal, and Colonel Rawlinson Sardanapalus. After an exordium not yet satisfactorily decyphered, comes a full account of the king's campaigns and wars.

The lion entrance led into a chamber, 47 feet by 31, ending in a recess paved with an enormous slab, 21 feet by 16 feet 7 inches, and 13 inches thick. The surface of this great monolith, as well as the side facing the chamber, was occupied by one inscription 325 lines long. The back was also covered with three columns in the cuneiform character. For an account of these inscriptions, which Dr. Hincks has translated, we must refer the reader to Mr. Layard's volume. As usual, they contain an account of the wars and campaigns of the king on the borders of the Euphrates, and in Northern Syria. The forms of expression in these chronicles differ from those in later monuments. The king declares that the amount of spoil "exceeds the stars of heaven," and he likens the destruction of the enemies' cities to "the burning of stubble." He celebrates also the burning of innumerable women and children.

About 100 feet to the east of the building last described, Mr. Layard discovered a second temple, the gateway of which, about 8 feet wide, was formed by two colossal lions with extended jaws, and paved with one inscribed slab. The lions were 8 feet high and 13 long, with an inscription carved across them. One of them is now in the British Museum. The lion portal led into a chamber 57 feet by 29, at the end of which was a recess like that in the opposite temple, paved with an inscribed alabaster slab 19½ feet by 12. The inscription was nearly the same as on the other monolith. In the earth above the great inscribed slab was found a regal statue 3 feet 4 inches high, remarkable as the only statue "in the round" of this period hitherto discovered in the ruins of Nineveh.

After enjoying the society of a large party of English travellers, and moving and packing the sculptures of both ruins, the heat of summer, and the ague consequent upon it, drove Mr. Layard to the mountains, and gave him an opportunity of examining some parts of Central Kurdistan which had not been

visited by any European traveller. He accordingly took this route on his way to study the ruins and cuneiform inscriptions in and near the city of Wan, or Van. After examining the rock sculptures at the mouth of a spacious natural cavern above Gundah, passing the spot where the traveller Schulz was murdered, in 1827, by a Kurdish chief, and visiting a Jewish encampment, he arrived at Wan, escorted into the city by a party of irregular cavalry sent by the Pasha to welcome him. The city, containing from 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants, stands at the foot of an insulated rock on the borders of the large and beautiful lake of the same name. The inscriptions of Wan, first published by Schulz, are of two distinct periods, and in the cuneiform writing. The earliest are on two square stones built into a wall near the western gateway of the city; but the most important are carved on the southern face of the isolated rock, and round the entrance to a set of excavated chambers called the Caves of Khorkhor. They are considered by Dr. Hincks* as the records of a king whose name is Arghistis, and who celebrates his conquests in a region which seems to read Mana. The other inscriptions are on the northern face of the rock.†

Having copied the inscriptions, and examined numerous remarkable monuments of antiquity, which occupied him a week, Mr. Layard, on the invitation of the Armenian bishop, visited the principal schools, of which there was one in the town, and four in the suburbs. More than 200 children, of all ages, were assembled. Books were so scarce, that there were scarcely a score in the whole school. The first class had a few elementary works on Astronomy and History, but only one copy of each. Owing to the zealous exertions of the American missionaries, great and beneficial changes are taking place in the Armenian Church. About fifteen years ago these excellent men opened in Constantinople the first institution for Christian instruction on Protestant (independent) principles. They selected from different parts of the empire a number of young men, of ability and character, whom they sent as teachers into the provinces, and who, from their knowledge of the language and manners of the people, were better fitted than strangers to sow among them the seeds of truth and knowledge. The Armenian clergy stigmatized these persons as "evangelists," and by calumny and misrepresentation, enlisted against them the Turkish authorities. The Reformed Armenian Church having no acknowledged head, suffered cruel persecution. Many fell victims to their

* On the Inscriptions at Van, *Journal of Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. ix. p. 387.

† Colonel Rawlinson, in his valuable Memoir, (*Journ. As. Soc.*, vol. x. p. 33,) has given a translation of the inscription of Xerxes, who caused a tablet to be engraven in celebration of his own and his father Darius's visit to Wan.

opinions, and some were tortured even in the house of the patriarch, while others were imprisoned or utterly ruined in Constantinople and the provinces.

"Sir Stratford Canning," says Mr. Layard, "at length exerted his powerful influence to protect the injured sect from these wanton cruelties. Through his exertions and those of Lord Cowley, when minister, a firman was obtained from the Sultan, placing the new Protestant community on the same footing as the other churches of the empire, assigning to it a head, or agent, through whom it could apply directly to the ministers, and extending to it other privileges enjoyed by the Roman Catholics and Greeks. This act of toleration and justice has given fresh vigour to the spirit of inquiry bred by the American Missionaries. There is now scarcely a town of any importance in Turkey without a Protestant community, and in most of the principal cities the American Mission has opened schools, and is educating youths for the priesthood. Fortunately for the cause, many men of irreproachable character, and of undoubted sincerity from the Armenian nation, have been associated with it, and its success has not been endangered, like that of so many other movements of the same kind, by interested or hasty conversions. Those who have watched the effects that this desire for improvement and for religious freedom is gradually producing upon a large and important section of the Christian population of Turkey, may reasonably hope that the time is not far distant when it may exercise a marked influence upon other Christian sects, as well as upon those who surround them; preparing them for the enjoyment of extended political privileges, and for the restoration of a pure and rational faith to the East."—*Discoveries*, &c., pp. 405, 406.

Unable to control the schism occasioned by the abuses in their own Church, the Armenian clergy have been obliged to adopt measures of reform, and to erect schools in most of the large towns of Asia Minor, in opposition to those of the American establishments. The American mission has now native agents all over Turkey, and Mr. Layard speaks in the highest terms of their admirable establishment among the Chaldæans in Ooroomiyah in Persia, under the able direction of the Rev. Mr. Perkins. He regrets that he was obliged to give up his "plan of visiting that small colony from the New World," and of bearing witness, as the Rev. Mr. Bowen, a member of the English Church, has done, to the enlightened and liberal spirit in which their labours are carried on. "Forty or fifty schools have been opened in the town of Ooroomiyah and surrounding villages. The abuses that have crept into this primitive and highly interesting Church are being reformed, and the ignorance of its simple clergy gradually dispelled. A printing press, for which type has been purposely cut, now publishes for general circulation the Scriptures, and works of education in the dialect and character peculiar to the mountain tribes. The English lan-

guage has been planted in the heart of Asia, and the benefits of knowledge are extended to a race which a few years ago was almost unknown even by name to Europe."

On his return to Mosul, through an interesting country, Mr. Layard visited a remarkable church at Martha d'Umra, in the valley of Jelu. It is said to be the oldest in the Nestorian mountains, and having been the only one that escaped the ravages of the Kurds, it contained all its ancient furniture and ornaments. Both the church and the vestibule were so thickly hung with China vases, innumerable bells jingling discordantly when set in motion, porcelain birds and animals, grotesque figures in bronze, fragments of glass chandeliers, two or three pairs of old bullion epaulets, that the ceiling was completely concealed by them. He was assured that the China bowls and jars had been brought from the distant empire of Cathay by those early missionaries of the Chaldæan Church that carried the gospel to the shores of the Yellow Sea, thus referring them to the sixth and seventh centuries, when the Nestorian Church flourished in China.

New and important discoveries were made at Kouyunjik during Mr. Layard's absence. In a long room, two of whose sides were 140 and other two only 126 feet long, its four entrances were formed by colossal human-headed bulls, and the bas-reliefs on the paneling were particularly interesting. They represented as usual a campaign and a victory, in a country traversed by a great river filled with crabs and fish of various kinds. On one side of the river, Sennacherib, in his gorgeous war chariot, received the captives, and "it is remarkable," says Mr. Layard, "that this was almost the only figure of the king which had not been wantonly mutilated." There is no inscription to identify the country, but Mr. Layard thinks that the river is the Shat-el-Arab, formed by the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris. In one of the other adjacent chambers the sculptured walls had been burned to lime, while in another the sculptures had partly escaped the general wreck. On the western side of the great hall already mentioned, there were three entrances, the centre one being formed by a pair of winged bulls in fossiliferous limestone. Behind this central one there were other two similar entrances leading into separate rooms. "There were thus," says Mr. Layard, "three magnificent portals, one behind the other, each formed by winged bulls facing the same way, and all looking towards the great hall; the largest colossi, those in front, being above 18 feet high, and the smallest about 12." "It would be difficult," he adds, "to conceive any interior architectural arrangement more imposing than this triple group of gigantic forms as seen in perspective by those who stood in

the centre of the hall, dimly lighted from above, and harmoniously coloured or overlaid, like the cherubims in the temple of Solomon, with gold." The bas-reliefs found in these chambers were put up in fragments, regularly arranged and numbered, and occupied nearly a hundred cases. Under the superintendence of Mr. Sumsion they were admirably put together, and now stand in the British Museum.

Having done so much at Nimroud and Kouyunjik, Mr. Layard determined upon devoting the winter to researches among the great mounds of Southern Mesopotamia, and the particular examination of Babylon. In order to avoid any collision with the Arabs, he engaged a Bedouin chief to protect his party, and he accordingly set out on the 18th October, in one of the primitive vessels by which the trade of the country is carried on. Crossing the foaming rapids of Awai, the great dam which stretches across the Tigris, they floated in their rafts through the great alluvial plains of Chaldæa. At Eski, or old Baghdad, they saw the singular tower, about 200 feet high, which rises above the eastern bank of the river, and round which, on the outside, there winds an ascending way like the spiral of a screw. Near the same place, and abutting the west bank of the river, is the wall or rampart of Nimroud. Farther down the river they descry the two gilded domes and four stately minarets of the mosque of Kathimain. The Tigris widens as they advance, and its current becomes almost motionless. A pine-shaped cone of snowy whiteness rising to the right, marks the tomb of the lovely Zobeide, the Queen of Haroun-al-Reshed. A mosque cut in two next appears. Coloured cupolas and minarets rise on all sides above the palms. The trees are succeeded by a long line of mud-built houses. The palace of the Governor next arrests the eye, and passing through a crazy bridge of boats, the rafts bearing the records of ancient Assyria, and the distinguished traveller who discovered them, "anchor beneath the spreading folds of the British flag, opposite a handsome building, not crumbling into ruins like its neighbours, but kept in repair by European residents,—the dwelling of the English Consul-General, and political agent of the East India Company at Baghdad,—the residence of Colonel Rawlinson, then in England."

After spending a week at Baghdad, Mr. Layard left it on the 5th December. Owing to the overflowing of the river, the whole country round the city was a swamp; and after fording ditches, wading through water and deep mud, and crossing wide streams by crazy bridges of boats, Mr. Layard, then struggling with intermittent fever, reached Khan-i-zad, the first habitable caravanserai on the road. In the middle of the spacious courtyard, reclining on carpets upon a raised platform, he found

Timour Mirza, one of the exiled Persian princes, surrounded by hawks on perches, and by numerous attendants, each bearing a falcon on his wrist. Our author is thus led to give a very interesting account of the falconry of the East, of which that of the gazelle will interest the reader:—

"The falconry," says Mr. Layard, "in which Easterns take most delight, is that of the gazelle. For this very noble and exciting sport, the falcon and greyhound must be trained to hunt together, by a process unfortunately somewhat cruel.* In the first place, the bird is taught to eat its daily ration of raw meat fastened on the stuffed head of a gazelle. The next step is to accustom it to look for its food between the horns of a tame gazelle. The distance between the animal and the falconer is daily increased, until the hawk will seek its meat when about half a mile off. A greyhound is now loosed upon the gazelle, the falcon being flown at the same time. When the animal is seized, which of course soon takes place, its throat is cut, and the hawk is fed with a part of its flesh. After thus sacrificing three gazelles, the education of the falcon and greyhound is declared to be complete. The chief art in the training is to teach the two to single out the same gazelle, and the dog not to injure the falcon when struggling on the ground with the quarry. The greyhound, however, soon learns to watch the movements of its companion, without whose assistance it could not capture its prey.

"The falcon, when loosed from its tresses, flies steadily and near the ground towards the retreating gazelles, and marking one, soon separates it from the herd. It then darts at the head of the affrighted animal, throws it to the ground, or only checks it in its rapid course. The greyhound rarely comes up before the blow has been more than once repeated. The falconer then hastens to secure the quarry. Should the dog not succeed in capturing the gazelle after it has been struck for the third or fourth time, the hawk will generally sulk and refuse to hunt any longer. I once saw a very powerful falcon belonging to Abde Pasha hold a gazelle until the horsemen succeeded in spearing the animal. The fleetness of the gazelle is so great, that, without the aid of the hawk, very few dogs can overtake it, unless the ground be heavy after rain.

"The pursuit of the gazelle with the falcon and hound over the boundless plains of Assyria and Babylonia is one of the most exhilarating and graceful of sports, displaying equally the noble qualities of the horse, the dog, and the bird."—*Discoveries*, pp. 481-3.

Mr. Layard spent the following day at the encampment of Abde Pasha, who entertained him with a hawking party, and gave him letters to the principal chiefs of the southern tribes. After leaving the camp, and resting about four hours amid dry canals and ancient mounds, they saw to the south a huge hill, with flat top and perpendicular sides, rising abruptly from an alluvial plain. This was the mound of Babel, the Mujelibé (the

Kasr of Rich) or "overturned."* To this vast mound succeeded long undulating heaps of earth, bricks, and pottery, rendering the site of Babylon a naked and hideous waste. "Owls start from the scanty thickets, and the foul jackall skulks through the furrows. Truly 'the glory of kingdoms, and the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, is as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. Wild beasts of the desert lie there; and their houses are full of doleful creatures; and owls dwell there, and satyrs dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant places;' for her day has come."†

On arriving at Hillah, a town with about 8000 or 9000 inhabitants, and having a few half-ruined mosques and public baths for its principal buildings, Mr. Layard placed workmen on the two most important mounds, the Babel of the Arabs, (the Mujelibé of Rich,) and the Mujelibé, (the Kasr of the same traveller,) having abandoned his plan of excavating in the Birs Nimroud on account of the disturbed state of the country. In the great mound of Babel Mr. Layard found several entire coffins with skeletons more or less entire, glass bottles, glazed earthenware, and remains of solid masonry with the superscription of Nebuchadnezzar. At the Kasr he was equally unsuccessful. He found only a fragment of limestone, on which were parts of two figures, undoubtedly gods, with a few rudely-engraved gems and enamelled bricks. The last ruin which our author examined was a mound of great extent, called Jumjuma, and by others Amran. In various trenches which he opened he could find no trace of an edifice of any kind. Along with some specimens of glass, terra cotta figures, lamps and jars of the time of the Seleucidæ, Mr. Layard found "five cups or bowls of earthenware, and fragments of others covered on the inner surface with letters written in a kind of ink." The characters resemble the Hebrew, and have been decyphered by Mr. Thomas Ellis of the British Museum. Mr. Layard has given fac-similes of the originals, with Mr. Ellis's translation of these books, which are Jewish relics relating to the Jews in the captivity of Babylon, and therefore especially interesting to biblical students.

In these excavations Mr. Layard was not able to trace the general plan of any one edifice. "No sculptures or inscribed slabs were discovered, and scarcely a detached figure in stone, or a solitary tablet, has been dug out of the vast heaps of rub-

* See this Journal, vol. xi. pp. 210, 214, where we have given a full description of the Mujelibé and Birs Nimroud

† Isaiah xiii. 19-22. See Jeremiah l. 39.

bish." "Babylon is fallen, is fallen; and all the graven images of her gods He hath broken unto the ground."

On the 15th January Mr. Layard left Babylon to visit the great ruins of Niffer, and others, in the south of Mesopotamia. Mr. Loftus had visited the most important of them, and had brought home from Wurka a highly interesting collection of antiquities, now in the British Museum. Niffer, which Mr. Layard first visited, consists of a collection of mounds of unequal height and irregular form. The high cone at the north-east corner he considers as the remains of a square house constructed of sun-dried bricks. It is called by the Arabs the Bint-el-Ameer, or the "Daughter of the Prince." The bricks are inscribed with the name of a king, and of a city which Colonel Rawlinson reads Tel Anis, the Telano of geographers. The only discoveries which were here made were cells of brick-work containing human remains—many earthenware vases, jars glazed and plain, and a pottery sarcophagus of a rich blue colour. On account of the disturbed state of the country Mr. Layard did not even attempt to visit the ruins at Wurka, which had been partially examined by Mr. Loftus, and he returned to Baghdad, visiting on his way the ruin of Zibbliyah, which rises from a heap of rubbish in the centre of the desert, and passing the great ruin of Ctesiphon, a palace of the Persian kings, consisting of "a vaulted hall 150 feet in depth, and about 106 feet high, forming the centre of the building."

On Mr. Layard's return to Mosul, he found that four new chambers had been discovered to the north of the central hall. In two of the bas-reliefs found in the chambers on the northern side of the same edifice is represented a battle in a marsh, and in others is represented the conquest of a nation, where "the Assyrians had plundered their temples, and were now carrying away their idols," as asserted in holy writ.* "Of a truth, Lord, the kings of Assyria have laid waste all the nations, and their countries, and have cast their gods into the fire, for they were no gods, but the work of men's hands, wood and stone; therefore they have destroyed them."

After describing several interesting Assyrian relics, some of them Greek and Roman, found in other chambers at Kouyunjik, Mr. Layard gives an account of his excavations beside the so-called tomb of the prophet Jonah, which forms part of the great group of ruins at Nebbi Yunus, opposite Mosul, and like Kouyunjik, in the line of the enclosed walls. The sanctity of the place made it dangerous to excavate openly, but Mr. Layard

* Isaiah xxxvii. 18, 19.

having heard that the owner of one of the largest dwellings in the village wished to make serdaubs, or under-ground apartments, for summer, offered, through his agent, to dig them for him, on condition that he should have all the objects discovered during the excavation. In this way he was enabled to examine a part of the mound, but he found only the walls of a chamber panelled with inscribed but unsculptured alabaster slabs, containing the name of Esarhaddon. Since Mr. Layard's return to England an inhabitant of the village, in digging the foundations of his house, uncovered a pair of colossal human-headed bulls, and two figures of the Assyrian Hercules slaying the lion, similar to those in the Louvre. Rival antiquaries having quarrelled about their claims to these sculptures, they were seized by the Turkish authorities.

At the village of Shereef Khan, three miles north of Kouyunjik, Mr. Layard found the remains of a building with inscribed bricks, containing the names of Sargon and Sennacherib. Other bricks mention a temple dedicated to Mars, or some other Assyrian deity, or, according to Colonel Rawlinson, to Neptune, or Noah. From two inscribed limestone slabs found among the ruins, it appears that a palace was erected on this spot by Esarhaddon for his son, and that the name of the place was Tarbisi.

Mr. Layard concludes the twenty-fifth chapter of his work with an interesting notice, illustrated by many drawings, of a large collection of engraved cylinders, or gems, from Assyria and Babylonia. Their size varies from $\frac{1}{4}$th of an inch to 2 inches. Their form is either circular or barrel-shaped, and their material lapis-lazuli, rock-crystal, cornelian, amethyst, chalcedony, agate, onyx, jasper, serpentine, sienite, oriental alabaster, green felspar, and hæmatite. The subjects are religious or historic, and belong to several distinct periods. The most ancient are those of the time of the king who built the oldest of the edifices discovered at Nineveh. Colonel Rawlinson had found on one from Shereef-Khan the names of two of the predecessors of the early Nimroud king.

Having thus described the monuments and relics discovered in Assyria and Babylonia, Mr. Layard devotes his twenty-sixth or concluding chapter to a general account of the results of the excavations, in so far as they are calculated "to increase our acquaintance with the history of Assyria, and to illustrate the religion, the arts, and the manners, of the inhabitants." These results have been obtained by the united researches of English scholars, Colonel Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, and Mr. Layard himself. Mr. De Saulcy, and other distinguished foreign writers,

have contributed their labours; but we are not able to give any notice, nor was Mr. Layard, of their particular discoveries. Mr. Layard has purposely omitted giving any account of the various processes adopted in decyphering these ancient monuments, and has confined himself to a brief notice of the chronological and historical facts which they sanction. These facts are given in *three* tables. The *first* contains the English version of the royal names hitherto discovered, according to Colonel Rawlinson and Dr. Hincks, the principal monuments on which they were found, and the approximate date of the reign of the several kings. The *second* contains the most important proper and geographical names which have been identified with those in the Bible, their forms in Hebrew, as well as in cuneiform letters, being given for the use of the biblical student. The *third* table contains the names of the thirteen great gods of Assyria, with their readings according to Dr. Hincks. The Assyrian chronology in the first of these tables, which we give below, rests upon the identification of Jehu, son of Omri, mentioned in the grand obelisk in the British Museum with Jehu, king of Israel, a result obtained simultaneously by Dr. Hincks and Colonel Rawlinson, though first published by Dr. Hincks.* Jehu ascended the throne about 885 B.C., and it follows, on grounds which we cannot detail here, that the date of the reign of the early Assyrian king who built the north-west palace at Nimroud, and whose son erected the centre palace, and raised the great obelisk, must be about 1121 B.C. The following is a copy of the first of the preceding tables, omitting the names of the kings in cuneiform characters. The letter R. is affixed to Colonel Rawlinson's readings, and H. to those of Dr. Hincks:—

Names of Assyrian Kings in the Inscriptions from Nineveh.

Conjectural Reading.	Where found.	Approximate Date of Reign.
Derceto, (R.)	Pavement slab, B. Museum.	1250 B.C.
Divanukha R. Divanurish, (H.)	Standard inscription, Nimroud, &c.	1200 B.C.
Anakbar-beth-hira, (R.) Shimish-bal-Bithkira, (H.)	Slabs from temples in north of mound of Nimroud; Bavian tablets, &c.	1130 B.C.
Mardokempad ? (R.) Mesessimordacus ? (R.)	A cylinder from Shereef-Khan.	
Adrammelech I. (R.)	Standard inscription, bricks, &c. from N. West Palace, Nimroud.	1000 B.C.
Anaku Merodach, (R.) Shimish Bar, (H.) (Son of preceding.)	Idem.	960 B.C.

* Dr. Hincks has found in the same obelisk the name of Hazael, whom the Almighty commanded Elijah to anoint king of Syria.

Conjectural Reading	Where found.	Approximate Date of Reign.
Sardanapalus I. (R.) Ashurakhbal, (H.) (Son of preceding.)	Standard inscription, bricks, &c. from N. W. Palace, Nimroud; Abou Maria, &c.	930 B.C.
Divanubara, (R.) Divanubar, (H.)	Centre Palace, Nimroud; obelisk, bricks; Kalah-Sherghot; Baashiekha.	900 B.C.
Shamas Adar, (R.) Shamsiyav, (H.)	Pavement slab, upper chamber, Nimroud.	870 B.C.
Adrammelech II. (R.)	Idem.	840 B.C.
Baldasi ? (H.)	Slab from tunnel of Negoub.	
Ashurkish ? (H.)	Idem.	
? Pul, or Tiglath-Pileser.	Pavement slab, and slab built into the S.W. Palace, Nimroud	750 B.C.
Sargon.	Khorsabad; Nimroud; Karamless, &c.	722 B.C.
Sennacherib. (Son of preceding.)	Kouyunjik, &c.	703 B.C. 716 (H.)
Essarhaddon. (Son of preceding.)	S.W. Palace, Nimroud, Nebbi Yunus; Shereef-Khan.	690 B.C. ?
Sardanapalus III. (R.) Ashurakhbal, (H.) (Son of preceding.)	Kouyunjik; Shereef-Khan.	
(Son of preceding.)	South-east edifice, Nimroud.	
Shamishakhadon ? (H.)	Black stone in possession of Lord Aberdeen.	

Owing, we presume, to the great length to which Mr. Layard's volume has extended, he has "not given any account of the various processes adopted in decyphering the inscriptions, and of the steps gradually made in the investigation." We are unwilling to leave our readers in total darkness on this branch of the subject, and shall therefore endeavour to give a brief account of the means by which, to use Colonel Rawlinson's expression, the inscriptions of Nineveh and Babylon have been rendered legible, and of the different persons by whom the art has been created.

Our readers are no doubt aware that it was by means of the Greek translation on the Rosetta stone that Young, Champollion, and others were led to decypher the hieroglyphic writing of Egypt. In like manner, it was by the Persian texts of the trilingual, and triliteral cuneiform inscriptions engraven on the rocks at Hamadan, Van, and Behistun, or sculptured on the walls of the ancient palaces at Persepolis and Pasargadæ, that antiquaries and philologists have been enabled to interpret the Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions. The first difficulty to be overcome in such researches was to obtain accurate copies of the inscriptions themselves. In order to preserve the inscriptions from injury, they were necessarily engraven at a height from the ground which it was difficult, and often dangerous to reach. We have heard Colonel Rawlinson describe the process of

standing for hours under a burning sun on the steps of a ladder, or on the narrow ledge of a rock, copying an unknown language, sometimes nearly obliterated; and we have already seen that Mr. Layard experienced great difficulty in copying the Bavian inscriptions, lowered, as he was, by ropes, and, with a "giddy depth" below him, standing in a constrained position, upon a ledge scarcely 6 inches wide. Schulz, the unfortunate traveller who was murdered in Armenia, obtained several of the inscriptions at Wan with a telescope; and Colonel Rawlinson informs us, that while Mr. Westergaard was content with copying, by means of a telescope, the celebrated inscription at Naksh-i-Rustam, over the rock-hewn sepulchre of Darius, the late Mr. Tasker descended by ropes from the summit of the cliff, copying the writing while "swinging in mid-air,"—a perilous position which he occupied for several hours during five successive days, in order to secure the utmost accuracy for his work.

The first step in decyphering the Assyrian and Persian inscriptions, was taken by Professor Grotefend, in a memoir read to the Royal Society of Göttingen in 1802. He succeeded in decyphering the names of Cyrus, Xerxes, Darius, and Hystaspes, and thus obtained the true determination of nearly a third of the entire alphabet, thus supplying, in Colonel Rawlinson's opinion, a sure and ample basis for further research. M. St. Martin took up the inquiry as it was left by M. Grotefend, but added little to his labours. In 1826 Professor Rask discovered the two characters representing M and N, which led to several important results. M. Burnouf, in 1836, added several interesting discoveries respecting the Hamadan inscriptions; and Professor Lassen in his work on the Persepolis inscriptions, published at Berne in 1836, supplied such an identification of at least twelve characters, as may almost entitle him, in Colonel Rawlinson's opinion, "to contest with Professor Grotefend the palm of alphabetical discovery."

While residing at Kermanshah on the western frontier of Persia, Colonel Rawlinson, so early as 1835, undertook the investigation of the cuneiform character. All that he then knew was, that Professor Grotefend had decyphered the names of the early sovereigns of the house of Achæmenes, and in submitting to analysis the Hamadan inscriptions, copied by himself, he obtained the same results as Professor Grotefend, and by a process of nearly the same kind. In 1836 the Behistun inscriptions and the tablets of Elwand furnished him with the native forms of Arsames, Ariaramnes, Teispes, Achæmenes, and Persia, which enabled him to construct an alphabet with eighteen characters.

In 1837 Colonel Rawlinson transmitted to the Asiatic Society his translation of the first paragraphs of the Behistun inscription —paragraphs wholly inexplicable according to the systems of Grotefend and St. Martin. By means of M. Burnouf's memoir on the inscriptions at Hamadan, which Colonel Rawlinson received at Teheran in 1838, he found that he had been anticipated in many of the improvements which he had made in the system of M. St. Martin, and with the aid of the "luminous critique" of M. Burnouf, and the examination of the Persepolitan inscriptions, he was soon afterwards enabled to complete the alphabet which he has employed in his translations of the cuneiform inscriptions published in 1847. Having done every justice to the labours of his predecessors in the memoir on the subject which he drew up in 1839,* Colonel Rawlinson justly claims to have been the first "to present to the world a literal and correct grammatical translation of nearly 200 lines (since augmented to about 400) of cuneiform writing, a memorial of the time of Darius Hystaspes."

From his lettered seclusion at Baghdad, where Colonel Rawlinson was carrying on these interesting researches, he was suddenly called to an important office in Afghanistan, where he remained till December 1843, when he found himself again at Baghdad, eager to resume the fascinating studies, from which he had been removed at the call of his country. From Mr. Westergaard, the celebrated Scanscrit scholar, who had visited Persia in 1843, he obtained several new inscriptions from Persepolis, from which he derived much assistance in his subsequent inquiries. Jacquet and Beer had, in 1837-8, discovered two new characters, and Professor Lassen had, from the inscriptions given to him by Westergaard, published the whole series, with an amended text and revised translation. Colonel Rawlinson's translations had been already completed when he received Professor Lassen's work, and they are published in his celebrated memoir "On Cuneiform Inscriptions," illustrated with eight large engravings of the inscriptions themselves, occupying the whole of the tenth volume of the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society. Colonel Rawlinson has since published "A Commentary on the Cuneiform Inscriptions of Babylonia and Assyria, including Readings of the Inscriptions on the Nimroud Obelisk, and a brief notice of the ancient Kings of Nineveh and Babylon."†

In order that the discoveries of his predecessors in this inquiry

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* Published in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, vol. x. pp. 2-13 : 1847.

† This interesting little volume, of 84 pages, was published separately in 1850, but now forms Art. x. p. 401, of part 2d, vol. x. of the Journal above referred to.

may be appreciated in this country, Colonel Rawlinson concludes his memoir with a comparative table of the Persian cuneiform alphabet according to the different systems of interpretation. The following is a list of the different systems:—

1824. Grotefend, from Heeren's Researches.
1826. Professor Rask.
1832. St. Martin, from Kloproth's Aperçu.
1836. Burnouf, from his Memoir, &c.
1836. Professor Lassen.
1837. Jacquet and Beer.
1839. Professor Lassen.
1845. Professor Lassen.
1850. Colonel Rawlinson.

In Colonel Rawlinson's commentary on the cuneiform inscriptions, to which we have already referred, he has briefly explained the process of decyphering the inscriptions, and taken a cursory view of the nature and structure of the alphabet employed in it. The necessity of addressing the population in three different languages spoken in the Empire, led to the trilingual inscriptions on the Assyrian monuments. The inscriptions at Behistun, Naksh-i-Rustam, and Persepolis furnished a list of more than eighty proper names, of which the true pronunciation is fixed by their Persian orthography, and of which we have also the Babylonian equivalents. By carefully comparing, therefore, these duplicate forms of writing the same names, and duly appreciating the phonetic distinctions peculiar to the two languages, Colonel Rawlinson had the means of determining, with more or less certainty, the value of about 100 Babylonian characters, and thus laying a basis for a complete arrangement of the alphabet. His next step was to collate inscriptions, and to ascertain particularly the same geographical name, the homophones of each known alphabetical power.

"In this stage of the inquiry," says Colonel Rawlinson, "much caution, or it may be called *critique*, has been rendered necessary; for although two inscriptions may be absolutely identical in sense, and even in expression, it does not, by any means, follow that wherever one text may differ from the other, we are justified in supposing that we have found alphabetical variants. Many sources of variety exist besides the employment of homophones. Ideographs, or abbreviations, may be substituted for words expressed phonetically; sometimes the allocution is altered; sometimes synonyms are made use of; grammatical suffixes or affixes, again, may be employed or modified at option. It requires, in short, a most ample field of comparison, a certain familiarity with the language, and, above all, much experience in the dialectic changes, and in the varieties of alphabetical expression,

before variant characters can be determined with any certainty. By mere comparison, however, repeated in a multitude of instances, so as to reduce almost infinitely the chance of error, I have added nearly fifty characters to the hundred which were previously known through the Persian key; and to this acquaintance with the phonetic value of about 150 signs is, I believe, limited my present knowledge of the Babylonian and Assyrian alphabet."—*Commentary*, &c., p. 4.

The same process which Colonel Rawlinson employed in identifying the signs of the Assyrian alphabet was applied to the language, duplicate phrases giving the meaning of the Babylonian vocable, in the same manner as duplicate names give the value of the Assyrian characters. After having mustered every Babylonian letter, and every Babylonian word to which any clue existed in the trilingual tablets, Colonel Rawlinson frankly confesses that so great was the difficulty of applying the key thus obtained, that he was tempted, more than once, to abandon the study altogether, in utter despair of arriving at any satisfactory result. He considers the science of Assyrian decypherment as yet in its infancy; and he is of opinion that all that can be said of it is, that a commencement has been made, and that the first outwork has been carried in a hitherto impregnable position.

We regret that it is not in our power to give our readers much information respecting the discoveries made by the Rev. Dr. Hincks, in addition to those mentioned in the course of this article. In his first paper* on the subject, he explained the system of writing used in the Van inscriptions, and shewed the nature of the language in which they were composed. His second memoir was on the Khorsabad inscriptions;† and in the addenda to the paper, he claims to be the discoverer of the almost perfect correspondence of the Median, as well as the Van, phonographs with the Assyrio-Babylonian:—of the fact that the primitive value of *all* of these are Indo-European syllables, and not Semitic letters;—of the existence of ideographic characters with various uses, which he has fully explained; and the consequent possibility of a character being read in two or more ways according as it was used as a phonograph or an ideograph. In the same addendum he has given two brief specimens of translations from the Khorsabad inscriptions, with a view to illustrate passages of Holy Scripture, such as those in the Second Book of Kings, respecting the deportation of conquered nations by the Assyrians, and the planting of other nations in the cities from

* Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, vol. ix. p. 387, March 1847.
† Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. xxii, part 2.

which they were removed. Dr. Hincks has given a further account of his discoveries in a memoir "On the Assyrio-Babylonian Phonetic Characters," published in the same volume of the Irish Transactions. He was the first to detect the name of Sennacherib in the group of arrow-headed characters at the commencement of nearly all the inscriptions at Kouyunjik, and written on all the inscribed bricks from the same ruins. Dr. Hincks also discovered the names of Nebuchadnezzar and Babylon, and in restoring to him the honour of this discovery, which he had erroneously assigned to others, Mr. Layard adds, "that we owe these discoveries, with many others of scarcely less importance, to the ingenuity and learning of Dr. Hincks."

We cannot conclude this article without referring also to Mr. Layard's own labours in the field of interpretation, which are referred to throughout his volume; and it gives us much pleasure in being able to state, that the great services which he has rendered to literature by his Assyrian labours have been appreciated, and in a certain degree rewarded, by the Government. When Earl Granville was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he gave Mr. Layard the appointment of Under Secretary, an office for which he was highly qualified. He of course lost this situation when Lord John Russell's ministry resigned; but he has since been elected member for Aylesbury in the new Parliament, and we have no doubt that when he returns from Constantinople, to which he lately accompanied Lord Stratford de Redcliffe on a particular errand, he will again find a suitable appointment under the liberal ministry of Lord Aberdeen.